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SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF

By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

"GIVE me three boards and a passion," said the elder Dumas, "and I will give you a play!" Until quite lately that saying voiced the theory of the playwright. But it was on some other plan that M. Victorien Sardou proceeded when he made "Dante" for Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. Stephen Phillips when he made "Ulysses" for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Instead of three canvas-covered frames propped together so as to stand for a room, with doors so flimsy that in opening and shutting, they sent a quiver through the entire apartment, the point of departure of the modern playwright is a mimic presentation of Earth, Heaven, and Hell, with all their beauties and awe-inspiring horrors embodied in solid detail, or suggested in pictorial atmosphere. The last quarter of the nineteenth century has witnessed such a diffusion of artistic taste and the love of luxury as has never been known before in the history of civilization; and nowhere has the change been more thorough and more obvious than on the stage. The scene-painter of old, who was a touch above the sign-painter, has developed into an artist who takes himself quite seriously, and who deserves to be so taken. The scenic aspect of the drama, which Aristotle reckoned the least important, and which Shakespeare, Molière, and their followers largely ignored, has become a factor of prime importance. But what of the passion with which the elder playwright illuminated his three boards? Most of all, what of the resulting play?

I

IN the youth of men who are still in middle life the stock-company system had not yet passed away, and the scene-painting artisan was a member of the staff of most of the theatres of importance in the larger cities, along with the stage carpenter, the "gas-man," and the stock actors. When the great tragedian arrived at the theatre, with at best a leading actor or two to support him, he expected to find there the trappings and the suits of woe. Some weeks before his coming, the local manager received (together with the "parts" to be taken by the local actors) the plans of the requisite settings.

Then began a strenuous life for the scene-painter. If he had luck, the attractions leading up to the visit of the star were what is known as one-week bills, so that after preparing the regular weekly outfit, he could give the rest of his time to the many sets needful for a season of repertory. Morning and afternoon he worked with feverish haste, on the paint-bridge far aloft in the flies. His palette was a long table on wheels, upon which his pigments were heaped in brilliantly variegated mounds, or were dissolved in vessels ranging from a cup to a half-gallon measure. When he had to cover a large surface, such as the blue sky on a back drop, the pigment, mixed with sizing in buckets, was slapped on with brushes nine inches wide. In his gayer moments he called his paint-bridge the bridge of size.

Upon the stage, thirty, forty, even fifty

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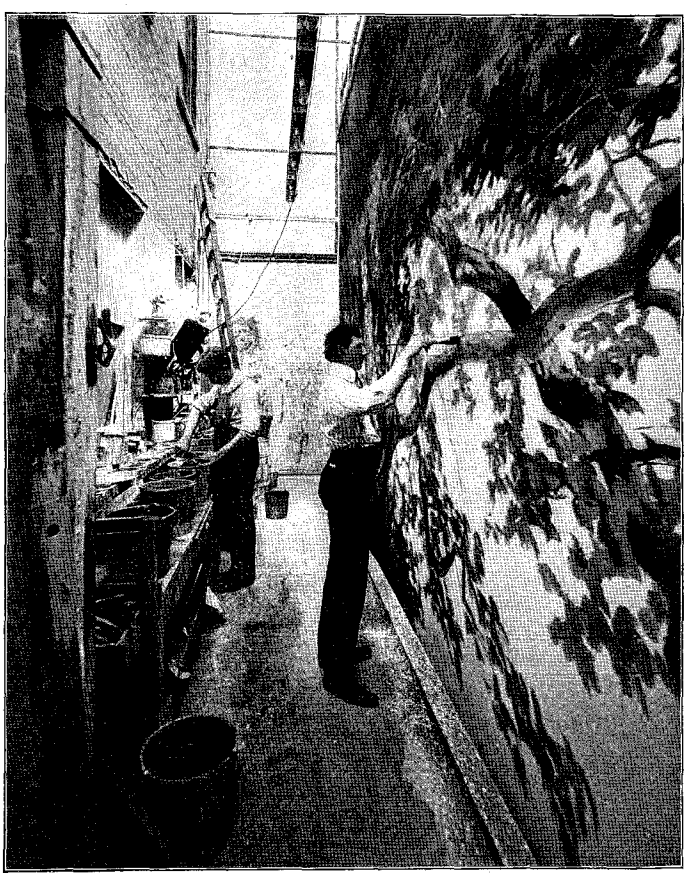
feet below him, others were as busy as he. On one side, the chorus of next week's extravaganza might be rehearsing its songs, while on the other, the ballet was going through its steps to the music of a piano in the centre of the stage. In the intervals, banging on the piano. Poor old ballet girls of our youth! "Salaries" of ten or fifteen dollars a week, with endless, muscle-racking rehearsals, amid the constant dragooning of the stage manager, and the never-ceasing terror of dismissal and destitution.



A paint-bridge—daytime.

the actors would catch a few moments for rehearsing their scenes in a tragedy. Out of the din would rise the sharp, penetrating voice of the stage manager, whose temper was as short as the time at hand for rehearsal. To the chorus he would shout, "Sing out, can't you! You said you could sing when I engaged you." To the ballet his constant cry was, "Keep your legs up! Keep your toes out! If you can't kick, there are plenty of girls waiting for your places who can!" All this with a plentiful mingling of profanity. The shuffle of tired feet would begin again, to the insistent No wonder only the harridans among them endured the life!

For the racket of rehearsal the old scene-painter had to have deaf ears. Eight o'clock on Monday night often found him working feverishly on the last scene of the play that was just ringing up. And when the final act of "Othello" was off, it might be necessary to transform the drop showing the seashore of Cyprus by daylight into the midnight scene on the platform at Elsinore, for the matinée of "Hamlet" next day. The pigments the scene-painter used are the lightest, but with successive repaintings

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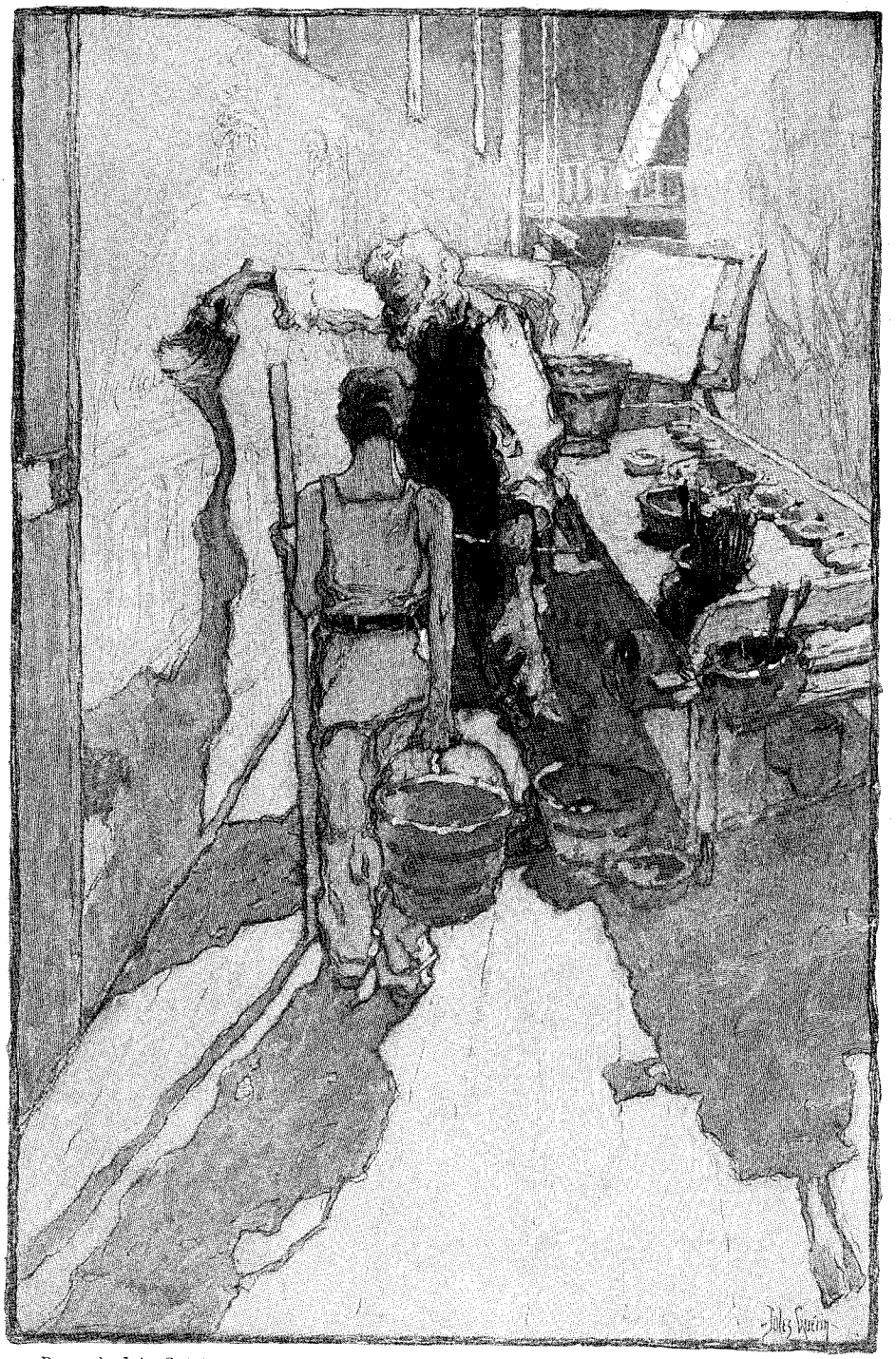

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The scenic artist at work at night.

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the wings would crack like hardening mud, and the drops would belly and sag so as to sweep the floor. If, as sometimes happened, there was not time for repainting, the offing of Elsinore would be presented by any old stock scene—a New England orchard or a Wisconsin prairie. It made little difference if the lights were low enough, and the gas-man would see to that! Historical accuracy and atmospheric effect were the last thing the scene-painter thought of. Not long ago an old scene-painter, now an artist of international reputation, was talking of a comrade of his youth, now the head of a great artistic scene-painting studio in the metropolis. "We worked side by side," he said, "for fourteen, sixteen hours at a stretch, but I could always outlast him. He lets things get on his nerves." The great virtue of the old scene-painter was physical endurance.

II

It was the tours of Henry Irving that made us all acquainted with the full possibilities of the scenic side of the drama.* In "The Merchant of Venice," Irving's stage showed now an actual Venetian street, with an actual Venetian bridge crossing the canal; and again, an actual room in the Palace of the Doges, with its wood-work and tapestries in exact reproduction. In "Faust" the architecture was copied from extant mediæval buildings in Nuremburg. In "Coriolanus" the scenes in forum and capitol, domestic interiors and exteriors, camp and market-place, were all designed by no less an artist than Sir L. Alma Tadema, and according to the most careful archæological researches. A far cry, this, from the nameless, hard-working artist of the old stock companies! In a few years, accuracy and atmosphere were the watchwords of managers and critics alike.

As early as 1867, the local stock company with its frequent change of bill had begun to give way in America before the travelling "combination." Joseph Jefferson relates in his Autobiography the ways of those who first took their productions with them. What we now know as the road was then oftenest the canal; and when time pressed and the wind was favorable the itinerant star was glad to prop up a wing, while he sat on deck and puffed his content at the extra speed. After the advent of Irving in 1883, the change was rapid and decisive. The local scene-painter faded away, or betook himself to the metropolis, where he found employment on the paint-bridges of Broadway, and, in time, established scenic studios of his own, independent of the playhouse.

When a play has been accepted for production, it is sent to the scene-painter, who goes over it carefully, taking note of all details to be reproduced. Then if the subject is difficult, he makes a sketch of it in the flat. If this proves satisfactory to manager, actor, and author, he builds it up in a miniature model, on the scale of half an inch to the foot, as perfect in proportion and exquisite in detail as the finished scene. An old gentleman lately, looking over a collection of models in one of the New York studios, remarked that his granddaughter would be delighted to have them for doll-houses. The proprietor of the studio smiled to himself. The models for a single play cost well up toward a thousand dollars. For an ordinary four-act comedy the models, scenes, properties, and costumes cost, let us say, five or six thousand dollars. The cost of the great scenic productions is never as much as the press agents say, but has been known to exceed one hundred thousand dollars.

When the model is approved, the stage carpenter takes measurements for such framework as may be necessary. The flimsy construction of the old days has given way to the solidest sort of building. Windows slide in their sashes, doors slam shut, and lock. Staircases are solid to the tread. Trees are built up in the round, and columns are turned out of solid wood. But as every show is intended to travel among all the great cities of the continent, the heaviest scene must be made up of pieces short enough to be packed in a freight car.

The scene-painter marks out the pieces of his model in tiny squares, and then hangs

*Edwin Booth, in his splendid theatre on Twenty-third Street, New York, made a series of beautiful and elaborate productions, beginning in 1869, fourteen years before Irving made his first American tour, and two years before he signalized his advent at the Lyceum by appearing in "The Bells." Booth was, moreover, the first English-speaking actor to discard all the corruptions of Shakespeare's text and adhere as far as possible to the original, a fact of which all Americans should be proud. For better or for worse, however, Booth never made his productions of prime importance, and on tour his scenery was often little short of shabby.

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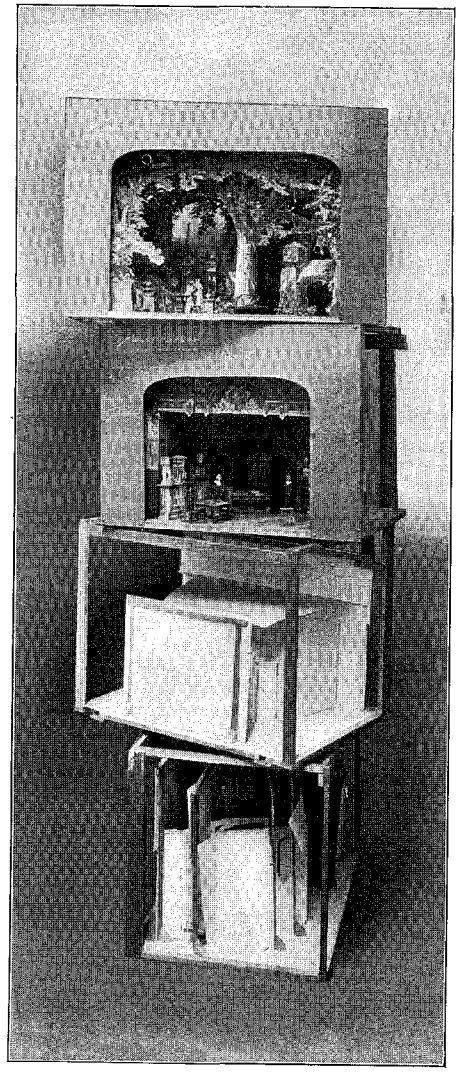
a huge canvas beside the paint-bridge with corresponding squares in scale. The draughtsman stands on the bridge with a piece of charcoal on a stick like a billiard cue, and square by square copies the lines of the model, while an assistant raises and lowers the cloth with tackle. Then the body-paint is put on, and the details are added until the cloth is complete. The artist usually works under artificial light; but as the scene is intended to be viewed under the same condition, this is rather an advantage than a disadvantage. More hampering is the fact that he never sees his canvas in perspective until it has been set up in the theatre for rehearsal, when it is too late to revise it. As you look at the result on the paint-bridge, it seems anything but finished—a mere mass of rough lines and daubs. The art of the scene-painter consists in making these rough lines and daubs in the one precise manner which, when seen from the auditorium across the foot-lights, will suggest, with exquisite precision, the very air and light of the author's imagination.



Stage model of scenery, made on the scale of one-half inch to the foot.

III

In extravaganza and melodrama, carpenter and scene-painter have quite overtopped the playwright. In their vision

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,

are very far from being baseless fabrics, and the pageants they provide are anything but insubstantial. No marvel of earth, fire, air or water is too vast for their art.

Who does not remember the idyll of the poppy field in "The Wizard of Oz"? A chorus of slender and shapely maidens dons vermeil hats like piano lamps and gowns of delicate, leafy shreds—a garden of stately flowers! Soft music is playing, and fantastic lights swim about them. While still the senses are purring with the strange delight, the approach of a storm is heard. A snow flake or two flutter down, then a flock of them scurry among the poppies. Of a sudden, in an interval of darkness, the tall flowers vanish—hidden, as it later appears, beneath a bleak field of snow! Poppies come in July, and snow-storms not until later; so who shall say that the scenic episode is not marvellous!

The leading actor, meantime, is Hamlet without a play. The real protagonist is the hundreds of anonymous young women who lend flesh and substance—a local habitation, if not a name—to the fine frenzies of the scene-painter. Girls, girls, girls! Nothing but girls—flashing, dashing, entrancing girls! Bright cheeks, glancing eyes, the twinkle of fleshings, the patter of nimble feet, the rush and swirl of march and counter-march, the constant

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changing of gorgeous scenery, and the swooning of riotous lights—that is what ravishes the commonest senses, and annihilates common sense. It would be vain to ask for more wit in the lines, more comedy in the story and the characters. In view of what is usually supplied, in fact, it would be not so vain as rash! Democracy rules, and the stage, like everything else, is finding the lowest common denominator of intelligence, which is of course the picture-book. Let us hasten to grant that it is the most beautiful of picture-books! To doubt it is to doubt that the valentine is the highest art—and that way madness lies.

Even in melodrama, where the story is of prime importance, scenery has usurped the place of the spoken word. In "The Great Ruby," the struggle for a priceless gem reaches its crisis in a circus balloon. The tether is cut, and the back drop revolves vertically, making the balloon soar aloft, with the hero inside and the villain clinging desperately to the outer network. The fight in mid-air is long and fierce, but in the end the hero wrests away the jewel and hurls the villain down to earth, now far below. So great is the realism that one feels sick and faint, as if falling too. The balloon, relieved of the villain's weight, leaps suddenly upward; and, as the curtain descends, the triumphant hero, clutching the great ruby, is lost in the flies.

The most famous of all such scenes is the submarine fight in "The White Heather." The plot hinges on papers that have gone down at sea in the cabin of a yacht. It is a race between hero and villain to secure them. On one scene we observe the descent from the surface in a diving-suit, and are acquainted with the life-line and the air-tube supplying breath. Then the boats and the surface of the sea ascend into the loft, while a half transparent front-cloth, called a scrim, appears, through which one sees the hero descending to the wreck. Just as he secures the box containing the papers, the villain, also in a diving-suit, looms up out of the sea. It is a fight to the death, and audiences, long accustomed to the noise and action of such encounters, prepare for the shock. But not a word is heard. There is no rushing together, no sparring for vantage. Of a sudden one realizes why, and feels as if he were fathoms down in the ocean, in helmet and armor, with the pressure of the deep sea heavy on his head and chest. The two men, swaying almost imperceptibly forward, flow toward each other, slowly and silently, but irresistibly, remorselessly. At last they touch and grapple; and their mighty struggles only serve to sway them like seaweed in the slow pulse of the ocean. Presently the villain's knife finds its opening in the joints of the diving-suit. The hero sees the danger, gives the signal on his life-line, and is dragged slowly upward. As he rises he reaches for his opponent's air-tube, and with a slow swirl of his arm, cuts it. The villain's clutches grope toward his ears, his mouth, as if to keep out the rush of brine. But he can only fumble the great globe of his diver's helmet, now filled with water. He gags, chokes, and clutches his throat in agony. Still no sound is heard, no motion is seen but a slow swaying of despair as he sinks on the floor of the sea.

If words are lacking in these scenes, the action is more than illuminated by the pictures. And are not these scenic marvels an improvement on the old cries of "Villain, I have thee!" "Revenge is mine!" and the rest?

IV

In the field of the so-called legitimate, the change has been as great. When, about 1837, Charles Mathews the younger substituted a real drawing-room for the three boards and two chairs of tradition, he little suspected what the end would be. It was not until the late sixties, a generation afterward, that Robertson, to the joy of some and the horror of others, introduced a solid and consistent realism. He served tea in cups and saucers; and in the scene in the Crimean barracks in "Ours," when the doors were opened and shut, little drifts of snow blew in with a whistle of wind that sent frigid shivers down the spine.

Beside the luxury of the best modern stage managers, the realism of Robertson would look bare enough. In several of Clyde Fitch's interiors, the walls are hung with real silk brocade; the furniture is the best the shops of Fifth Avenue afford, and the whole is faithful in all details to a single style. The effect is richer and more tasteful than in many a millionnaire's drawing-room. Mr. Fitch's exteriors are equally well studied. In "Major André," the

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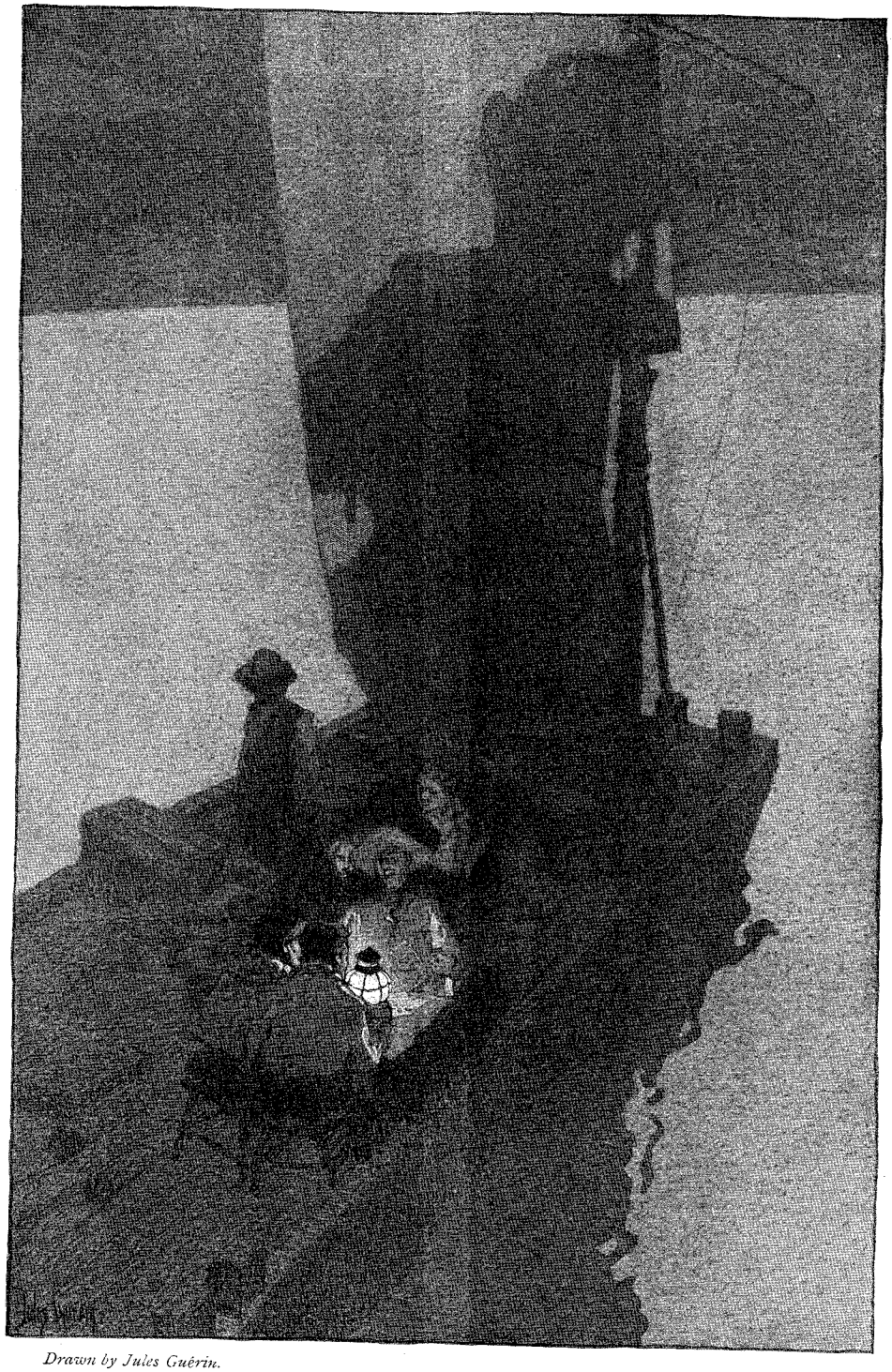

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Using a back-drop as a sail on the Mississippi.
An incident in the Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson.

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scenes of the capture represented the underbrush of an autumn forest, with actual yellow, scarlet, and crimson leaves fixed to actual bushes, through which André and his Continental captors rustled as they moved about the stage. In "The Climbers" one set was meant to show a cold, fine snow-storm in the yard of a rustic inn. Mr. Fitch, as the story goes, ordered that the paper snow-flakes be cut in minute squares, and when he found that the employees insisted on the great wet goose feathers of stage tradition, he took the work into his own hands. The result was a scene that made one fairly shiver in the chill of a dry, hard, sifting snow, and admirably reënforced with the scene of blighted emotion which it framed.

The final touch of realism can be given only by the lighting. In the foot-lights, on the borders of the proscenium arch, and at intervals in the flies are rows of incandescent burners, white, red, blue and amber; and at the switch-board stands the electrician, who is able to throw almost any shade of color upon almost any spot. "A little more amber, please," or "Not so fast with the blue," cries the patient manager, bent on showing the small, slow gradations of falling twilight; and the actor is placed on this spot or on that, until the composite rays throw just the requisite glow on his full face, or just the rim of fading gold to give saliency to his profile. Very different this from the days when the Sidney Cartons, as they stood on the guillotine at nightfall, insisted on having the lime-light full in their faces, stamping their features on the eyes of their audiences, perhaps, but quite ruining the atmosphere of the scene. Mr. David Belasco has, perhaps, carried the use of light to the highest point. "The Darling of the Gods" was a riot of deep and splendid aërial effects. But others are not far behind. In Mrs. Fiske's "Mary of Magdala," the scene of the crucifixion, which of course takes place off-stage, is accompanied by a thunder-storm, the atmospheric realism of which is marvellous. The mere mechanics of the stage have never been used more legitimately to reënforce an effect of sublimity.

V

POWERFUL as stage realism may be made, the limits of its usefulness are narrower, perhaps, than has generally been recognized. In proportion as a play has literary and dramatic quality, its subject-matter is character and emotion, to the creation of which dialogue and the acting are of chief moment; and the mind that is absorbed in a picture tends to ignore what the actor is saying and doing. "For many years," writes Joseph Jefferson, in his Autobiography, "I had remarked a growing disinclination on the part of the general public to listen to dialogue unless it revealed the plot of the play, or abounded in easily understood wit. The question may be asked, Why should this be? Is not the audience of to-day as intelligent as that of a hundred years ago? This may be so, but by degrees it has been accustomed to a supply of entertainments for the eye rather than for the ear, and like a child that has lately been fed upon sugar-plums, it has lost its taste for daintier morsels." No one has ever written more understandingly than Mr. Jefferson of the conditions of the art of acting, and no one has expressed more clearly the necessity for concentrating attention. His repudiation of the often-made proposal that "Rip Van Winkle" be produced as a spectacle play is a masterpiece of quaint and reasonable irony, and he warns the actor even against the use of gesture, or pantomimic action. "Let us take a point where the audience is called upon for rapt attention, where the situation is so subtle that the head bowed slowly down, or a movement of the eye will reveal the meaning. Now, at this critical point, if one of the actors should even remove his hat, or unmeaningly shift his position, he will destroy the effect. . . . The audience cannot look in two places at once." In a similar vein, when Edwin Booth once asked Jefferson to criticise his acting, Jefferson replied that beautiful as Booth's gestures were, he used so many of them that they impaired the more important effect of his facial expression and of his speech; and Booth acknowledged the justice of the criticism. Is there not a hint here for the artistic playwright prone to the use of striking pictorial effects?

In "The Way of the World," Clyde Fitch opened with the leading characters in an automobile running at speed through Central Park, the park being represented by rods of painted canvas unrolling backward

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as the automobile was supposed to go forward. The audience was breathless with surprise at the novelty, and lost itself in following the familiar scenes as they sped past. But what, meantime, became of the dialogue? In "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," Mr. Fitch gave up his first act to depicting the deck of an Atlantic liner, rolling in the trough of a gentle swell, with all the familiar details of sea-sickness, love-sickness and the rest. The act was one of the most amusing ever written by an American playwright, but such was the force of the realism, and the consequent weakness of the story, that when the hero and heroine leaned together over the rail toward the audience, even the serious-minded questioned whether they were love-sick or sea-sick. Mr. David Belasco has given up the last scene in his latest production, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," to a flood of real, wet rain. By means of his clever lighting, he has produced so strong an atmospheric effect that at the final curtain many in the audience instinctively grope on the floor for overshoes that are not there, and others, when they reach the foyer, absently lament forgotten umbrellas, though the frost outside is nipping noses and the glacial stars are glittering above. But what of the dramatic climax of the story? It has been drowned out, like a rat in a flooded cellar.

VI

In such Shakespearian plays as "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," it is perhaps possible to use lavish appurtenances with effect. Their genre is precisely that of modern musical comedy, lyric numbers alternating with grotesque fooling and pretty sentiment in a land of fairy enchantment. And there is evidence that even Shakespeare gave them a more embellished and masque-like setting than has yet been conceded. But in the purely dramatic plays, our abuse of scenic effects has reached its climax. They were written for a stage that was open to the public on three sides, and of necessity had no proscenium arch, no wings and flies and only such set pieces and properties as could be quickly shifted. The "two hours' traffic on the stage," of which Shakespeare speaks, must have been mainly a matter of action and dialogue. In modern productions, in order to give time for the various changes, the scenes of the play have to be mercilessly cut; and if this is not enough to dim the character-drawing and halt the narrative, long pauses have to be made for the scene-shifter. And when the scenery is revealed it impairs the effect of the acting. Can an eye that is bent on Venetian tapestries and Roman archæology give full heed to what Shylock or Coriolanus is doing?

Worst of all, the poetry of the lines is killed. When the curtain rings up before Macbeth's castle, one sees a jutting wall which, in spite of all the scene-painter can do, is obviously paint and canvas, and is, furthermore, hopelessly out of proportion to the actors and even the trees. Duncan and Banquo come in, and looking at the mimic castle, Banquo says:

> This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
> By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
> Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
> Has made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.

Could anything be in more beautiful and effective contrast with the dark fate which, as the audience well knows, is awaiting Duncan within? But with the trivial image of the scene-painter stamped on the mind, is it possible to get the visual images Shakespeare intended? Is it possible to feel their full emotional value? Instinctively the eye tallies off the items in the lines with the details in the scenery, and whether or not it sees the martlet's pendent bed and procreant cradle, the effect is equally fatal to a moment of beauty and foreboding. It is so with Horatio's "morn in russet mantle clad," so with the moonlight on Portia's terrace at Belmont, so, in fact, in the case of all the marvellous verbal suggestions with which Shakespeare has been at pains to envelop and reënforce his action. Instead of illustrating them, the redundant splendor kills them.

VII

The past generation has introduced into the drama a new element of great power for good and evil. It rests with the public, quite as much as with the managers and the critics, to welcome it when it is intelligently used, and to resent it when it is fatal to sound and harmonious art.

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THE OLD-TIME NEGRO

By Thomas Nelson Page

I

THAT the "old-time negro" is passing away is one of the common sayings all over the South, where once he was as well known as the cotton plant and the oak tree. Indeed, he has become so rare that even now when a gray and wrinkled survivor is found he is regarded as an exceptional character, and he will soon be as extinct as the dodo. That he will leave a gap which can hardly be filled is as certain as that the old-time cavalier or the foster-father of romance has left his gap.

The "new issue" at which the old-time negro, who had been the servant and the associate of gentlemen, once turned up his nose from his well-secured position, and of which he spoke in terms of scornful reprobation, has, with the passing of time, ousted him from his stool, and he is no longer the "new issue," but the general type that prevails commonly—the negro with his problem; a problem which it may take all the wisdom, all the forbearance, and all the resolution of the white race to solve.

Some of the "Afro-Americans," with the veneer of a so-called education, to judge from recent works written by certain of them, presume to look down somewhat scornfully on this notable development of their race, and assume a fine scorn of the relation which once existed all over the South between the old-time Southerner and the old-time darky, and which still exists where the latter still survives.

They do not consider that large numbers of this class held positions of responsibility and trust, which they discharged with a fidelity and success that is the strongest proof of the potentiality of the race. They do not reckon that warm friendship which existed between master and servant, and which more than any other one thing gives promise of future and abiding friendship between the races when left to settle their relations without outside interference.

One going through the South now—even through those parts where the old-time darky was once the regular and ordinary picture, unless he should happen to drift into some secluded region so far out of the sweep of the current that its life had been caught as in an eddy, would never know what the old life had been, and what the old-time negroes were in that life. Their memory is still cherished in the hearts of those to whom they stood in a relation which cannot be explained and cannot be understood by those who did not know it as a vital part of their home-life. Even these will soon have passed from the stage, and in another decade or two the story of that relation, whose roots were struck deep in the sacredest relations of life, will be only a tradition kept alive for a generation or two, but gradually fading until it is quite blurred out by time.

Curiously, whatever the Southerners may think of slavery—and there were many who reprobated its existence—whatever they may think of "the negro" of to-day, there is scarcely one who knew the negro in his old relation who does not speak of him with sympathy and think of him with tenderness. The writer has known men begin to talk of new conditions fiercely, and on falling to talking of the past, drift into reminiscences of old servants and turn away to wipe their eyes. And not the least part of the bitterness of the South over the negro question as it has existed grows out of resentment at the alienation of what was once a relation of warm friendship and tender sympathy.

Of slavery it might be said that whatever its merits and demerits, it divided this country into two sections, with opposing interests, and finally plunged it into a vast and terrible war. This is condemnation enough.

One need not be an advocate of slavery because he upsets ideas that have no foundation whatever in truth and sets forth facts that can be substantiated by the experience of thousands who knew them at first hand.

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II

It is well known by those who knew the old plantation life that there were marked divisions between the negroes. There were among them what might be termed different orders. These were graded by the various relations in which the individuals stood to the "white folks"—that is, to the master and mistress and their family.

The house-servants represented a class quite distinct from and quite above the "field-hands," of whom they were wont to speak as "cornfield niggers," while among the former were degrees as clearly defined as ever existed in an English gentleman's house, where the housekeeper and the butler held themselves above the rest of the servants, only admitting to occasional fellowship the lady's maid.

Among the first in station were the mammy, the butler, the carriage-driver, the ladies' maids, the cook, and the gardener, with the "boys" who were attached to one or the other position as assistants and were in training for the places when the elders should fail. Among the "field-hands" was, first, the "head man."*

The "head man" was the equal of any other servant—a rank due, perhaps, partly to his authority and partly to the character that brought him this authority. He was the foreman, or assistant superintendent of the plantation. He carried the keys; he called the hands to work; directed them, and was, to some extent, in authority over them. Such a one I knew, mighty in word and act, who towered above the hands he led, a "head man," indeed.

A somewhat inaccurate idea prevails of the Southern plantation life, due, possibly, to the highly colored pictures that have been painted of it in books of a romantic order, in which the romance much outweighed the ha'pennyworth of verisimilitude. The current idea is that a Southern plantation was generally a great estate, teeming with black slaves who groaned under the lash of the drivers and at night were scourged to their dungeons, while their masters revelled in ill-used luxury and steeped themselves in licentiousness, not stopping at times to "traffic in their own flesh and blood."

* The name "driver" was unknown in Virginia, whatever it may have been in the South. And the "driver" of slave-horror novels was as purely the creature of the imagination as Cerberus, or the Chimera.

It may be well to say in the outset that nothing could be further from the truth.

There were great estates, but they were not numerous. There were, possibly, a score of persons in Virginia who owned over three hundred slaves, and ten or a dozen who owned over five hundred. Such estates were kept up in a certain style which almost always accompanies large wealth. But the great majority of the plantations in Virginia, and, so far as my reading and observation have gone, elsewhere, however extensive were the lands, were modest and simple, and the relation between masters and servants was one of close personal acquaintance and friendliness, beginning at the cradle and scarcely ending at the grave.

At the outbreak of the war, while the number of the white population of the Southern States was about thirteen millions, the number of slave-owners and slave-hirers, including those who owned or hired but one slave, was, perhaps, less than a half-million; that is, of the adult whites, men and women, estimating them as one-fifth each of the population, less than one in ten owned or hired slaves.†

Thus, while slavery on the great plantations, where the slaves numbered several hundreds, was liable to such abuses as spring readily from absenteeism, on most of the plantations the slaves and the masters were necessarily brought into fairly close contact, and the result of this contact was the relation of friendship which has

† In Georgia, for example, as shown by the investigation of Professor DuBois, one of the best educated and trained colored men in the South, there were, in 1860, 455,698 negroes and 591,550 whites. Of these, there were 3,500 free negroes and 462,195 slaves owned by 40,773 slave-holders, or about 10⅓ to each slave-holder.

Of these slave-holders,

16 per cent. of all			—6,713	owned	1	slave,
10	"	"	—4,353	"	2	slaves,
8	"	"	—3,482	"	3	"
			2 984	"	4	"
			2,543	"	5	"
			2,213	"	6	"
			1,839	"	7	"
			1,647	"	8	"
			1,415	"	9	"
			4,707	"	10 or under	15 slaves,
			2,523	"	15 " "	20 "
			2,910	"	20 " "	30 "
			1,400	"	30 " "	40 "
			739	"	40 " "	50 "
			729	"	50 " "	70 "
			373	"	70 " "	100 "
			181	"	100 " "	200 "
			23	"	200 " "	300 "
			7	"	300 " "	500 "
			1	"	500 " "	1000 "

From this table it will be seen that 6,713, or about 16½ per cent., owned only one slave, 10½ per cent. owned only two slaves, and 50 per cent. owned five slaves or fewer, while 66 per cent. (27,191) owned under ten slaves; 1,102 owned between fifty and one hundred, and but 212 owned over one hundred, while only twenty-three owned over two hundred.

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been the wonder and the mystification of those who considered slavery the sum of all the villainies.

The chief idea that prevails as to the relation is taken from a work of fiction which, as a political pamphlet written under the stress of deep feeling, whatever truth it had as basis, certainly does not present a true picture.

Work was parceled out among the "hands," the "hands" being divided into sections: plough-hands, drivers, hoe-hands, etc.

Their homes were known as "the quarters." On the larger plantations they were divided by streets.

On the plantation which the writer knew best, there were several double-cabins on the quarter hill and three or four facing on the backyard. In one of the latter was a room which was the joy of his heart, and which, after forty years, is still touched with a light more radiant than many a palace apartment he has seen. It was known as "Unc' Balla's room," and its occupant was so great a man to me that I have never known his superior. "Uncle Balla" was the carriage-driver, and not from Jehu down was ever one who, in the writer's mind, could hold a candle to him. He was the guide, philosopher, and friend of my boyhood. And no better, saner, or more right-minded guide ever lived.

In that room were "chists," which I even now think of with an indrawing of the breath, as I imagine their precious and unexplored contents. Verily, they must have held golden ingots. Then, there was his cobbler's bench, for he was a harness-maker and cobbler—and his cooper's bench, for he made the noggins and piggins and pails for the milkmaids. And when it came to horses! As I have sat and heard the learned at races and horse-shows air their knowledge, I have been filled with a sudden longing wish that Uncle Balla were there to show what real knowledge was.

He lived for thirty years after the war in a little house on the edge of the plantation, and when he began to fail he was brought home, where he could be better looked after. At the end, his funeral services were conducted from the front portico and he was followed to the grave by white and black as his mourners.

Each cabin had, or might have had, its little yard and garden, and each family had its chicken-house and yard.

On the larger plantations, where the negroes numbered two hundred or more, nearly everything was made by them, so that such an estate was a little world in itself, substantially self-supporting. On our place, while the spinning and weaving and the carpentry-work were done on the place, most of the cloth for clothing and the shoes were bought in town in the spring and autumn, and the tailor and cobbler kept them in order. In purchasing the shoes, each person brought his measure, a stick the exact length of his foot. This stick had certain marks or notches on it, and the negro kept a duplicate, by which to identify his shoes when they arrived.

III

No servants or retainers of any race ever identified themselves more fully with their masters. The relation was rather that of retainers than of slaves. It began in the infancy of both master and servant, grew with their growth and continued through life. Such a relation does not now, so far as I know, exist, except in the isolated instances of old families who have survived all the chances and changes with the old family servants still hanging on. Certainly, I think, it did not exist anywhere, unless, perhaps, on the country estates of the gentry in England and, possibly, in France and parts of Germany.

This relation in the South was not exceptional. It was the general, if not the universal rule. The servants were "my servants" or "my people"; the masters were to the servants, "*my* master and *my* mistis," or, "my white folks." Both pride and affection spoke in that claim.

In fact, the ties of pride were such that it was often remarked that the affection of the slaves was stronger toward the whites than toward their own offspring. This fact, which cannot be disputed, has been referred by Professor Shaler to a survival of a tribal instinct which preponderated over the family instinct. Others may possibly refer it to the fact that the family instinct was, owing to the very nature of the institution of slavery, not allowed to take deep root. Whatever the cause, it does not ap-

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pear even now to have taken much root, at least, according to the standard of the Anglo-Saxon, a race whose history is founded upon the family instinct.

The family ties among the negroes appear to be scarcely as strong now as they were under the institution of slavery. Marital fidelity is, if we are to believe those who have had good opportunities of observation, not as common now as it was then. The instances of desertion of husbands, of wives, of parents, or children would possibly offset any division that took place under that institution.

A number of old negroes whom I have known have been abandoned by nearly all of their children, who, when they grow up, leave them with scarcely less unconcern than do any order of the lower animals.

The oldest son of our dining-room servant went off at the time of one of Sheridan's raids and was never heard of again until some twenty years after the war, when it was learned that he was a fisherman on the lower James, and although he lived, and may be living yet, within a hundred miles of his old home, where his father and mother live, he never took the trouble even to communicate with them once. The next son went off to the South after the war, and the only time that he ever wrote home, so far as I know, was when he wrote to ascertain his age, in order that he might qualify to vote. The same may be said of many others.

The mammy was, perhaps, the most important of the servants, as she was also the closest intimate of the family. She was, indeed, an actual member of the household. She was usually selected in her youth to be the companion of the children by reason of her being the child of some favored servant and, as such, likely to possess sense, amiability, judgment, and the qualities which gave promise of character and efficiency. So she grew up in intercourse with the girls of the family, and when she married she became, in turn, the nurse and assistant to the mammy, and then the mammy of her young mistress's children, and, after, of their children.

She has never been adequately described. Chiefly, I fancy, because it was impossible to describe her as she was.

Who may picture a mother? We may dab and dab at it, but when we have done our best we know that we have stuck on a little paint, and the eternal verity stands forth like the eternal verity of the Holy Mother, outside our conception, only to be apprehended in our highest moments, and never to be truly pictured by pen or pencil.

So, no one can describe what the mammy was, and only those can apprehend her who were rocked on her generous bosom, slept on her bed, fed at her table, were directed and controlled by her, watched by her unsleeping eye, and led by her precept in the way of truth, justice, and humanity.

She was far more than a servant. She was a member of the family in high standing and of unquestioned influence. She was her mistress's coadjutress and her wise adviser, and where the children were concerned, she was next to her in authority.

My father's mammy, old Krenda, was said to have been an African princess, and whether there was any other foundation for the idea than her commanding presence and character, I know not; but these were unquestionable. Her aphorisms have been handed down in the family since her time. Among them was one which has a smack of the old times: "Good manners will cyah you whar money won't."

I remember my mammy well, though she died when I was a child. Her name was Lydia, and she was the daughter of old Betty, who had been my great-grandmother's maid. Betty used to read to her mistress during the latter years of her life, when she was blind. Lydia had been my mother's mammy before she was mine and my brother's, and she had the authority and prestige of having been such.

After forty-five years, I recall with mingled affection and awe my mammy's dignity, force, and kindness; her snowy bed, where I was put to sleep in the little upstair's room, sealed with pictures from the illustrated papers and with fashion-plates, in which her artistic feeling found its vent; and the delicious "biscuit-bread" she made, which I thought better than that of all the cooks and bakers in the world. In one corner stood her tea-table, with her "tea-things," her tea and white sugar.

I remember, too, the exercise of her authority, and recall, at least, two "good whippings" that she gave me.

One curious recollection that I have of her is of a discussion between her and one

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of her young mistresses on the subject of slavery, in which the latter fell back on what is, possibly, one of the strongest arguments of the slave-holder, the Bible, and asserted that God had put each of them in their places. It may be left to the reader to say which had the better of the argument. The interest of the matter now is rather academic than practical.

A few days before my mammy's death she made her will, dividing her "things," and such wills were as strictly observed as if they had been admitted to probate. Among her bequests were her feather-bed and pillows to my elder brother. She made my mother bring a pen and write his name on the bed and pillows. And these pillows are now in his rectory in Brooklyn.

It was from our mammies that we learned those delightful stories of "Brer Fox" and "Brer Hyah," which the children of a later generation have learned through the magic pen of "Uncle Remus." It was from them also that we learned many of the lessons of morality and truth.

Next to the mammy in point of dignity was, of right, the butler. He held much the same position that is held in English houses. He was a person in authority, and he looked that every inch. He had his ideas, and they usually prevailed. He was the governor of the young children, the mentor of the young men, and their counsellor even after they had grown up.

Some of my readers may have seen in some hotel a negro head-waiter who was a model of dignity and of grave authority—a field-marshal in ebony—doing the honors of his dining-room like a court chamberlain, and ruling his subordinates with the authority of a despot. Such a one was probably some gentleman's butler, who had risen by his abilities to be the chief of the dining-room.

More than one such character rises before me from the past, and the stories of their authority are a part of the traditional record of every family. The most imposing one that I personally remember was "Uncle Tom," the butler of a cousin, whose stateliness impressed my childhood's fancy in a way which has never been effaced. I have seen monarchs less impressive. His authority was so well recognized that he used to be called to make the children take their physic.

It was said that one of the children, who is now a matron of great dignity and a grandmother, once, in an awed whisper, asked her grandmother, who was the mistress of "Uncle Tom" and of several hundred other servants, "Gran'ma, is you feared o' Unc' Tom?" And her grandmother, who told the story, used to add: "And you know the truth is, I am."

It was a cousin of hers, Mrs. Carter, of Shirley, who used to say that when she invited company she always had to break it to Clarissy, her maid.

In truth, whatever limitation there was on the unstinted hospitality of the South was due to the fact that the servants were always considered in such matters.

This awe of the butler in his grandeur often did not pass away with youth. He both demanded and received his due respect even from grown members of the family. Of one that I knew it is told now by gray-headed men how, on occasion, long after they were grown, he would correct their manners, even at table, by a little rap on the head and a whispered reproof, as he leaned over them to place a dish. And I never knew one who did not retain his position of influence and exercise his right of admonition.

I have known butlers to take upon themselves the responsibility of saying what young gentlemen should be admitted and to whom the ladies should be denied. In fact, every wise young man used to be at pains to make friends with the old servants, for they were a sagacious class and their influence in the household was not inconsiderable. They had an intuitive knowledge, which amounted to an instinct, for "winnowing the grain from the chaff," and they knew a "gent'man" at sight. Their acute and caustic comments have wrecked the chances of many an aspiring young suitor who failed to meet with their approval.

IV

THERE is a universal belief that the negroes under slavery had no education. I have seen it stated a number of times that it was made a crime by law, in every State of the South, to teach one to read. I have not been able to find these laws. Teaching them was not encouraged, generally, and

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such laws may have existed in some of the States of the South; but they did not exist in Virginia. Several of our negroes could read, and if it was not the same on most of the plantations, it was at least the same on those of which I had any knowledge. My great-grandmother's maid used, I have heard, to read to her regularly, and in our family the ladies used to teach the girls as much as they would learn. But apart from book-learning, they had, especially the house-servants, the education which comes from daily association with people of culture, and it was an education not to be despised. Some gentlemen carried on a correspondence about home affairs with their butlers during their absence from home. For instance, I recall hearing that when Mr. Abel P. Upshur was Secretary of the Navy, some gentlemen were at his house, and were discussing at table some public matter, when the butler gave them the latest news about it, saying that he had that morning received a letter from his master.

There is an idea that the negroes were in the state of excitement and agonized expectancy of freedom that the Anglo-Saxon race felt it would have been in under similar circumstances. Much is made, at certain kinds of meetings, of the great part which they contributed toward saving the Union. This, too, may be set aside as bordering on the controversial. But it may not be outside of this phase of the matter, and it will throw some light on it to state briefly what was the attitude of the negro slave population toward the quarrel between the North and the South.

The total number of negro enlistments and re-enlistments on the Federal side was between 189,000 and 190,000. When it is considered that this embraced all the soldier element of the negroes in the North and of the refugee element in the South, either by persuasion of bounties or under stress of compulsion, whether of military draft or of "belly-pinching," the number does not appear large. After midsummer, 1863, the North occupied the States of Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, half of Virginia, of Tennessee, of Louisiana, of Arkansas, of Mississippi, and considerable portions of the Carolinas and Alabamas. That is, she occupied a third, and nearer a half, of the entire slave-holding territory of the South, while the penetration of her raiding parties into the regions occupied by the Southern troops furnished, at times, opportunity to, possibly, a fourth of the young men of that section to escape from bondage had they been moved by the passion of freedom. It is at once a refutation of the charge of the cruelty of slavery, so commonly accepted, and an evidence of the easy-going amiability and servility of the negro race that, under all the excitement and through all the opportunities and temptations surrounding them, they should not only have remained faithful to their masters, but that the stress of the time should have appeared to weld the bond between them.

That there was a wild and adventurous element among them is well known. It was to be expected, and was an element in whom the instincts of wild life in the jungle and the forests survived. Every large plantation had one or more who had the runaway spirit keenly alive. There were several on our place. They ran away when they were crossed in love or in any other desire of their hearts. They ran away if they were whipped, and, as they were the shirkers and loafers on the plantations, if any one was whipped, it was likely to be one of them. Yet, curiously enough, if a runaway was caught and was whipped, he was very unlikely to run off again until the spirit seized him, when nothing on earth could stop him.*

One other class was likely to furnish the element that went off, and this was the "pampered class." House-servants were more likely to go than field-hands. Their ears were somehow more attuned to the song of the siren.†

Against those who availed themselves of the opportunities offered them to escape from the bondage of domestic slavery may be put the great body of the negro race who, whether from inability to grasp the vastness of the boon of liberty held out to them, or from fear of the ills they knew not of,

* We had three or four such young men on our plantation, and although the plantation lay within two or three miles of the roads down which Sheridan and Stoneman passed, and within twelve or fifteen miles of those along which Grant passed, these were the only negroes from our place who went off during the war. In all, four young men left us.

If any one wishes to get an insight into this phase of the negro character and at the same time pass a delightful half hour, let him get and read Harry Stillwell Edwards's story of the "Two Runaways."

† That very "Uncle Tom," of whom I have spoken as a stern and terrifying spectacle of grandeur, left his home and went to Philadelphia.

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or from sheer content with a life where the toil was not drudgery and the flesh-pots overbalanced the idea of freedom, not only held fast to their masters, but took sides with them with a quickened feeling and a deepened affection. For everyone who fled to freedom, possibly one hundred stood by their masters' wives and children.

Doubtless there were many—possibly, the most of them—who remained from sheer inertia or fear to leave. But a far larger number identified themselves with their masters, and this union was not one of lip-service, but of sentiment, of heart and soul.

In truth, they were infected with the same spirit and ardor that filled the whites, and had the South called for volunteers from the negroes, I question not that they could have gotten half a million men.

A story is told of one of the old negroes who belonged to the family into which General Scott married. He went to the war to take care of one of his young masters. He had no doubt whatever as to the justice of the cause, but General Scott was to his mind the embodiment of war and carnage, and the general had espoused the other side. This disturbed him greatly, and one night he was heard praying down outside the camp. After praying for everyone, he prayed: "And O Lord, please to convut Marse Lieutenan' Gen'l Scott and turn him f'om de urrer o' he ways."

The devotion of slaves to their masters in time of war is no new thing under the sun. The fact that their masters are in arms has always, no doubt, borne its part in the phenomenon. But it does not wholly account for the absolute devotion of the negroes. It is to the eternal credit at once of the whites and of the negroes that, during these four years of war, when the white men of the South were absent in the field they could entrust their homes, their wives, their children, all they possessed, to the guardianship and care of their slaves, with absolute confidence in their fidelity. And this trust was never violated. They were their faithful guardians, their sympathizing friends, and their shrewd advisers, guarding their property, enduring necessary denial with cheerfulness, and identifying themselves with their masters' fortunes with the devotion, not of slaves, but of clansmen.

The devotion of the body-servants to their masters in the field is too well known almost to need mention, and what is said of them in this paper is owing rather to the feeling that the statement of the fact is a debt due to the class from which these came than to thinking it necessary to enlighten the reader.

When the Southern men went into the field there was always a contest among the negroes as to who should accompany them. Usually, the choice of the young men would be for some of the younger men among the servants, while the choice of the family would be for some of the older and more staid members of the household, who would be prudent, and thus more likely to take better care of their masters. And thus there was much heartburning among the younger negroes, who were almost as eager for adventure as their masters.

Of all the thousands of negroes who went out as servants with their masters, I have never heard of one who deserted to the North, and I have known of many who had abundant opportunity to do so. Some were captured, but escaped, others apparently deserted, but returned laden with spoils.

My father's body-servant, Ralph Woodson, served with him throughout the entire war. While at Petersburg, where the armies were within a mile of each other, he was punished for getting drunk and he ran away. But instead of making for the Union lines, which he could easily have done and surrendered to a Union picket, he started for home, sixty miles away. He was, however, arrested as a straggler or runaway, and my father, hearing of him, sent and brought him back to camp, where he remained to the end.

An even more notable instance which has come to my knowledge was that of Simon, the servant of a friend of mine. He disappeared from camp during the Spottsylvania campaign and just when his master had given him up, he reappeared with a sack full of all sorts of things, useful for the mess, which he declared "dem gent'mens on the other side had gin him." He had borrowed of the Egyptians.

The letters and annals of the time are full of references to the singular, but then well-known fact, that while the people of the South gave their sons joyfully to the cause, they were most unwilling to allow their negroes to go. The reason for this has been much misapprehended. It has been generally supposed outside that it was because

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they were afraid to lose their property. Nothing could be more unfounded. They were afraid their servants might be hurt or suffer some harm.

Fathers who wrote their sons to be always at the post of honor, would write them explicit directions how to keep their servants out of danger. The war in some way was concerned with the perpetuation of slavery, and it was felt that it was not just to expose slaves to danger when such was the case.

Something of this same feeling played its part in the decision not to enlist negroes in the army of the Confederacy.

In the field they showed both courage and sagacity, and many are the instances in which, when their masters were wounded and left on the field, they hunted for them. The records of the time are full of such instances.

V

When the war closed and the negroes were set free, the feeling between them and their old masters was never warmer, the bonds of friendship were never more close. The devotion which the negro had shown during the long struggle had created a profound impression on the minds of the Southern whites. Even between the negroes and poorer whites, who had always been rather at enmity, a better feeling had grown up. The close of the war had accomplished what all the Emancipation Proclamations could not effect. The masters universally informed their servants that they were free.

I remember my father's return from Appomattox. For days he had been watched for. Appomattox was less than a hundred miles from our home. The news of the surrender had come to us first through one of the wagon-drivers, who told it weeping. I seem to see the return now—my father on his gray horse, with his body-servant, Ralph, behind him. I remember the way in which, as he slipped from his horse, he put his hand over his face to hide his tears, and his groan, "I never expected to come home so." All were weeping. A few minutes later he came out on the porch. "Ralph, you are free; take the saddles off and turn the horses out."

He had carried a silver half-dollar all through the war, saving it till the last pinch. This had come when he reached the river on his way home. The ferryman had declined to take Confederate money, and he paid him his half-dollar to ferry him across.

Such was the end of slavery, the institution which had divided this country in twain, and finally had convulsed it and brought on a terrible war. When the end of slavery came there was, doubtless, some heart-burning, but the transition was accomplished without an outbreak, and without, so far as I am informed, one act of harshness or even of rudeness.

If there was jubilation among the negroes on the plantation it was not known to the whites. They were rather mystified. The sudden coming of that for which they had possibly hoped, with the loom of the unknown future, had sobered at least the elders. Their owners, almost without exception, conveyed to them the information of their freedom, which thus had a more comprehensive security than could have been given by the acts of Congress, or the orders of military authorities.

In some cases the old negroes sought and held long conferences with their mistresses or masters in which the whole matter was canvassed.

In every instance the assurance was given them that they should live on the old plantations, if they wished to do so and were still willing to work and would obey orders.

As was natural, the negroes, in the first flush of freedom, left the estates and went off "for themselves," as the phrase ran.* They flocked either to the cities, or to the nearest centre where a garrison of Union troops was posted, and where rations were distributed partly as a measure of necessity and partly from a philanthropic sentiment, which had more or less ground for its existence. But after a time, many of them returned to work. Those of them who had anything shared what they had with their masters. Some of them brought eggs and chickens; others saved a part of the rations given by the Government.

It is no part of my intention in this paper to go generally into the relation of the two races since the emancipation of the negroes. Certain phases of this relation have been dealt with by me elsewhere. While it is easy to see what mistakes have been made

* Prince Kropotkin mentioned in his memoirs that the Russian serfs who wanted to show their emancipation did the same thing.

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in dealing with the subject, no one can tell with any assurance how a different system might have worked out. All we can say, with absolute certainty, is that hardly any other system could have been more disastrous than the one which was adopted.

One fact, I think, cannot be soundly controverted—that the estrangement of the negro from the white race in the South is the greatest misfortune that has befallen the former in his history, not excepting his ravishment from his native land.

VI

THE old-time negro has almost quite passed from the earth, as have his old master and his old mistress. A few still remain, like the last leaves on the tree, but in no long time they, too, will have disappeared. But so long as he survives the old family feeling of affection will remain in the hearts of those who knew him. Every week or two the newspapers contain the mention of the passing from the stage of one or more of those whose place in some old family has made them notable in their lives and has caused them to be followed to the grave by as sincere mourners among the whites as among the blacks. But how many of them pass without any other notice than the unfeigned mourning of those whom they loved and served so faithfully!

No Southerner, whatever his feelings of antagonism may be to the negro race, ever meets an old negro man or woman without that feeling rising in his breast which one experiences when he meets some old friend of his youth on whom time has laid his chastening hand.

Nor has the old feeling by any means died out in the breast of the old negro himself. Only as the whites look on the young blacks with some disapproval, the old negro regards the younger generation of whites as inferior to the generation he knew.

Not long since a friend in Richmond told me the following story: He said a friend of his in that city invited him in the shooting season to go down to his father's place to shoot partridges. The house had been burned down, but he said old Robin was still living there, and had told him not long before that there were a good many birds on the place. Accordingly, the two gentlemen one morning took their guns and dogs and drove down to the old Ball plantation, where they arrived about sunrise. Old Robin was cutting wood in front of his cabin, and my friend began to shout for him: "Oh, Robin! Oh, Robin!" The old fellow stopped, and coming to the brow of the hill above them, called, "Who dat know me so much bettuh den I know him?"

"Come down here!" called his master.

When the old fellow discovered who it was he was delighted.

"Yes, suh," said he; "dyah's plenty of buds down here on de branch. I sees 'em eve'y evenin' most when I comes down atter my cow. You go 'long and kill 'em and I'll take keer of yo horse for yo and tell Mandy to hev some snack for yo 'bout twelve o'clock."

Just as he was leaving, he stopped, and leaning out of the wagon, said: "'Marse Gus, don't yo' shoot any ole hyahs down dere. I takes my gun down wid me when I goes down atter my cow. Dem buds flies too fas' for me, but I kin manage to shoot a ole hyah if I ketch one settin' in de baid."

The promise was given and was kept by the hunters until they were about to stop for lunch. Just then a fine hare jumped up in front of Marse Gus, and gave him a fair shot. In his ardor he fired at it and knocked it over. At that moment old Robin was heard calling to them to come on up to the house as "snack was ready."

"There," said Gus, as he picked up the hare, "now I've gone and killed this, and that old man will never forgive me."

"Take it and give it to him for his wife," said his friend.

"Oh, no," he said; "you don't know old Robin, he will never forgive me."

"Well, put it down in the bottom of your game-bag; he will never know the difference," said his friend. And this was shamelessly done.

They were greeted by the old man cheerfully, with "You must have got plenty of buds, I heard you shoot so much."

"Oh, yes, we had very good luck," said the huntsmen.

"You didn't shoot any ole hyahs?" he said confidently.

The silence aroused his suspicion, and, turning, he shot a keen glance at his master, which took in the well-filled game-bag.

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"What you got in dem game-pockets to make 'em look so big? You certain'y ain' shoot as many buds as dat in dis time?"

Gus, convicted, poked his hand into his bag and drew out the rabbit.

"Here, Uncle Robin," he said in some confusion, "this is the only one I shot. I want you to take it and give it to Mandy."

But the old man declined. "Nor, I don' want it and Mandy don' want it," he said; "you done shoot it and now yo' bettuh keep it."

He stalked on up the hill in silence. Suddenly, stopping, he turned back.

"Well, well," he said, "times certain'y is changed! Marse Gus, yo' pa wouldn't 'a' told me a lie for a mule, let 'lone a' ole hyah."

The character of the old-time negro I can hardly better illustrate than by the case of an old friend of mine, John Dabney, to whom I, in common with nearly all my acquaintances in Richmond, used to be greatly indebted, for he was the best caterer I ever knew. John Dabney was, in his boyhood, a race-rider for a noted Virginia turfman, Major William R. Johnson, but, possibly because of his gifts as a cook, he soon grew too fat for that "lean and hungry" calling, and in time he became a celebrated cook and caterer. He belonged to one of the De Jarnetts of the adjoining county to my native county, and, prior to the war, he bought himself from his mistress, as was not infrequently done by clever negroes. When the war closed, he still owed his mistress several hundred dollars on account of this debt, and as soon as he was able to raise the sum he sent it to her. She promptly returned it, telling him that he was free and would have been free anyhow and that he owed her nothing. On this, John Dabney took the money, went to his old home and insisted on her receiving it, saying that his old master had brought him up to pay his debts, and that this was a just debt which he proposed to pay.

The instances are not rare in which old family servants who have worked under the new conditions more successfully than their former owners have shown the old feeling by rendering them such acts of kindness as could only have sprung from a deep and abiding affection.

Whoever goes to the White House will find at the door of the executive offices an elderly and very stout negro door-keeper, with perfect manners, a step as soft as the fall of the leaf, and an aplomb which nothing can disturb. His name is Arthur Simmons, and, until toward the close of the war, he was a gentleman's servant in North Carolina; then he came North. He is, possibly, the oldest employee in the White House, having been appointed by General Grant during his first term, and having held his position, with the exception of a single term — that of General Harrison — to the present time. It is said that Mr. Cleveland's first appointment after his return to office was that of Arthur Simmons to his old post. Possibly, Mr. Cleveland had heard this story of him: Once, Arthur, having learned that his old mistress had expressed a desire to see the President of the United States, invited her to Washington, met her at the station, saw to her comfort while in the city, arranged an interview with the President for her, and then escorted her back to take her train home.

On a part of the old plantation which I have attempted to describe has lived for the past thirty years, free of rent, the leading negro politician in the upper end of Hanover County. His wife was Hannah, my mother's old maid, who, from within a year or two after the war, served us with a fidelity and zeal of which I can give no conception. It may, however, illustrate it to state that, although she lived a mile and a quarter from the house and had to cross a creek, through which, in times of high water, she occasionally had to wade almost to her waist, she for thirty years did not miss being at her post in the morning more than a half-score times.

Hannah has gone to her long home, and it may throw some light on the old relation between mistress and servant to say that on the occasion of the golden wedding of my mother and father, as Hannah was at that time too ill to leave her home, they took all the presents in the carriage and carried them over to show them to her. Indeed, Hannah's last thought was of her old mistress. She died suddenly one morning, and just before her death she said to her husband, "Open the do', it's Miss ——." The door was opened, but the mistress was not there, except to Hannah's dying gaze. To her, she was standing by her bedside, and her last words were addressed to her.

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It is a continual cause of surprise among those who do not know the South intimately that Southerners should be so fond of the old negroes and yet should be so intolerant of things which Northerners would regard with indifference. It is a matter which can hardly be explained, but if anyone goes and lives at the South, he will quickly find himself falling into Southern ways. Let one go on the plantations where the politician is absent and the "bloody-shirt" newspaper is unknown, and he will find something of the old relation still existing.

I have seen a young man (who happened to be a lieutenant in a volunteer company) kiss his old mammy on the parade ground in sight of the whole regiment.

Some years ago, while General Fitzhugh Lee was Governor of Virginia, a wedding took place in the executive mansion at Richmond. At the last moment, when the company were assembled and all had taken their places, waiting for the bride to appear, it was discovered that mammy Celia, the bride's mammy, had not come in, and no less a person than General Lee, the Governor of Virginia, went and fetched her in on his arm to take her place beside the mother of the bride.

VII

UNHAPPILY, whatever the future may produce, the teachings of doctrinaires and injudicious friends have lost the negroes of the present generation their manners and cost them much of the friendship of the whites.

None of us knows what relation the future may produce between the two races in the South, but possibly when the self-righteous shall be fewer than they are now and the teachings which have estranged the races shall become more sane the great Anglo-Saxon race, which is dominant, and the negro race, which is amiable, if not subservient, will adjust their differences more in accordance with the laws which must eventually prevail, and the old feeling of kindliness, which seems, under the stress of antagonism, to be dying away, will once more reassert itself.

SAINT ROSE

By Frank Dempster Sherman

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

DEAR Rose, what volumes it would need to hold
  The songs that poets have been fain to sing
  In praise of you,—the ruby in June's ring,—
Jewel of fragrance set in summer's gold!
What tender words of worship, since of old
  In Eden Love first found you blossoming,
  Have blest your beauty, hoping so to bring
A touch of warmth unto a bosom cold!

Poets and Lovers there shall ever be
  So long as there are gardens where the vine
Builds a green temple of felicity
  Within whose leaves is found your fragrant shrine.
O sweet Saint Rose! Dear flower of melody,—
  A lover's token,—take this song of mine!

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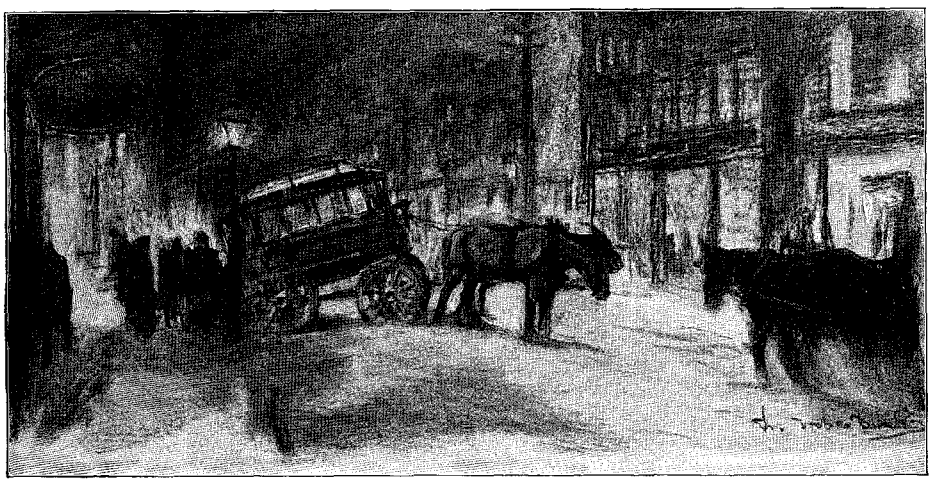

AN EXTRA BLANKET

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

SAM was mad.

You could see that from the way he strode up and down the platform of the covered railroad station, talking to himself in staccato explosives, like an automobile getting under way. He had lost his trunk, and a drummer without his trunk is as helpless—well, as an elephant in a similar scrape.

Outside a snowstorm was working itself up into a blizzard; cuts level with the fences, short curves choked with drifts, flat stretches bare of a flake. Inside a panting locomotive crawled ahead of two Pullmans and a baggage—a special from Detroit to Kalamazoo, six hours late, loaded with comic-opera people, their baggage, properties—and Sam's lost trunk.

When the train pulled up opposite to where Sam stood, the engine looked as if it had struck an avalanche on the way up and had brought most of it along.

Sam moved down to the step of the first Pullman, his absorbing eye taking in the train, the fragments of the glaciers, and the noses of the chorus girls pressed flat against the frosted panes. The conductor was now on the platform, crunching a tissue telegram which the station-master had just handed him. He had stopped for orders and for a wider breathing space, where he could get out into the open and stretch his arms, and become personal and perhaps profane without wounding the feelings of his passengers.

Sam stepped up beside him and showed him an open telegram.

"Yes, it's aboard all right," replied the conductor, "but I couldn't find it in a week. A lot of scenery and ladders and trunks all piled in. I am sorry, but I wouldn't——"

"What you 'wouldn't,' my sweet Aleck, don't interest me," exploded Sam. "You get a couple of porters and go through that stuff, or I'll wire the main office that——"

"See here, young feller. Don't get gay. Hit that gourd of yours another crack and maybe you'll knock some sense into it. We're six hours late, ain't we? We got three hours to make Kalamazoo in, ain't we? This show's got to get there on time,

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or there'll be H to pay and no pitch pot. Now go outside and stand in a door somewheres and let the wind blow through you. I'll wire you in the morning, or you can take the 5.40 and pick it up at Kalamazoo. Let her go, Johnny"—this to the engine-driver. "All aboard!"

Sam jerked a cigar from his waistcoat pocket, bit off the end, and said, with a bite-in-two-ten-penny-nail expression about his lips:

"You're 'it.' I'll git the trunk at Kalamazoo."

Then he crossed the platform, made his way to the street entrance, and stepped into the omnibus of the only hotel in the town.

When its swinging sign, blurred in the whirl of the storm, hove in sight, Sam's face was still knotted in wrinkles. He had a customer in this town good for two hundred dozen table cutlery, and but for "this gang of cross-tie steppers," he said to himself he would—here the hind heels of the 'bus hit the curb, cutting short Sam's anathema.

The drummer picked up his grip and made his way to the desk.

"What's the matter, Sammy?" asked Larry, the clerk. "You look sour."

"Sour? I am a green pickle, Larry, that's what I am, a green pickle. Been waiting five hours for my trunk in that Oriental Palm Garden of yours you call a station. It was aboard a Special loaded with chorus girls and props. Conductor wouldn't dump it, and now it's gone on to Kalamazoo and——"

"Oh, but you'll get it all right. All you've got to do, Sam, is to——"

"Get it! Yes, when the daisies are blooming over us. I want it *now*. Larry, whenever I run up against anything solid it's always one of these fly-by-nights. What do you think of going upstairs in the dark and hauling out a red silk hat and a pair of gilt slippers, instead of a sample card of carvers? Well, that's what a guy did for me last fall down at Logansport. Sent me two burial caskets full of chorus girl props instead of my trunk. Oh, yes, I'll *get* it. Get it in the neck. Here, send this grip to my room."

The clerk pursed his lips and looked over his key-rack. He knew that he'd no room,—none that would suit Sam Makin—had known it when he saw him entering the door, the snow covering his hat and shoulders, his grip in his hands.

"Going to stay all night with us, Sammy?" Larry asked.

"Sure! What do you think I'm here for? Blowing and snowing outside fit to beat the band. What do you want me to do—bunk in the station?"

"H'm, h'm," muttered the clerk, studying the key-rack and name-board as if they were plans of an enemy's country.

Sam looked up. When a clerk began to say "H'm," Sam knew something was wrong.

"Full?"

"Well, not exactly full, Sam, but—h'm—we've got the Joe Gridley Combination with us overnight, and about everything——"

"Go on—go on—what'd I tell you. Up again these fly-by-nights as usual," blurted out Sam.

The clerk raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Sorry, old man. Put you on the top floor with some of the troupe—good rooms, of course, but not what I like to give you. Leading lady's got your room, and the manager's got the one you sometimes have over the extension. It'll only be for to-night. They're going away in the morning, and I——"

"Cut it out—cut it out—and forget it," interrupted Sam. "So am I going away in the morning. Got to take the 5.40 and hunt up that trunk. Can't do a thing without it. Only waltzed in here to get something to eat and a bed. Be back later. Put me anywhere. This week's hoodooed and these show guys are doing it. You want a guardian, Samuel; a gentle, mild-eyed little guardian. That's what you want."

The clerk rang a gong that sounded like a fire-alarm, and the porter came in on a run.

"Take Mr. Makin's grip and show him up to Number 11."

On the way upstairs Sam's quick eye caught the flare of a play-bill tacked to one wall.

"What is it?" he asked of the porter, pointing to the poster—"an 'East Lynne' or a 'Mother's Curse'? "

"No—one o' them mix-ups, I guess. Song and dance stunts. Number 11, did Larry say? There ye are—key's in the lock." And the porter pushed open the door

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"You're 'it.' I'll git the trunk at Kalamazoo."—Page 534.

of the room with his foot, dropped Sam's bag on the pine table, turned up the gas—the twilight was coming on—asked if there was "anything more?"—found there wasn't—not even a dime—and left Sam in possession.

"'Bout as big as a coffin, and as cold," grumbled Sam, looking around the room. "No steam-heat—one pillow and"—here he punched the bed—"one blanket, and thin at that—the bed hard as a—— Well, if this don't take the cake! If this Burg don't get a hotel soon I'll cut it out of my territory."

Sam washed his hands; wiped them on a 14x20 towel; hung it flat, that it might dry and be useful in the morning, gave his hair a slick with his comb, scooped up a dozen cigars from a paper box, stuffed them in his outside pocket, relocked his grip, and retraced his steps downstairs.

When he reached the play-bill again, he stopped for particulars. Condensed and pruned of inflammatory adjectives the gay-colored document conveyed the information that the "Joe Gridley Combination" would play for this one night, performance

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beginning at 8 P.M., sharp. Molly Martin and Jessie Hannibal would dance, Jerry Gobo, the clown, would dislocate the ribs of the audience by his mirth-provoking sallies, and Miss Pearl Rogers of International, etc., etc., would charm them by her up-to-date delineations of genteel society. Then followed a list of the lesser lights, including chorus girls, clog dancers and acrobats.

The porter was now shaking the red-hot stove with a cast-iron crank the size and shape of a burglar's jimmy, the ashes falling on a square of zinc protecting the uncarpeted floor. Sam recognized the noise, and looking down over the hand-rail called out, pointing to the poster.

"How far's this shebang?"

"'Bout a block."

"That settles it," said Sam to himself in the only contented tone of voice he had used since he entered the hotel. "I'll take this in." And continuing on downstairs, he dropped into a chair, completing the circle around the dispenser of comfort.

The business of the hotel went on. Trains arrived and were met by the lumbering stage, the passengers landing in the snow on the sidewalk; some for supper, one or two for rooms.

Supper was announced by a tight-laced blonde in white muslin, all hips and shoulders, throwing open the dining-room and mounting guard at the entrance, her face illumined by that knock-a-chip-off-my-shoulder expression common to her class.

Instantly, and with a simultaneous scraping of chair legs, the segments of the circle around the stove flung themselves into the narrow passageway.

Soon the racks were spotted with hats, their owners being drawn up in fours around the several tables—Sam one of them—the waiter-ladies serving with a sweetness of smile and elegance of manner found nowhere outside of a royal court, accompanied by a dignity of pose made all the more distinguished by a certain inward scoop of the back and instantaneous outward bulge below the waist line seen only in wax figures flanking a cloak counter.

Sam had a steak, liver and bacon, apple pie, a cup of coffee, and a toothpick—all in ten minutes. Then he resumed his place by the stove, lit a cigar, and kept his eye on the clock.

Three hours later Sam was again in his chair by the stove. He had been to the show and had sat through two hours of the performance. If his expression had savored of vinegar over the loss of his sample trunks, it was now double-proof vitriol!

"Thought you was goin' to the show," grunted the porter between his jerks at the handle. He was again at the stove, the thermometer marking zero outside.

"Been. Regular frost; buncoed out of fifty cents! That show is the limit! A couple of skinny-legged girls doing a clog stunt; a bag of bones in a low-necked dress playing Mrs. Langtry; and a wall-eyed clown that looked like a grave-digger—rotten—worst I ever saw!"

"Full house?"

"Full of empties. 'Bout fifty people, I guess, counting deadheads—and ME."

Sam accentuated this last word as if his fifty cents had been the only real income of the house.

The outer door now opened, letting in a section of the north pole and a cough.

Sam twisted around in his chair and recognized Jerry Gobo, the clown. His grease paint was gone, but his haggard features and the graveyard hack settled his identity.

Jerry loosened the collar of his frayed, almost threadbare coat, approached the stove slowly, and stretching out one blue, emaciated hand, warmed it for an instant at its open door—in an apologetic way—as if the warming of one hand was all that he was entitled to.

Sam absorbed him at a glance. He saw that his neck was thin, especially behind the ears, the cords of the throat showing; his cheeks sunken; the sad, kindly eyes peering out at him furtively from under bushy eyebrows, bright and glassy; his knees too, seemed unsteady. As he stood warming his chilled fingers, his hand and arm extended toward the heat, his body drawn back, Sam got the impression of a boy reaching out for an apple, and ready to cut and run at the first alarm.

"Kind o' chilly," the clown ventured, in a voice that came from somewhere below his collar button.

"Yes," said Sam gruffly. He didn't

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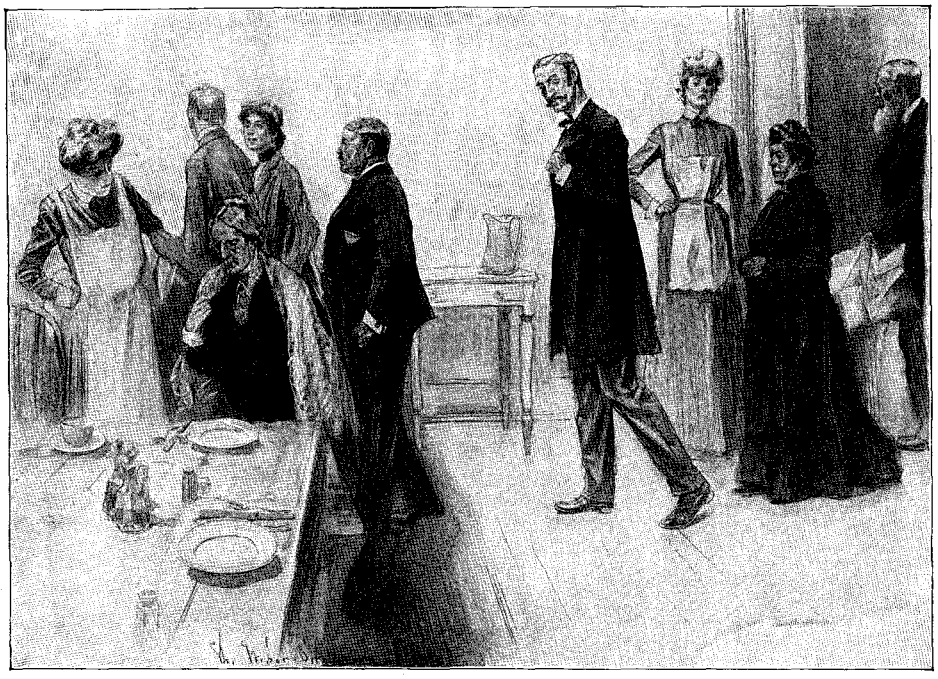

Supper was announced by a tight-laced blonde.—Page 536.

intend to start any conversation. He knew these fellows. One had done him out of eleven dollars in a ten-cent game up at Logansport the winter before. That particular galoot didn't have a cough, but he would have had if he could have doubled his winnings by it.

Jerry, rebuffed by Sam's curt reply, brought up the other hand, toasted it for an instant at the kindly blaze, rubbed the two sets of bony knuckles together and remarking—this time to himself—that he "guessed he'd turn in," walked slowly to the foot of the stairs and began ascending the long flight, his progress up one wall and half around the next marked by his fingers sliding along the handrail. Sam noticed that the bunched knuckles stopped at the first landing (it was all that he could see from where he sat), and after a spell of coughing slid slowly on around the court.

The drummer bit off the end of a fresh cigar; scraped a match on the under side of his chair seat; lit the domestic and said with his first puff of smoke—his mind still on the emaciated form of the clown:

"Kindlin' wood for a new crematory."

Again the outer door swung open.

This time the Walking Lady entered, accompanied by the Business Agent. She wore a long brown cloak that came to her feet and a stringy fur tippet; her head and face covered by a hat concealed in a thick blue veil. This last she unwound inside the hall, and seeing Sam monopolizing the stove, began the ascent of the stairs, one step at a time, as if she was tired out.

Sam turned his face away. The bag of bones looked worse than ever. "'Bout fifty in the shade, I should think," he said to himself. "Ought to be taking in washing and ironing." Meantime Mathews, the Business Agent, was occupied with the clerk—Larry had presented him with a bill. The rates, the agent pleaded, were to be a dollar sixty. Larry insisted on two dollars. Sam pricked up his ears; this interested him. If Larry wanted any backing as to the price he was within call. This information he conveyed to Larry by lifting his chin and slowly closing his left eye.

The outer door continued its vibrations with the rapidity of its green-baize namesake leading from the dining-room to the kitchen, ushering in some member of the troupe with every swing, including an

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elderly woman who had played the Duchess in the first act and a fishwife in the second; some young men with their hats over their noses; and four or five chorus girls. The men looked around for the index hand showing the location of the bar, and the girls, after a fit of giggling, began the ascent of the stairs to their rooms. Sam noticed that two of them continued on to the third floor, where Jerry Gobo, the clown, had gone, and where he himself was to sleep. One of the girls looked down at him as she turned the corner of the stairs and nudged her companion—all of which was lost on the drummer. They had probably recognized him in the audience.

Nothing, however, in their present make-up could have recalled them to Sam's memory. Molly Martin had exchanged her green silk tights and gauze wings for a red flannel shirt waist, a black leather belt, blue skirt, and cat-skin jacket. And Jessie Hannibal had shed her frou-frou frills and was buttoned to her red ears in a long gray ulster that reached down to her active little feet, now muffled in a pair of galoshes.

The dispute over the bill at an end, the Business Agent fished up a roll from one pocket and a handful of silver and copper coins from the other, counted out the exact amount, waited until the clerk marked a cross against his room number, calling him at seven o'clock A.M., tucked the receipt in his inside pocket, and began the weary ascent.

Sam shook himself free from the chair. This was about his hour. Rising to his legs, he elongated one side of his round body with his pudgy arm, and then the other, yawned sleepily, tipped his hat farther over his eyebrows, called to Larry to be sure and put him down for the 5.40, and mounted the stairs to his room. If he had had any doubts as to the fraudulent character of the whole "shooting match," his chance inspection of the caste had removed them.

On entering his room Sam made several discoveries, no one of which relieved his gloom or sweetened the acidity of his mind.

First, that the temperature was so far below that of a Pullman that the water-pitcher was skimmed with ice and the towel frozen as stiff as a dried codfish. Second, that Jerry, the clown, occupied the room to the right, and the two coryphées the room to the left. Third, that the partitions were thin as paper, or, as Sam expressed it, "thin enough to hear a feller change his mind."

With the turning-off of the gas and the tucking of Sam's fat round face and head under the single blanket and quilt, the sheet gripped about his chin—there came a harsh, rasping cough from the room on his right. Jerry had opened. Sam ducked his head and covered his ears. The clown would stop in a minute, and then Mr. Makin would drop off to sleep.

Another sound now struck his ear—a woman's voice this time, with a note of sympathy in it. Sam raised his head and listened.

"Say, Jess! ain't that awful? I knew Jerry'd get it on that long jump we made. I ain't heard him cough like that since we left T'ronto."

"Oh, dreadful! And, Molly, he don't say a word 'bout how sick he is. Billy had to help him off with his—oh, just hear Jerry!"

The talk ceased and Sam snuggled his head again. He wasn't interested in Jerry, nor Molly, nor Jessie. What he wanted was six hours sleep, a call at 4.45, and his sample trunk.

Another paroxysm of coughing resounded through the partition, and again Sam freed his ear.

"Jerry ain't got but one little girl left, and she's only five years old. She's up to the Sacred Heart in Montreal. He sends her money every week—he told me so. He showed me her picture onct. Say! give me some of the cover; it's awful cold, ain't it?"

Sam heard a rustling and tumbling of the bed-clothes as the girls nestled the closer. Molly's voice now broke the short silence.

"Say, Jess, I'm dreadful worried 'bout Jerry. I bet he ain't got no more cover 'n we have. He's right next to us, and 'tain't no warmer where he is than it is here. I'd think he'd tear himself all to pieces with that cough. I hope nothin' 'll happen to him. He ain't like Mathews. Nobody ever heard a cross word out of Jerry, and he'd cut his heart out for ye and——"

Sam covered his head again and shut his eyes. Through the coarse cotton sheet he caught, as he dozed off to sleep—(Jerry's cough had now become a familiar sound, and therefore no longer an incentive to

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Drawn by Charlotte Weber-Ditzler.

Some young men . and four or five chorus girls.—Page 538.

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insomnia)—additional details of Jerry's life, fortunes and misfortunes, in such broken sentences as—

"She never cared for him, so Billy told me. She went off with—— Why, sure, didn't you know he got burnt out—lost his trick ponies when he was with Forepaugh ——It'll be awful if we have to leave him behind, and—I'm goin' to see a doctor just as soon as we get to——"

Here Sam fell into oblivion.

Ten minutes later he was startled by the opening of his door. In the dim glow of the hall gas-jet showing through the crack and the transom, his eyes caught the outline of a girl in her night-dress, her hair in a braid down her back. She was stepping noiselessly and approaching his bed. In her hand she carried a quilt. Bending above him—Sam lying in the shadow—she spread the covering gently over his body, tucked the end softly about his throat, and as gently tiptoed out of the room. Then there came a voice from the other side of the partition:

"He ain't coughin' any more, he's asleep. I got it over him. Now get all your clo'es, Molly, and pile 'em on top. We can get along."

Sam lay still. His first impulse was to cry out that they had made a mistake, that Jerry was next door. His next was to slip into Jerry's room and pile the quilt on him. Then he checked himself—the first would alarm and mortify the girls, and the second would be like robbing them of the credit of their generous act. Jerry might wake and the girls would hear, and explanations follow and all the pleasure of their sacrifice be spoiled. No, he'd hand it back to the girls and say he was much obliged; that he didn't need it. Again he stopped—this time with a sudden pull-up. Going into a chorus girl's room, under any pretense whatever, in a hotel at night! No, sir-ee, Bob! Not for Samuel! He had been there; none of that in his!

All this time the quilt was choking him—his breath getting shorter every minute, as if he was being slowly smothered. A peculiar hotness began to creep over the skin of his throat and a small lump to rise near his Adam's apple, followed by a slight moistening of the eyes—all new symptoms to Sam—new since his boyhood.

Suddenly there flashed into his mind the picture of a low-roofed garret room, sheltering a trundle-bed tucked away under the slant of the shingles. In the dim light where he lay, he caught the square of the small window, the gaunt limbs of the butternut beyond, and could hear as he listened the creak of its branches bending in the storm. All about were old-fashioned things—a bureau with brass handles; a spinning-wheel; ropes of onions; a shelf of apples; an old saddle; and a rocking-chair with one arm gone and the bottom half out. A soft tread was heard upon the stairs, a white figure stole in, and a warm hand nestling close to his cheeks tucked the border of a quilt under his chin. Then came a voice. "I thought you might be cold, son."

With a bound Sam sprang from the bed.

For an instant he sat on the edge of the hard mattress, his eyes on the floor, as if in deep thought.

"Those two girls lying there freezing, and all to get that feller warm!" he muttered. "You're a dog, Sam—that's what you are—a yellow dog!"

Reaching out noiselessly for his shoes and socks, he drew them toward him, slipped in his feet, dragged on his trousers and shirt, threw his coat around his shoulders—he was beginning to shiver now—opened the door of his room cautiously, letting in more of the glow of the gas-jet, and stole down the corridor to the staircase. Here he looked into a black gulf. The only lights were the one by the clerk's desk and the glow of the stove. Quickening his steps, he descended the stairs to the lower floor. The porter would be up, he said to himself, or the night watchman, or perhaps the clerk; somebody, anyway, would be around. He looked over the counter, expecting to find Larry in his chair, passed out to the porter's room and studied the trunks and boot stand; peered behind the door, and finding no one, made a tour of the floor, opening and shutting doors. No one was awake.

Then a new thought struck him. This came with a thumping of one fist in the palm of the other hand, his face breaking out into a satisfied smile at his discovery. He remounted the stairs—the first flight two steps at a time, the second flight one step at a time, the last few levels on his toes. If he had intended to burglarize one

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His eyes caught the outline of a girl.—Page 540.

of the rooms he could not have been more careful about making a noise. Entering his own apartment, he picked up the quilt the girls had spread over him, folded it carefully and laid it on the floor. Then he stripped off his own blanket and quilt and placed them beside it. These two packages he tucked under his arm and with the tread of a cat crept down the corridor to the stairway. Once there he wheeled and with both heels striking the bare floor came tramping toward the girls' room.

Next came a rap like a five-o'clock call—low, so as not to wake the more fortunate in the adjoining rooms, but sure and positive. Sam knew how it sounded.

"Who's there?" cried Molly in a voice that showed that Sam's knuckles had brought her to consciousness. "'Tain't time to get up, is it?"

"No, I'm the night watchman; some of the folks is complaining of the cold and saying there warn't covering enough, and so I thought you ladies might want some

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more bed clothes," and Sam squeezed the quilt in through the crack of the door.

"Oh, thank you," began Molly; "we were sort o'——"

"Don't mention it," answered Sam, closing the door tight and shutting off any further remark.

The heels were lifted now and Sam crept to Jerry's door on his toes. For an instant he listened intently until he caught the sound of the labored breathing of the sleeping man, opened the door gently, laid the blanket and quilt he had taken from his own bed over Jerry's emaciated shoulders, and crept out again, dodging into his own room with the same sort of relief in his heart that a sneak thief feels after a successful raid. Here he finished dressing.

Catching up his grip, he moved back his door, peered out to be sure he was not being watched, and tiptoed along the corridor and so on to the floor below.

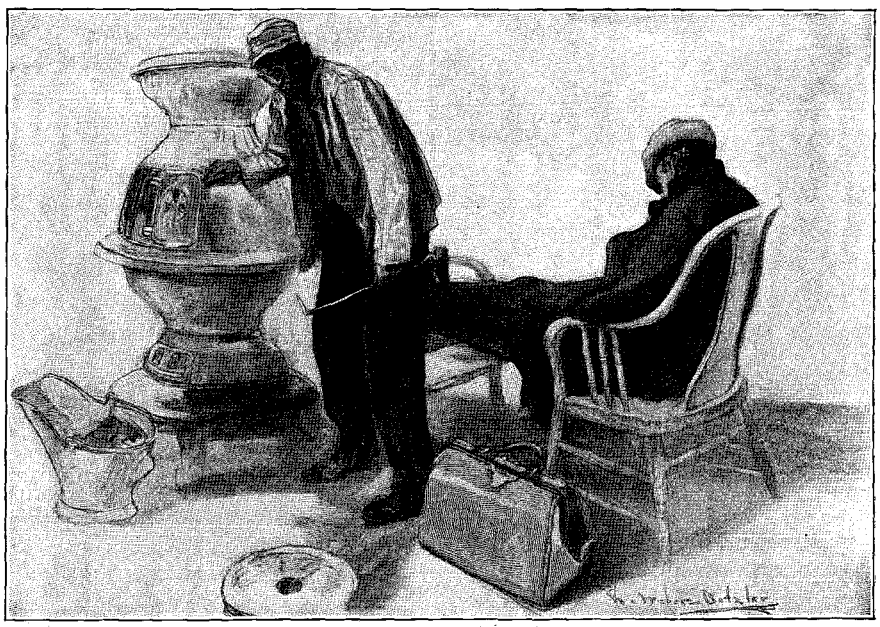
An hour later the porter, aroused by his alarm clock to get ready for the 5.40, found Sam by the stove. He had dragged up another chair and lay stretched out on the two, his head lost in the upturned collar of his coat, his slouch hat pulled down over his eyes.

"Why, I thought you'd turned in," yawned the porter, dumping a shovelful of coal into the stove.

"Yes, I did, but I couldn't sleep." There was a note in Sam's voice that made the porter raise his eyes.

"Ain't sick, are ye?"

"No—kind o' nervous—get that way sometimes. Not in your way, am I?"



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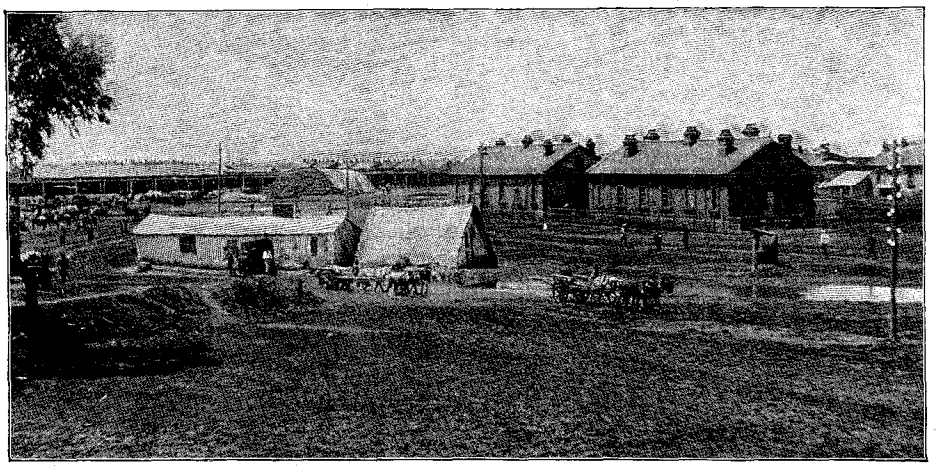

Liao-Yang, the Russian field base.—View in the Russian town.

CONDITIONS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

THE rapid crumbling of Russian political and military power in the Far East during the last few months, under the assault of what has been usually estimated by Westerners a second-class nation, is undoubtedly a great surprise to many who considered themselves well informed. Many reasons for the fiasco have been given, most of which may be summed up in the word "unpreparedness." This explanation was first advanced by the Russians themselves, as soon as it began to dawn upon them that explanations and excuses were in order, and has been persistently repeated by their friends and apologists throughout the world. There is no doubt that their explanation is as true as it is comprehensive. Russia certainly was unprepared to fight a war with a respectable opponent in this part of the world. Her present naïve admission of this fact is quite unnecessary in view of recent events, which have conclusively demonstrated it; and it will probably strike most people as a very lame excuse, since the war was caused, even invited, by a policy whose consequences even a novice in diplomacy might have foreseen. But it is with no intention to rehash Russia's blunders in this matter that I here refer to them. That a nation which maintains the largest standing army in the world, and a navy of respectable size and presumably formidable, is brought to cry, "I wasn't ready," is a somewhat queer commentary upon the arguments generally advanced in support of such armaments, and brings forward, inevitably, the question: Was Russia prepared to fight a great war anywhere?

This question involves much. Clearly, the object of the maintenance of great armaments in time of peace is that a nation may be prepared for any war which its own diplomacy, or that of another nation, may lead it into or force upon it. Failing in that, it fails in its primary object, and becomes the concern of its own nationals and a matter of acute interest to other powers. The real reasons for Russia's failure so far in the present war must be sought beyond the simple statement that when it began she had not enough troops available

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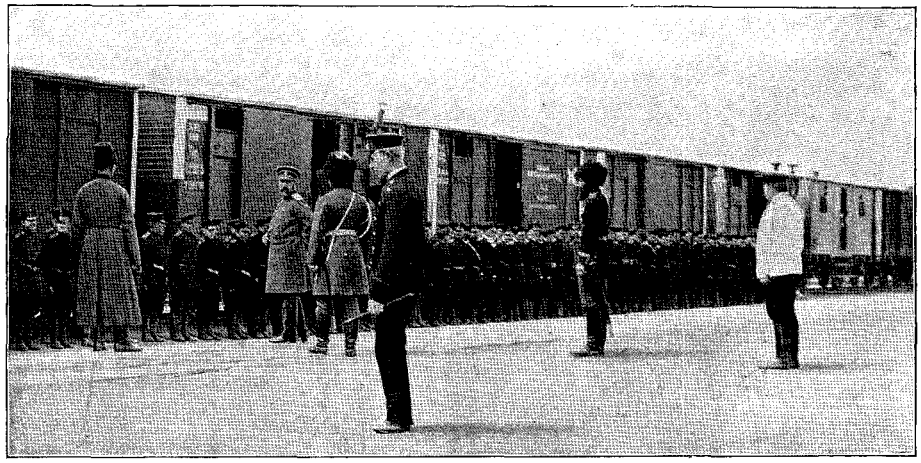

General Kuropatkin at the station.—Liao-Yang.

at the scene of hostilities, and has up to now been unable to supply the deficiency. It lies deep among the foundations of her political and military systems, so interwoven as to be almost identical. To enter with any detail into such a subject hardly lies within the scope of such correspondence as mine; but many manifestations, particularly those affecting the situation in Manchuria, constantly come before my eyes as the drama of the war progresses, and some of the impressions so gained may throw light upon the Great Bear among the powers, and especially upon the instrument which alone promulgates and upholds its authority, the Russian army.

It is perhaps first necessary to say something about the organization and personnel of that army. Of organization it is enough to state that, while presenting certain technical peculiarities which need not be discussed here, it is on the whole much the same as other European armies, being designed—theoretically at least—to accomplish the same ends by practically the same methods. As to personnel, military service in the Russian Empire is based upon a law by which the whole male population, without regard to rank or position, except the inhabitants of certain conquered and outlying countries, must serve "with the colors" for five years, after which a period of thirteen years is spent in the first reserve. It seems that the intention of this law is to compel all able-bodied males to serve in the army, which should thus be composed of Russia's best of brains, blood, and brawn. However, certain conditions tend to modify the actual operation of the system. The young men who every year reach the age for military service greatly exceed the number required, which means that actually not more than half ever serve. Large as the Russian standing army is, it cannot, on a basis of five years' active service, provide places for its entire male population. This means that young men who are able to exert a certain influence manage to evade service. The great majority of these evasions naturally come from the middle class, which really represents most of what is best in the population of the empire. It thus follows that the army is practically composed of "mujiks," as the Russian peasants are called, who, having no means to escape the service, are caught in the conscription. Notwithstanding feeble stimulation, such as a reduction of their term of service in the case of men who attain certain standards of education, the percentage of illiteracy in the Russian army is estimated at 98 per cent. among privates.

To officer this immense army the Government is compelled to seek material wherever it can find it, and the result is a body of men of the most varying degrees of education and social standing. The war colleges, of which there are several, do not turn out one-fourth the number required. The remainder are recruited, as far as possible, from the Junker schools; but so backward is Russia in educational matters that probably half the army officers have not what would be considered in America a

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Russian Infantry.

common-school training. To secure and maintain a high standard of intelligence and efficiency under such circumstances is impossible, although it is attempted. It is possible, for purpose of classification, to divide the Russian officers into three classes—"staff," "dandy" and "line." The staff is the brains of the army. It is composed entirely of officers from the military colleges, an education usually supplemented by instruction in special courses. As a rule, officers of the staff are competent for the work they are called upon to do. They are the pick of the army, and represent its best of intelligence and information. There is no doubt that the general staff contains many very able and brilliant officers, who would be considered entirely competent in any army in the world. For many years the Russian general staff has been considered by military students to be the best in Europe, but while I concede its ability, I think such an estimate is an exaggeration. It is true that in weighing the efficiency of any staff in the light of results the qualities of the machine which it directs must be taken into consideration. The finest engineer cannot make a poor machine do first-class work. But is not the engineer, to a certain extent, responsible for the condition of his machine? From what I have seen during the last few months I am convinced that the Russian general staff has most conspicuously failed to create the best possible military machine out of the material at its command, which, notwithstanding its obvious defects, has many admirable qualities.

The second class of officers—the dandy—is, of course, purely fanciful, but it is a fancy wrapped about a pretty solid fact. It is composed of men who regard the army more as an occupation than a profession, and, while the aristocratic element predominates, they come from all grades of society above the peasant class. This officer usually has an income outside of his pay (which in the Russian army is very small), and his ambition is to get through life with as much enjoyment and as little fatigue as possible. He is present in all armies, but not in such an extraordinary proportion as one finds him here. One has met him on the Riviera, in London during the season, on the boulevards of Paris, and in the drawing-rooms of Washington and New York. He is almost invariably of good appearance and excellent manner, and is of the type which has given the Russians the reputation of being the most facile linguists in the world. If he is of aristocratic birth entrance into the army is at once natural and easy, while if he springs from well-to-do plebeian stock, the army affords the desired opportunity to get into good society, and to live a life of idleness and ease, generally among pleasant surroundings. As a rule these officers are dissipated, not to say dissolute. Notwithstanding the apparent polish of manner, which marks this type of Russian, and a remarkable mastery of languages, the "dandy" officer is nearly always poorly educated and badly informed, particularly about his own profession. Is it not astonishing how easily proficiency in a

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number of languages enables a person to pass as an educated man? This faculty has created a wide-spread impression among people meeting Russian officers abroad that they are a highly educated class of men. Nothing could be further from the truth. On the whole, the Russian officer is probably the most poorly educated in the world, and this lingual fluency is confined to comparatively few. Many officers who, in a casual conversation on ordinary light topics, might create a most favorable impression, would be found to possess but little educational foundation, and a purely superficial knowledge of matters about which they were supposed, from the nature of their profession, to be best informed. In this war the "dandy" is much in evidence, although already his presence in Manchuria is less prominent than two months ago. There is no doubt that, whatever may have been the sentiments of the higher and better informed officials in the Government, when the war began it was regarded in court circles largely as a joke, and the complete defeat of the Japanese was thought to be a matter of only a few months. The absolute ignorance of the Russians about the real situation in this part of the world at the time hostilities commenced must remain, considering what the empire had at stake, a cause of intense astonishment, but the fact is not to be doubted. The war was welcomed by the *dilettantes* of the Russian army as an opportunity to earn easily a little cheap glory, and they eagerly volunteered for the front, a detail which they were influential enough, in many cases, to secure.

There remains the third class—the ordinary line and its associated corps and departments—and it includes the great ranking fighting force of the army. After all, no matter how well or poorly a campaign may be directed, it is upon the line that the real work of beating the enemy falls. In the last analysis, the standard of efficiency of the line is the measure of an army. The best direction cannot, in the long run, make a poor army successful; nor can even the worst management always defeat a first-class army. And the efficiency or inefficiency of the line largely depends upon the line officers. So the third class of officer comes pretty near fixing the standard of the Russian army, and viewed in this light he deserves some consideration. To put my conclusion first, I consider that the average standard of the Russian line officer is extremely low, compared to armies supposed to be somewhere on the plane of modern military efficiency. Comparison with the American officer, with whose characteristics we are most familiar, is hardly fair, since it is difficult to compare two extremes. Many things combine to make the American officer the best in the world. In the first place, there is a large and intelligent population to draw upon, an advantage, it is universally admitted, not equally enjoyed by any other great nation. Again, owing to the smallness of our army, the number of officers to be supplied, in proportion to the total population, makes possible a care in selection and education impracticable elsewhere. Consider how a great majority of officers in the United States army are obtained. Appointments to West Point are secured, as a rule, only after a competitive examination, in which a number of young men of good ability and character take part. The man thus selected goes to West Point, where he must pass a rigid physical examination before he is admitted. Then, owing to the exacting nature of the curriculum and the severity of the discipline, a large percentage of the candidates fail to complete the four years' course. Those who do complete it and obtain commissions must have attained a standard which other nations find it impossible, for a variety of reasons, to exact. That, even under our system, we have incompetent officers simply proves that perfection has by no means been reached, and does not alter the fact that our army is better officered than any in the world.

But take Russia, with her vast standing army of a million and a quarter men, exclusive of supplementary reserve organizations of even greater magnitude, a country where the masses of the people have almost no educational advantages, where the level of intelligence is undoubtedly lower than in any other great nation, and how is she to supply her army with competent officers, in our acceptation of the word? She simply cannot. The United States Government would find it equally impossible, with all our undisputed advantages, to equip an army of a million men with officers of the standard of those who now command our

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little army. So in saying that the Russian officer falls below a desirable standard I am only stating a fact of which Russian statesmen must be distinctly conscious. This is one of the many disabilities imposed by the Russian system upon itself, and its effect is being distinctly felt in the conflict now waging.

In Russia the paths of opportunity are few, and it is natural that thousands of young men who have managed to obtain a little education should enter the army, where, after a few years, they settle into a rut and vegetate. Promotion, except to men who display unusual ability, is very slow. The Russian army is one of old captains and young generals. A great majority of the line officers have not the ability to rise above a certain grade, which is oftenest that of captain. There they stick, and as ambition leaves them become resigned and grow fat contentedly. The tendency to corpulency among Russian officers is very noticeable, and is due to high living and lack of exercise. Except upon rare occasions, an officer does not drill his men. This he leaves to the non-commissioned officers. Except for a position on the staff, or a general's rank, there is no examination for promotion. So the army is filled with officers whose knowledge of their profession is limited to company or battalion drill tactics, and an officer who keeps abreast with the progress of military science is an exception in the line. Of course there are many of these exceptions. All the line officers are not backward, nor is the ability of the Russian army confined to the staff. There are thousands of officers who will compare favorably with the best anywhere. But these form but a small proportion of the whole, and are utterly unable to quicken the inertia of the mass. Their energy and ambition usually is confined to getting themselves advanced or to securing positions on the staff, and it is from this material that the general staff is recruited. Out of this better material, also, the general officers are made. Russian general officers, on the whole, impress me rather favorably. Many of them are young men, and thoroughly up to date in matters pertaining to their profession. If the entire army measured up to the standard of the general officers it would be equal to any in Europe. But the best of generals cannot make an army fight better than it knows how, and in this war the Russians find themselves opposed to an enemy whose army is on a high plane of efficiency from commanding general to private.

It is with great reluctance that I discuss here certain other characteristics of the Russian officer. As a rule, it is most unfair to any army to brand it with the doings of an element from which none is entirely free. But it is impossible, in this instance, to ignore the tendency to dissipation among the officers of the Russian army, for it undoubtedly has a material effect upon the efficiency of the organization and the conduct of the war. I have seen something of many armies, both in peace and war, but I never before saw one wherein the trait of conviviality, to put it mildly, struck such a predominating note. I know comparatively nothing about conditions of army life in European Russia, but anyone who has seen Port Arthur, Vladivostok, or Harbin will hardly wonder at the scenes to be witnessed now in Manchuria. When General Kuropatkin visited the Far East two years ago on a tour of inspection, his report is said to have been unusually frank and drastic on this and kindred subjects, and is thought to have been the first schism of the breach between him and Admiral Aliexieff.

Harbin is the place where this evil is most in evidence. This is the real Russian base in the present war, being situated in the centre of Manchuria and at the junction of the Manchurian and Siberian railways. Here are the flour-mills and packing-houses which are expected to supply the army with much of its food, and all troops and supplies destined for either Vladivostok or Manchuria must pass this way. Naturally, the town is filled with troops, and particularly with officers on their way to various localities in the theatre of operations. The town is filled with wine gardens and *café chantants*, many of which never close their doors except when the police are called to suppress an incipient riot among the revellers. The passion for gambling, always so pronounced among Russians, here runs higher than ever, the reckless spirit invariably fostered by war spurring it to unusual excesses. The man who is to stake his life to-morrow is not apt to consider the value of his rubles to-night.

Conditions at Harbin are duplicated, with restrictions, at Moukden and Liao-

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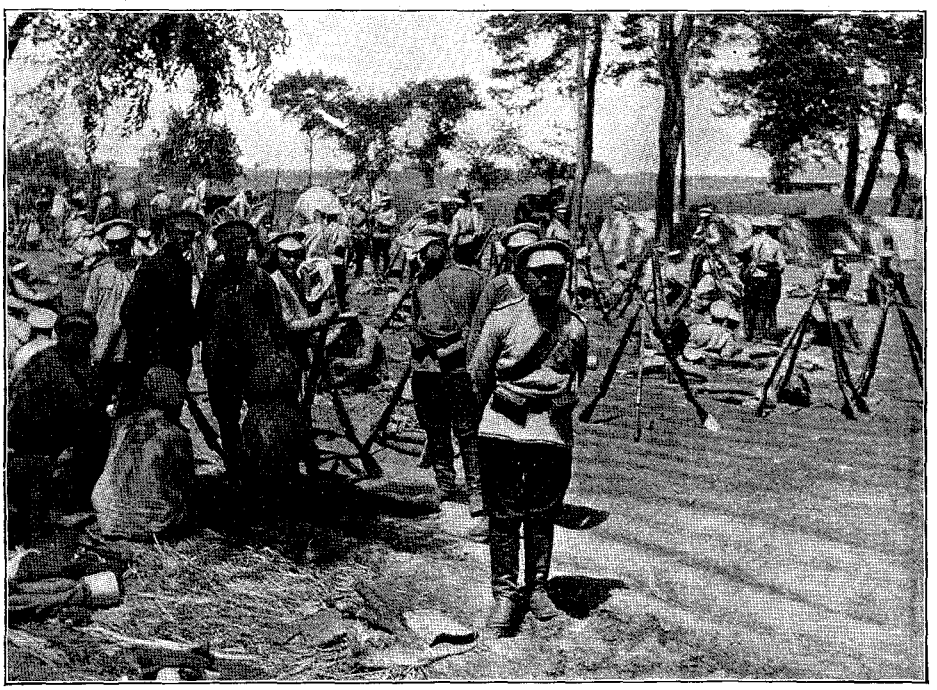

Russian troops resting.

Yang; less at Moukden because there have been comparatively few troops stationed here. Liao-Yang has been the base of the active field army, which means that it is a very busy place. This is one of the oldest cities in Manchuria, and has always been a place of importance. Its position on the main trade-route between Peking and Seoul, in the heart of the vast and fertile valley drained by the Liao River and its tributaries, brought it into prominence early in the history of the country. When the Manchurian Railway was built, Liao-Yang was selected by the Russians as the principal construction base, partly because of its midway position between the terminals, and partly because the railway there crossed the road by which lumber and timber came from the Yalu country. A Russian town was laid out near the railway station, just outside the ancient city wall, which has now grown to be the largest foreign settlement between Harbin and Port Arthur. When General Kuropatkin arrived on the scene he at once selected Liao-Yang as the proper place for his headquarters, and there it has remained up to this writing. It was naturally the point where troops and supplies destined for the Yalu region left the railway, and soon after the war began it took on all the aspects of a great army base. Extra sidings were laid to the number of over thirty. Long platforms were ranged alongside many of these sidings, permitting the easy detraining of animals, artillery, and wheel transport. Extra houses for locomotives were built, and arrangements to handle the immense traffic were made. Even a newspaper was published, to keep the army informed, or more often misinformed, about current events. As time passed and thousands of troops and supplies passed through the city, much material began to be collected in the vicinity of the station, and vast piles of wooden or burlap-covered cases strewed the grounds for hundreds of yards, while great camps sprang up for miles around. Almost before the army had begun to arrive came its inevitable attendants, the sutlers and supply contractors. With the Russians this business is almost entirely in the hands of Greeks, Armenians, and natives of the Caucasus and transcaspian provinces—picturesque fellows, most of them, but with faces that do not inspire unlimited trust. Here, too, quickly sprang into existence brothels and dives of the usual type to cater

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to the animal wants of rank and file, as well as resorts of a more respectable character. The compound of the Great White Pagoda, one of the finest examples of its kind in China in spite of the ravages of time, was speedily transformed by an enterprising Greek gentleman into a summer garden, where refreshments of all kinds were served upon tables set under the trees. Attached to the place was a small open-air theatre, where in the evenings a vaudeville performance went on. A bowling-alley, sundry Chinese panoramas, and our old acquaintance, the man with the cane rack, made bids for patronage. One saw occasionally posted about the station and on the city walls placards announcing that an exhibition of moving pictures, or some such entertainment, would be given at the pagoda garden for the benefit, perhaps, of the widows and orphans of those who perished in the Petropavlovsk disaster. A military band played almost every evening, and altogether the pagoda garden was quite a lively place. It might be that the soldiers at the front, as was often the case, lacked necessary comforts, but there was never any shortage of beer or wine apparent at the cafés which the officers frequented. It was not until several serious altercations between drunken officers occurred in these places that an order was issued closing them at midnight. One would scarcely have believed, did he not know it to be a fact, that only a few miles away Port Arthur was beleaguered by a never-sleeping enemy, and that in two directions, still nearer and drawing closer day by day, the Russian forces were being slowly but surely beaten back. There were practically no indications of uneasiness or depression among the officers who constantly thronged the cafés. The war might have been going swimmingly for all one could see to the contrary. This way of "saving face" may impress the Chinese, which is probably what it was designed to do, but to people of our way of thinking it savors of the pathetic, and its empty, though unspoken bravado carries no conviction of any ability to redeem past errors and reverses.

For some months the large buffet at the railway station in Liao-Yang was thronged night and day with officers, many of whom were passing through on trains, or who had quarters near by; but finally a curb was put upon this habit by General Kuropatkin himself, who arrived unexpectedly about two o'clock one morning from the south and found the buffet a blaze of light, filled with the shouts and laughter of its convivial occupants. Immediately after his visit a notice was posted in the railway buffet that no officers who had not actual business at the station must be seen there. But General Kuropatkin cannot be everywhere at once, and this evil lies too strongly entrenched in disposition and habit to be eradicated by orders.

It is astonishing that, however much the conduct of some classes of its officers affects the efficiency of the Russian army, it seems to affect its morale but little. One would look for its effects upon the men who fill the ranks, but, beyond the conviction that all demoralization is communicative to a certain degree, the ear-marks are not obvious. The unusual temperament and mentality of the Russian soldier affords the reason. Discipline in this army is based upon blind, unquestioning obedience. And probably the "mujik" is entirely unconscious of the defects of his officers; at any rate, he never thinks of questioning or criticising them. Perhaps a little incident may illustrate this. A regiment of infantry was being marched from Liao-Yang on the Seoul road to reënforce General Keller in front of the Moting pass some weeks ago, and the utmost urgency was required, as the situation of that part of the army was very critical. It had been raining for days, and the road was in terrible condition, reducing the troops, under stress of forced marching orders, to the last extremity of fatigue. A halt was made for the night near one of the many *étapes* which are distributed along the highway, and thither a number of the officers repaired at once, leaving the troops to make their sodden camp as best they might. A hot dinner, served by the Greek proprietor, was followed by a carouse, in which about a dozen officers participated. At one stage of the proceedings, after a great deal of liquor had been consumed, a soldier entered. He had evidently ridden long and hard. His clothing was soaked by the rain and plastered with mud, and as he wore only the thin cotton blouse used by the Russian troops in summer, he was chilled through. It seems that he bore a message, which he was anxious to deliver to

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one of the officers present. Several times he deferentially intruded himself upon the notice of his superiors, only to be received with curses and be ordered out of the place. When, after several rebuffs, he reëntered the *étape* and again tried to gain the attention of the officer, he was struck in the face by a heavy glass thrown at him. It was near dawn before he managed to deliver his message, and it broke up the carouse, for it was an order to march forward without a moment's delay. A few hours later those troops, after a wearying march through the rain and mud, went into action. The officer in question was wounded, and it is said that the soldier whom he abused the previous night was killed in attempting to carry his superior off the field. Things like this would totally destroy discipline in an American army, but they seem to have no effect upon the Russian soldier, who is accustomed to take a blow from his officers without a murmur. I do not wish to give the impression that Russian officers are habitually cruel to their soldiers. Quite the contrary is true, for the officers are usually exceedingly kind to their men, and do not hesitate upon occasion to share uncomplainingly their severest hardships. The striking thing in this incident is that the soldier probably never thought of resenting the conduct of the officer, and it never entered his mind to report it to headquarters. Had he done this the officer would undoubtedly have been severely punished, not for abusing the soldier, but for negligence of duty in the presence of the enemy, although he was equally culpable in both instances.

Other miscarriages of and bungling of orders, of a less important nature, are of daily occurrence. A friend of mine travelled out from Moscow in a train filled with officers bound for the front. He made the acquaintance of a number of them, and became quite friendly with several. Among these were three who supposed they were bound for Liao-Yang, although they expected more definite orders at Harbin. The day after their arrival in Harbin my friend met all three of these officers at different times. One found that he must return to Irkutsk, through which place he had passed a week before; another must back-track nearly as far to Chita; while the third found that his coming to Manchuria was all a mistake, and he must return at once to Moscow. This out of an acquaintance formed among the occupants of a single carriage. And this is, to a certain extent, characteristic of Russian military administration in this war.

It is a relief to turn from the Russian officer to the Russian soldier. Ivan, poor fellow, with all his ignorance and stupidity, is a man to love. His simple, kindly nature, unswerving loyalty to Czar and country, who have done so little for him, unquestioning obedience to officers who take such little care for his welfare, never-failing patience under reverses, unflinching courage in the presence of the enemy, generally uncomplaining attitude in misfortune, and quiet endurance of poor food and excessive fatigue make him an almost heroic figure. Unaccustomed to what he would consider ordinary comforts, he does not miss them; knowing nothing better, he is contented with his lot. Perhaps it is his deeply religious nature that enables him to bear so well the hardships put upon him. He would rather enter battle without food than without the blessing of the regimental priest, whose picturesque flowing gown and long, uncombed hair are to be met even on the firing line. Many priests wear the St. George cross, given only for gallantry under fire.

As a soldier, Ivan is fairly well drilled in ordinary marching evolutions and the manual of arms, for which he must thank his non-commissioned officers; but he apparently gets very little instruction in modern fighting tactics. Entirely destitute of personal initiative, he is apt to become practically helpless if he loses his officers. He has a fairly good weapon, though inferior to the rifle used by the Japanese, but has been given little instruction in how to use it. Target practice is expensive, and in an army the size of Russia's the men get the minimum. In this war it has been noticeable that such infantry-fire control as is displayed by the Russians is directed almost entirely by the non-commissioned officers, and its efficiency falls far below that of the Japanese.

The Russian soldier, too, is poorly supplied and clothed in comparison to those of most armies. His rations depend largely upon his foraging ability. When the war began his clothing was unsuitable for the requirements of modern conflict, but as time has gone by efforts are being made to remedy

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this. The summer blouses issued to the men are of neutral colors, usually a shade of drab, which is a fair substitute for khaki. However, many regiments are still wearing the old white blouses, and they pay for it in increased casualties. I find that Russian officers are abandoning the theory that it is useless to put men into khaki, on the assumption that the more conspicuous they are the more apt they are to take cover, and thus the average of men struck will remain about the same. The officers are themselves abandoning their traditional white blouses in favor of the more inconspicuous shades.

Ivan knows nothing about what he is fighting for, and cares little. He accepts unquestioningly any statements about the cause and progress of the war that are handed out to him by his superiors. "His not to question why"; he takes the war as a matter of course. It is typical of the Russian soldier that he does not expect to survive the war, and is resigned to the sacrifice. If he should survive he will regard it as a specially gracious act of Providence; and like his enemy, the Japanese, he fully expects to give his life to his country. But however low his standard of intelligence, however poorly he may be equipped and instructed, Ivan has qualities which compel admiration and respect, and force the belief upon one that this is a wonderful soldier badly handled. But the material is here, and one day there will be a government in Russia able to make the most of it.

A favorite argument, among various excuses for the Russian lack of success, is that the troops which have been doing the fighting are Transbaikal and Siberian regiments, which are presumed to be greatly inferior to the battalions of the regular European army. There is a superficial plausibility in this excuse, and it is not astonishing that it should have been widely accepted even by those whose sympathies are with the Japanese. Probably a great majority of the Russian officers believe it themselves; and, at any rate, a certain consolation is to be derived by them from this theory. But is it well founded? In America, where the entire army is on exactly the same grade as to material, organization, and equipment, aside from the variations necessary in the different arms of the service, it is hard for people to differentiate between the "Imperial Guards," "Cossacks," "line," "railway guards," "frontier guards," "rifles," and so forth, which make up the Russian army. But we are familiar with the custom so long practised in Europe of setting aside certain regiments and corps made up, presumably, of picked officers and men, which are usually designated "guards." There is no doubt that the "Old Guard" of Napoleon deserved its high reputation, and in many wars the guards of other armies have done good work; but in recent times the troops upon which this title is usually bestowed, while theoretically "crack" regiments, are apt to really fall below the fighting efficiency of the "line." The "swell" officer is usually to be found in the guards, and in modern armies the term "swell" is apt to be synonymous with incompetent. So when the Russians talk about the "Imperial Guards" coming out, and what they will do when they get here, no great expectations need be based thereon. On the other hand, there are good reasons to think that the troops which have been doing the bulk of the fighting so far are equal, and possibly superior, to any in the Russian army. A large number of these troops are designated as "railway" and "frontier" guards, all of which were recruited from specially selected men. Especially is this true of the railway guards, who include many mechanics and skilled workmen. Then many of the officers are men selected on account of special knowledge and fitness. Furthermore, many of these troops (for, although called, for political purposes, railway or frontier guards, they are nothing but regular soldiers, organized and equipped as such) have seen service in the Boxer trouble and against the fierce tribes of central Asia. They are tolerably familiar with the country, its people and customs, and had seen more or less campaigning before the present war. And now they can class as veterans, having met the enemy on a number of hard-fought fields. Is there any good reason to think that troops now arriving or to arrive from Russia are superior to those already here? I can see none. The European troops have exactly the same weapons and equipment, they are practically all raw conscripts who have never seen war, and their preparation for the grim game they are now called upon to play in earnest is confined to what the routine and drill of

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garrison life has given them. I do not contend that as the war progresses there will be no improvement on the part of the Russians. They certainly will profit by experience, as armies always improve as a war goes on. But such improvement, which is to be anticipated, will not be due, in my opinion, to the introduction of a better class of troops.

It is possible that the British army may hold the palm for variety of nationalities wearing its uniform, but the Russian army will push it hard for supremacy in this respect. It fills one with wonder to watch the scene on the large station platform at Liao-Yang. Hundreds of officers and men of twenty different nationalities, all wearing the Russian uniform, are bustling about or taking refreshments in the buffet. Swarthy Turkomans and Bokharans from Transcaspia, picturesque Kalmuks, Buriats, and Mongols from the wild steppes of central Asia mingle with the various types which make up the population of Siberia and European Russia; while, as hangers-on of one kind or another, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, and representatives of every nationality the mongrel Levant can boast. It is the policy of the Russian Government when it includes conquered peoples in its army to permit them, as far as possible, to retain their national characteristics of dress, and it seems at first that half a dozen armies are represented. But it is all Russian, and reveals at a glance the vast extent and diversified ethnology of the empire. But what of real patriotism, of mutual sympathy and unity of purpose does this conglomerate horde contain? This portentous question rises, inevitably, in one's mind as one watches the muddle of physical types and listens to the babel of tongues.

No correspondence designed to depict the situation of the Russian army in Manchuria would be complete without some mention of its feeder, the great Siberian Railroad. The war is now nearly six months old, and the operation of the railroad, so indispensable to the Russians, is no longer a matter of conjecture. I have lived, comparatively speaking, beside this railway for several months now, observing its operation and management under actual war conditions, and I think I have a pretty good idea of what it has done and what it will be able to do. It may be well to at once correct certain widely held impressions about the construction of this road. It is not a flimsily built affair, as is often asserted. While not up to the standard of the best American and European roads, it is not exaggerating to say that its general construction may be termed first-class. The roadbed is excellent, the rails of good quality and weight, and all the important bridges are of the best modern steel construction and design. The rolling stock is in many respects better than that of the average railway in Europe, being heavier and of more substantial build. Many of the locomotives were made in America, while the remainder are of the usual type. As was anticipated, the vast increase of traffic occasioned by the war compelled the Government to withdraw many locomotives and a great deal of rolling stock from its European lines for use on the Siberian Railway. There has, therefore, been no shortage of rolling stock. By this I do not mean that all the rolling stock that might possibly have been used has actually been employed, but as the Russians have managed they would not have been able to make use of more.

Still, while predictions, so freely indulged by many, that the road would speedily break down under the strain have not been fulfilled, I am certain that it has not met Russian expectations. The facts have been somewhat difficult to get at, for every attempt has been made by the military authorities to conceal the real state of affairs; but there is no doubt that statements given out about the arrival of reënforcements have been greatly and purposely exaggerated. I have managed to accumulate considerable data on this subject, which I think to be reasonably reliable, although it is, of course, impossible for me to give my sources of information aside from personal observation. For the first five months of the war, or up to July 10, the daily average of the arrival of reënforcements to points south of Moukden, and including those detrained there, was about 480, together with their impedimenta and equipment. This must be a great disappointment to the Russian military authorities, since it falls below what was conceded probable by all except the most perverse critics. The importance of these figures cannot be overestimated, since they have the most vital bearing upon the war;

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in short, the bringing of reënforcements and supplies is the meat in the Russian cocoanut. The highest rate attained was in the bringing out of the Tenth Army Corps, which was the first to arrive from Europe. From the time the first troops belonging to this corps reached Liao-Yang until the last arrived thirty-four days elapsed, or an average, assuming the corps to be within 10 per cent. of its paper strength, of a little less than 1,100 men daily. This included, of course, the horses for a division of cavalry and sixteen batteries of artillery of eight guns each, and the entire corps field transport, amounting theoretically to 16,965 animals and 3,717 vehicles. I do not know whether the whole number of guns and vehicles were brought, but the corps must be assumed to have been complete on a war footing.

This, I am inclined to think, will be the high-water mark of troop transportation in this war, and in my opinion computations based on any higher rate will be unreliable and visionary. In fact, I doubt if it can be maintained. The reasons for this may be briefly summed up. In the early stages of the war the reënforcements were required to be brought comparatively short distances, from eastern and central Siberia. But the advantage of the shorter haul was largely offset by the comparatively small amount of rolling stock then available, and consequently it came along rather slowly. Then many of the regiments were not at once prepared to start, causing further delay. Given all the rolling stock the line could carry, once the European troops were mobilized, they could be sent forward in a steady stream and with something like systematic regularity. This accounts for the comparatively slow rate of arrival early in the war, which pulled down the grand average to such a low figure. By the time the first European troops were ready to start the additional rolling stock had been distributed and the handling of the war traffic reduced into a system. With a continuance of conditions as they existed in the month of June the average attained in bringing out the Tenth Corps might be kept up. But the situation is continually shifting, and as it shifts conditions change also. In the first place, good fortune attended the transport of the Tenth Corps. The time of year was favorable, and there were no accidents or serious interruptions of traffic along the line. As the number of troops in Manchuria becomes larger and larger, a greater number of trains must be given over to the transport of supplies for the army. For instance, there is a great difference between the amount of supplies and war material required by an army of 50,000 men and one of 200,000. Furthermore, when the war began the country contained a vast amount of war material in the shape of food products, mules and horses, and supplies of all kinds. The Russians have already pretty well drained the country of this material, and by the loss of so much ground they not only lose what is left in those sections, but are deprived of the use of the crops which will be produced this year. Then there is wastage. Nothing perishes more rapidly than war material. The loss of animals so far has been, for instance, enormous. Along the Seoul highway the road is lined with carcasses, and I counted a hundred without changing position. As the army grows, its consumption of material is not only greater, but the wastage of the human element, through battle casualties and disease, while not necessarily increasing in proportion, swells greatly in volume; and here, again, a certain amount of transport is required to repair the gaps. So it will be seen that not every man, horse, and gun hauled out from Russia means another man, horse, or gun added to the army in Manchuria, and the greater the army the greater the wastage. Tens of thousands of animals die and break down, and every westward bound train is filled with invalided men. Even should the Russians be able to keep the railway at its present state of efficiency, or increase it, there must come a time sooner or later when the amount of reënforcements and supplies that can be hauled will strike a balance with the wastage of men and material, and that point will mark the highest numerical strength of the army which can be brought to bear upon the Japanese in this war.

In order to maintain a rate of one thousand men a day it will be necessary, when the constant altering of conditions is considered, to greatly improve the present hauling capacity of the railway. Can this be done? I see no reason to believe that it will. In speculating upon the hauling capacity of the Siberian Railway, many per-

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sons in America, where railway construction and operation has reached the highest standard in the world, are misled by the assumption that this road can carry as much as a single-track road does in the United States. There is no doubt that the Siberian Railway *ought*, under thoroughly competent management, to carry two or three thousand men a day, and discharge them in a continuous stream at the eastern terminus. An American railway, under American management, would have no difficulty in doing it. But a railway under Russian management is a different proposition. Handling of railway traffic is a science, and Russia does not seem to possess the talent and knowledge to deal with the present crisis. It would pay the Government, in view of what it has at stake here, to employ a large number of American traffic managers, yard-masters, and train despatchers, even at enormous salaries, to operate this road during the war. But pride and suspicion stand in the way of such a sensible policy; and even if it was adopted the chances are that it would be as it was with the British engineers brought to Port Arthur to float and repair the damaged Russian battle-ships, who were so hampered with official interference that, after getting several of the vessels afloat, and partially repaired, they resigned their positions in disgust, and could not be induced to remain.

So the Russians run their road in their own way, and a pretty poor job they make of it. The last time I travelled between Liao-Yang and Moukden, a distance of thirty-five miles, the journey took thirty-two hours, and I have never done it in better than eight hours. They will doubtless make some improvement as the war progresses, but there are deteriorating influences at work which more than preserve the balance. Chief among these is the wear upon the rolling stock and roadbed. I am not among those who think that the railway will eventually break down entirely under the strain, but it undoubtedly is already beginning to tell. The line from Harbin south is admitted to be the best piece of road on the whole line, and since the war began it has naturally, owing to its location, suffered heavier usage. It has stood the wear fairly well, but many little repairs are already becoming necessary, and as the roadbed deteriorates the time schedule, at best ridiculously slow, grows worse.

Few things are so futile as prediction about events in course of development, yet the impulse to indulge in an estimation of certain probabilities in connection with the military situation in Manchuria is almost irresistible. From what I see about me here, such conclusions as I am able to draw incline me to the belief that Russia will not be able to assemble and supply in this locality, within a reasonable time, an army of greater strength than 250,000 men of all arms, or double the number she has now. Miscalculations about this, made early in the war, were due to greatly overestimating the troops here when hostilities began. Will such an army be equal to the task of expelling the Japanese from Manchuria and Korea, assuming that Japan is able to retain her present control of the sea? I think not, if the Japanese generals pursue a careful and conservative policy. As the Russians fall back to the north they damage the railroad as much as possible before abandoning it, and draw off all the rolling stock that can be utilized. But, owing to the necessity for themselves using the road up to the last moment, the damage they can do in the time at their disposal is comparatively slight. When with the Boers during their retreat through the Orange Free State I had some opportunity to observe such operations. The long halt made by Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein gave the Boers plenty of time to prepare to destroy the railroad, and they, well knowing that they would be compelled to retreat, made their preparations with great care and deliberation. All the bridges and principal culverts were mined, so they could be blown up at a moment's notice, and as the army fell back all that was necessary was to explode the mines. What the Boers did then is about all that can be done under similar circumstances, yet the British were running trains over the greater part of the road within a few days after it came into their possession, making temporary bridges to replace those destroyed. The Japanese, however, although their engineering corps is well equipped, will not be able to here duplicate this feat of the British. In Russia all railroads, for military reasons, are built on a gauge differing from the standard gauge used in most countries. This will

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compel the Japanese, before they can use the railroad themselves, to relay the track entirely, as they have no rolling stock to fit the present gauge. Even when the track is relaid, the rolling stock must be brought from Japan, a not impossible task, but one requiring time and labor. The Japanese know what they have to meet, and are already making the necessary alterations in that portion of the road now in their possession, so that within a few months they will be able to use it to supply their army in the interior, and if they do not attempt to follow the retiring Russians too far, they should be able to reënforce and supply much more rapidly and with less expense than their opponents. After the fall of Port Arthur—and I now can see nothing to prevent the capture of that place, although it is impossible to fix a date for this significant event—the Japanese army investing that fortress will be free to join the armies now operating against General Kuropatkin, which will mean, unless an attack is made upon Vladivostok, that the entire Japanese army can be employed to hold the territory it has gained. Under the circumstances, it is easy to see that should the Russian Government persist in attempting to expel the Japanese from the continent, it has before it a gigantic task, and one which may be beyond its ability. Only those of Russia's countless legions that can be brought within rifle shot of the Japanese will be of any use in this war, and the assembling in Manchuria of an army competent for the task might well overtax the resources of any nation. How the Russians will ever be able to gain the necessary preponderance in numbers I do not now see, for I think that few people will dispute that a decided preponderance will be required. It seems to me that Moukden is a prudent limit for the Japanese northward advance, for beyond here many of the advantages which have aided them so far will disappear. Once he has shaken Kuroki's army from his flank and rear, and, by the abandonment of a large region, been able to concentrate his constantly growing army, General Kuropatkin will be in a position to dispute every mile of ground on comparatively equal terms. The Japanese generals should be too wise to repeat the blunder of Napoleon.

So, if the Japanese suffer no serious reverses on the sea, which would completely alter the whole situation, we may in time see the war in Manchuria come to a sort of military stalemate, the Japanese not daring to attempt to push the Russians farther, and the Russians not able to gather strength enough to drive the Japanese out. Thus the war may drag along indefinitely, until both governments grow weary of paying the bills and suffering the manifold detriments of a state of war. Then intervention may be welcomed, and a compromise reached which will throw open this beautiful part of China to the commerce of the whole world.

MOUKDEN, August 1.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By Fred. A. Eaton
Secretary R. A.

SECOND PAPER

AS has been already stated in the previous article on the Royal Academy, its founders had two main objects in view, a "School or Academy of Design for the Use of Students in the Arts" and an "Annual Exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit." Little time was lost in giving effect to the first-named object, and in less than a month from the date of the foundation an "antique" or "plaister academy" and an "academy of living models" as they were called, were opened in Pall Mall. The instruction in the former was given by the keeper; in the latter by the visitors, members of the Academy elected annually to serve for one month in rotation. The general superintendence of the teaching and discipline was in the hands of the keeper.

It was not by any means the first attempt that had been made to establish an art school, the first effort in this direction dating back to the reign of Charles I; but all had failed for one reason or another, chiefly for lack of means. Of the schools started in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, those of Sir James Thornhill and his son-in-law, William Hogarth, were the most noteworthy. Hogarth opened his in St. Martin's Lane in 1734; it was supported by annual subscription and continued to flourish as a school for the study of the nude figure for thirty years.

No fewer than seventy-seven students entered the Academy schools during the first year. Among them are to be found the names of John Bacon, Thomas Banks, Richard Cosway, Francis Wheatley, John Yenn, John Flaxman, and many others, destined to become artists of repute and full members of the institution which had been their artistic *alma mater*. George Moser was the first keeper, and G. B. Cipriani, Nathaniel Dance, Francis Hayman, Benjamin West, and Richard Wilson among the first elected visitors. The first Professors of Painting, Architecture, and Anatomy were Edward Penny, Thomas Sandby, and Dr. William Hunter. The Professorship of Sculpture was not founded till 1810, with Flaxman as the first holder, and that of Chemistry not till 1871.

It is not intended here to give a history of the Academy schools, but a few salient points may not be without interest. First and foremost is the fact that the instruction has always been gratuitous; no fees have ever been charged. The expenses of every kind, including the scholarships and prizes, have been paid for out of the profits of the exhibition. These expenses, which at the outset were under £1,000, have long since reached and exceeded £6,000. Over 5,000 students have passed through the schools since their foundation, and among them are to be found the names of most of the artists of the British Isles who have attained eminence in their profession. Exclusive of the thirty-six academicians originally nominated by George III there have been 197 elected, of whom 117 received their art education in these schools. It may be appropriate here to quote the words of one of the most—if not the most—illustrious of them. Speaking from the chair at the Academy dinner of 1895, in the absence, through illness, of Lord Leighton—alas, that neither of them lived to fill that chair again!—Sir John Millais, in replying to the toast of the Royal Academy proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, said: "Before I thank you I must tell you briefly of my connection with this Academy. I entered the antique school as a probationer when I was eleven years of age, then became a student in the life school, and I have risen from stage to stage until I reached the position I now hold of Royal Academician; so that, man and boy, I have been intimately connected with this Academy for more than half a century. I have received here a free education as an artist—an advantage any lad can enjoy who can pass a qualifying ex-

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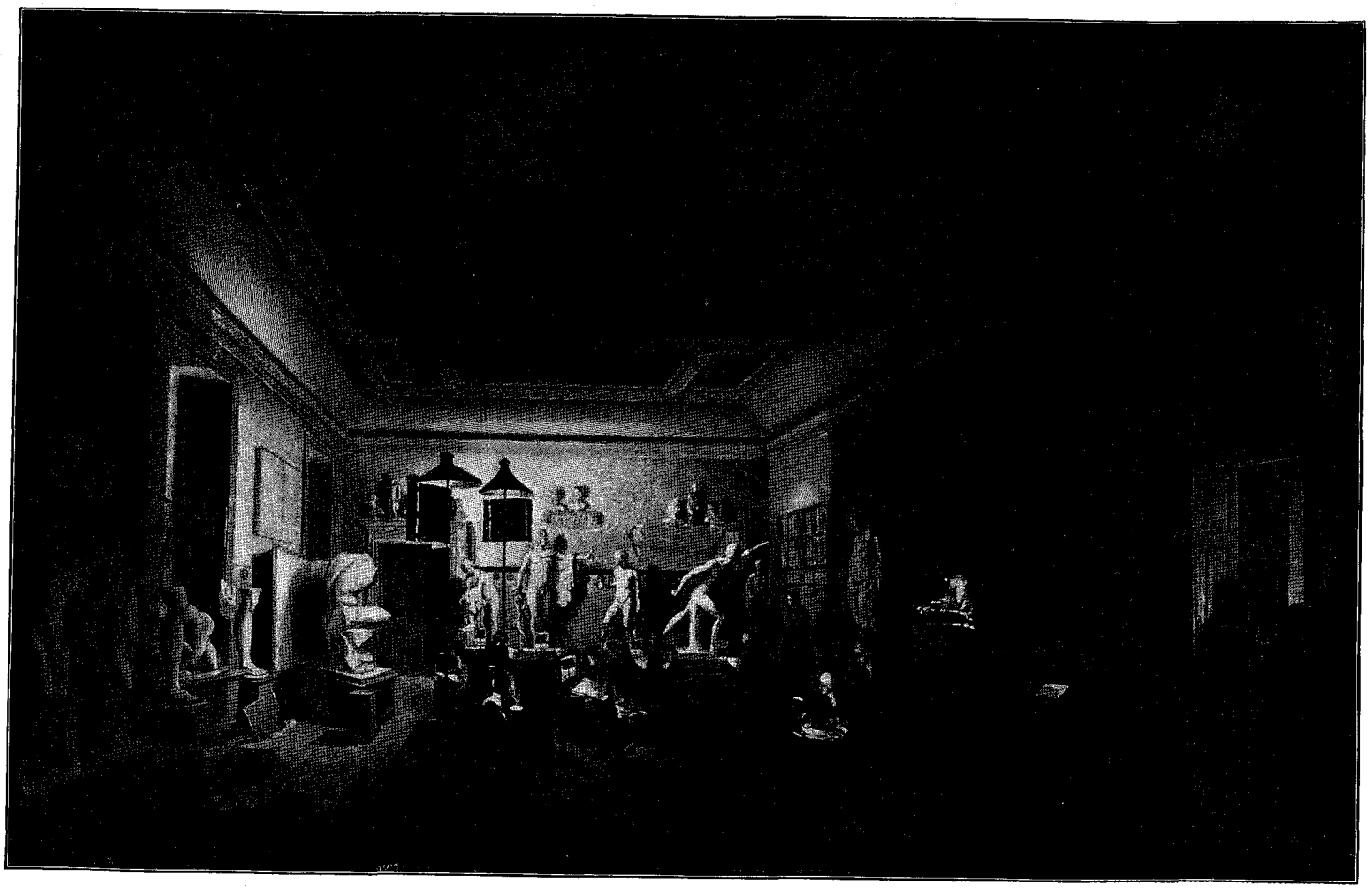

The Antique School of the Royal Academy at Somerset House.

From the painting by Johann Zoffany, R. A.

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amination—and I owe the Academy a debt of gratitude I can never repay. I can, however, make this return—I can give it my love. I love everything belonging to it—the casts I have drawn from as a boy, the books I have consulted in our library, the very benches I have sat on, not forgetting my dear good brother members who surround me at this table."

Millais entered the schools just after the Academy had removed from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square, but there are still three members alive—J. C. Hook, W. P. Frith, and H. Le Jeune—who began their studentship at the former place and who can remember when the hour for which the living model sat without a rest was regulated not by the clock, but by a large hour-glass which is still in existence. No female student then disturbed the serenity of the workers; not that there was any law against their admission, but simply none had ever presented themselves; a somewhat singular fact when one remembers that two of the originally nominated Academicians were ladies, Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser. However, in 1860 the spell was broken, more or less by a fluke; a successful candidate who had merely given initials instead of the full Christian name on the form submitted with the drawings turning out to be a lady. The authorities, it is said somewhat unwillingly, accepted the situation, and women students have been very much to the fore ever since.

During the time that the Academy was at Somerset House and Trafalgar Square the work of the schools was much hampered for want of room, the apartments in which it was carried on being required every year for the annual exhibition. On its removal, however, to its present quarters in Burlington House the Academy was able to house the schools in a more fitting manner, and the students can now pursue their studies uninterruptedly in class-rooms specially adapted for the purpose.

Leaves from Benjamin West's sketch-book.

Many changes have in the course of years been made in the curriculum. The qualification for entrance has frequently been altered, but always in the direction of greater proficiency. The term of studentship, which at first was for a period of six years, was increased to ten, then reduced to seven, six, and now to five years, divided into two periods of three and two years, the latter only granted on condition of passing a strict examination at the end of the first period.

The year 1903 has seen very great changes. All preliminary teaching has been abolished and the standard of admission considerably raised, it being thought that, now that

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The Life School of the Royal Academy at Somerset House.
From the picture by Johann Zoffany, R. A.

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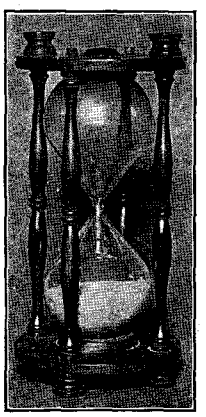
there were art schools all over the kingdom in which the preliminary training of the art student was satisfactorily carried out, the Academy should—to quote from a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*—"concentrate its efforts on developing the higher branches of art education, for which it had unrivalled advantages, inasmuch as it was the one school where, by the system of visitors, the art student was put in direct relation with the most eminent members of the profession for the purpose of the completion of his studies." That, in fact, the schools of the Royal Academy should be the University of Art. *Ainsi soit il!*

The second of the two main objects which the memorialists had in their minds when they solicited George III's "gracious assistance, patronage, and protection" in "establishing a society for promoting the arts of design" was "an annual exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of reputation and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve," and they went on to state that they thought the profits arising from the exhibition would fully answer all the expenses of the schools, and indeed that there would be something left for distribution in charity. Nor were their expectations destined to be unfulfilled. The first twelve years indeed showed a deficit which was met by contributions from his Majesty's privy purse, but from 1781 onward no such aid has been required. As has been already stated, the first exhibition, in 1769, in Pall Mall, contained 136 works, of which eighty-seven were by Academicians and only forty-nine by outsiders. The first exhibition at Somerset House, in 1780, contained 489 works, of which 124 only were by members of the Academy, showing how the outside element had increased; and the last, in 1836, 1,154 works, of which 149 were by members. A slight increase in the numbers took place on the removal to Trafalgar Square, but the average remained much the same. It was thought that when the new galleries at Burlington House were built many more works would be exhibited, but that proved in the first instance not to be the case, though further additions have brought the numbers up on one or two occasions to over 2,000, and the average is now about 1,800. But if the number of exhibited works has not shown any very extraordinary increase—whether owing to space being limited or merit wanting it boots not to inquire—the number sent has mounted up by leaps and bounds. The catalogue of 1837, in which there were 1,289 entries, contained the following notice: "It may be proper to observe that, in consequence of the great number of works sent for exhibition this year it has been found impossible to assign places to many of those which had been accepted." No record exists of how many were sent in that year, but in 1862 we know that 2,565 were submitted, of which 988 found acceptance, the remaining 154 that were exhibited being by members. These numbers gradually increased, and in 1869, the first year in the new galleries at Burlington House, reached 4,526. There was a setback, however, of nearly 1,000 in the following year, but recovery soon followed, and in 1874, the first year in which the present writer had experience of the exhibition, the number was 4,481. From this period the increase was steady and continuous, and in 1901 reached the high figure of 14,353. There could not naturally be any proportionate increase in the number of works exhibited, for the galleries, though such extension as was possible was carried out, were not capable of holding more than on an average 1,800 to 2,000 works of all kinds, ten per cent. of which came from members.



Hour-glass.
Formerly used in the schools for timing the model.

What a difference between this state of things and the early days at Somerset House, when it was often found difficult to fill the rooms, and members were invited by the hanging committee to send more works in order to cover the walls! Reynolds exhibited forty-two works in three years, 1785 to 1787, and John Russell, R. A., had twenty-two works in one year, 1790. The increasing number of artists, however, soon began to produce its effect, and in 1799 it was proposed that no one should be al-

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The Life School at Hogarth's Academy in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane.
From a painting by Hogarth.

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lowed to send more than six pictures. The number was ultimately fixed at eight for members and non-members alike, and there it remained until this year, when after much deliberation and after receiving a petition signed by a very large number of the principal exhibitors that the number allowed to be sent by non-members should be reduced to two or three, it was decided to limit them to three, and to reduce the number sent by members to six. The result for this year has been a diminution of about 2,500 works—not so many as might have been expected, did one not bear in mind that the average number of works sent by each artist seldom exceeded two and a half; more artists being in the habit of sending one, two, or three works than any larger number.

Corridor—Royal Academy schools.

In the old days the council used often to have difficulties over pictures sent to the exhibition, especially with members of the Academy. The most famous instance is the quarrel with Gainsborough in 1784 over the hanging of the portraits of the royal princesses. It began in 1783, when Gainsborough presented his compliments to "the Committee of Gentlemen appointed to hang the pictures of the Royal Exhibition" and "begged leave to *hint* to them that if the Royal Family which he has sent for this exhibition (being smaller than three-quarters), are hung above the line along with full-lengths, he never more, while he breathes, will send another picture to the Exhibition. This he swears by God." A sketch of how the pictures were to be hung and a friendly letter to Newton, the secretary, accompanied this imperious epistle. No official cognizance appears to have been taken of the letter, and the pictures were hung as he desired. Next year, however, brought a similar letter, not so forcibly worded, it is true, but equally decided in its demands, in which, begging pardon for giving so much trouble, he says that "as he has painted the picture of the Princesses [the three eldest daughters of George III] in so tender a light that, notwithstanding he approves of the established line for strong effects he cannot possibly consent to have it placed higher than five feet and a half, because the likeness and work of the picture will not be seen any higher; therefore at a word, he will not trouble the gentlemen against their inclination, but will beg the rest of his pictures back again." This seems to have been too much for the council, who decided that his pictures should be taken down and delivered to his order. Under the circumstances their action is hardly to be wondered at. Nor is it perhaps a matter for surprise that Gainsborough never sent a picture again. There appears, however, to have been some sort of reconciliation between him and the authorities, as an entry in the council minutes for 1787 states that "Mr. Gainsborough has promised to paint a picture for the chimney in the council-room," a promise which, owing to his illness and death in the following year, could not be fulfilled.

It was during this last illness that the pathetic incident occurred of what has been called the reconciliation of Reynolds and Gainsborough. How far the relations between them justify the application of such a term it is not easy to determine. That they were *antipatici* there can be no doubt. The one was impulsive, enthusiastic, and genial, but entirely without any sense of duty or responsibility; whereas order, method, and duty had been the watchwords of the other.

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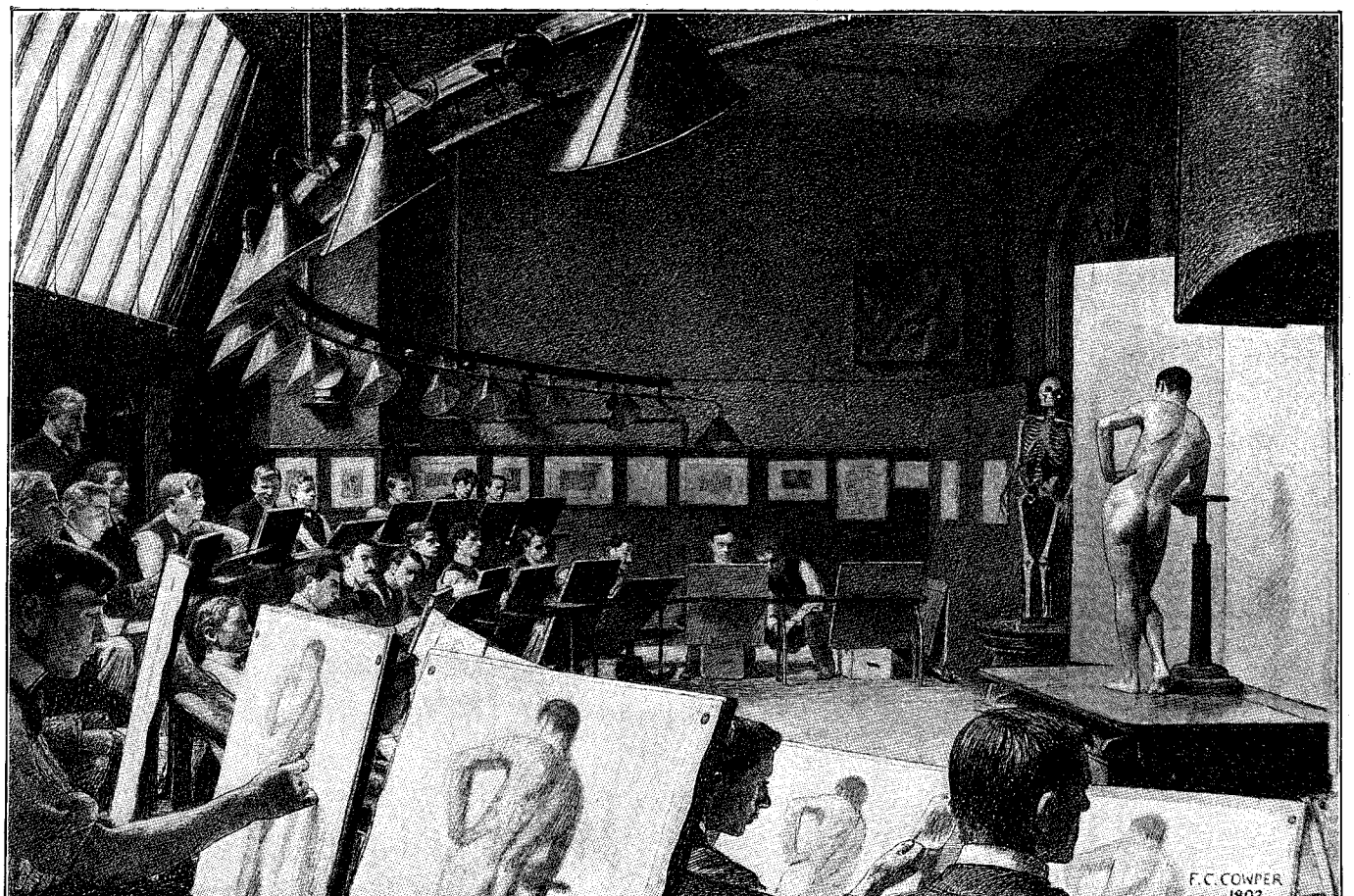

Drawn by F. C. Cowper.

Present-day Life Class of the Royal Academy.

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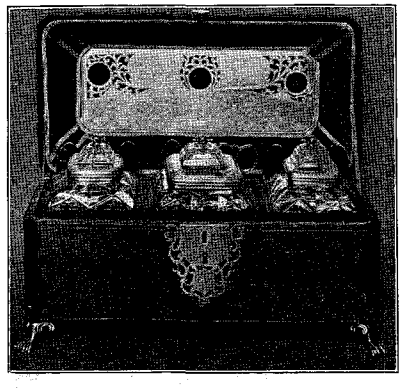
Apart from any jealousy of one another as portrait painters, it is obvious that the different view they took of life must have prevented any cordial intercourse between them. That such was the case is evident from the following letter which not long ago came into possession of the Royal Academy; it is indorsed on the back in Sir Joshua's handwriting "Gainsborough when dying."

DEAR SIR JOSHUA:

I am just to write what I fear you will not read —after lying in a dying state for 6 months. The extreme affection which I am informed of by a Friend which Sir Joshua has expresd induces me to beg a last favor, which is to come once under my Roof and look at my things, my woodman you never saw, if what I ask now is not disagreeable to your feeling that I may have the honor to speak to you. I can from a sincere Heart say that I always admired and sincerely loved Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THO GAINSBOROUGH



Sir Joshua Reynolds's tea-caddy.

The picture Gainsborough speaks of as "my woodman" is probably the one catalogued in the list of the pictures in his possession at his decease as "The Woodman and his Dog in a Storm," which afterwards belonged to Lord Gainsborough and was destroyed by fire at Exton Park.

The selection of works for the exhibition is an arduous and fatiguing task, and to a tender, sensitive mind often a very painful one. It takes from seven to eight days to accomplish, and is performed by the council for the year, consisting of ten Academicians with the president as chairman. They begin at 10 A. M., and continue to 6 P. M., with a break of an hour from 1 to 2 for luncheon and a quarter of an hour—4 to 4.15—for tea. During that time some 1,500 to 2,000 works pass before them. No doubt to many this may seem a very large number to be dealt with in the time, but if the truth be told a large proportion of them are so bad that the very carpenters could have sat in judgment on them without much fear of making a mistake. Sir John Millais used to tell a story of how when the Royal Aquarium, which has just disappeared, was started with a great flourish of trumpets, a royal duke as president, and the prospect of the letters F.R.A. being as valuable after a name as those of F.R.S., an annual exhibition of pictures formed part of the programme, and he and one or two other artists were invited to join some distinguished amateurs and dilettanti as a committee of selection. They duly met, and the quickness with which the artists with their expert knowledge decided on the merit or demerit of each work completely flabbergasted the other members of the selection committee, who wanted to discuss the question of its goodness or badness at great length, till at last Sir John exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, if we go on like this we shall be here till next year," and finally left them to their devices. Of course there are some pictures which provoke great difference of opinion, and then a vote has to be taken, the result being as a rule on the lenient side, *i.e.*, in favor of making the work doubtful rather than of rejecting it altogether. In a case of this kind Lord Leighton used always to urge the necessity of looking for what there might be of good in the work. "The faults," he would say, "are obvious, but if there is anything good let it outweigh them in your minds." "And above all," he would add, "don't be biassed by your likes and dislikes; you may dislike a picture very much, but at the same time there may be something good in it."

The picture by C. W. Cope, R.A., shows the council selecting the works for exhibition in the great Gallery No. 3. It is not a council that ever actually existed—that is to say, the members depicted never all served on the council together—but it forms a very representative group of some of the principal members of the Academy at the time it was painted, in 1875, and most of the likenesses are excellent. Especially good is that of the president, Sir Francis Grant, holding in his hand the ivory hammer which from the time of Sir Joshua has been used to

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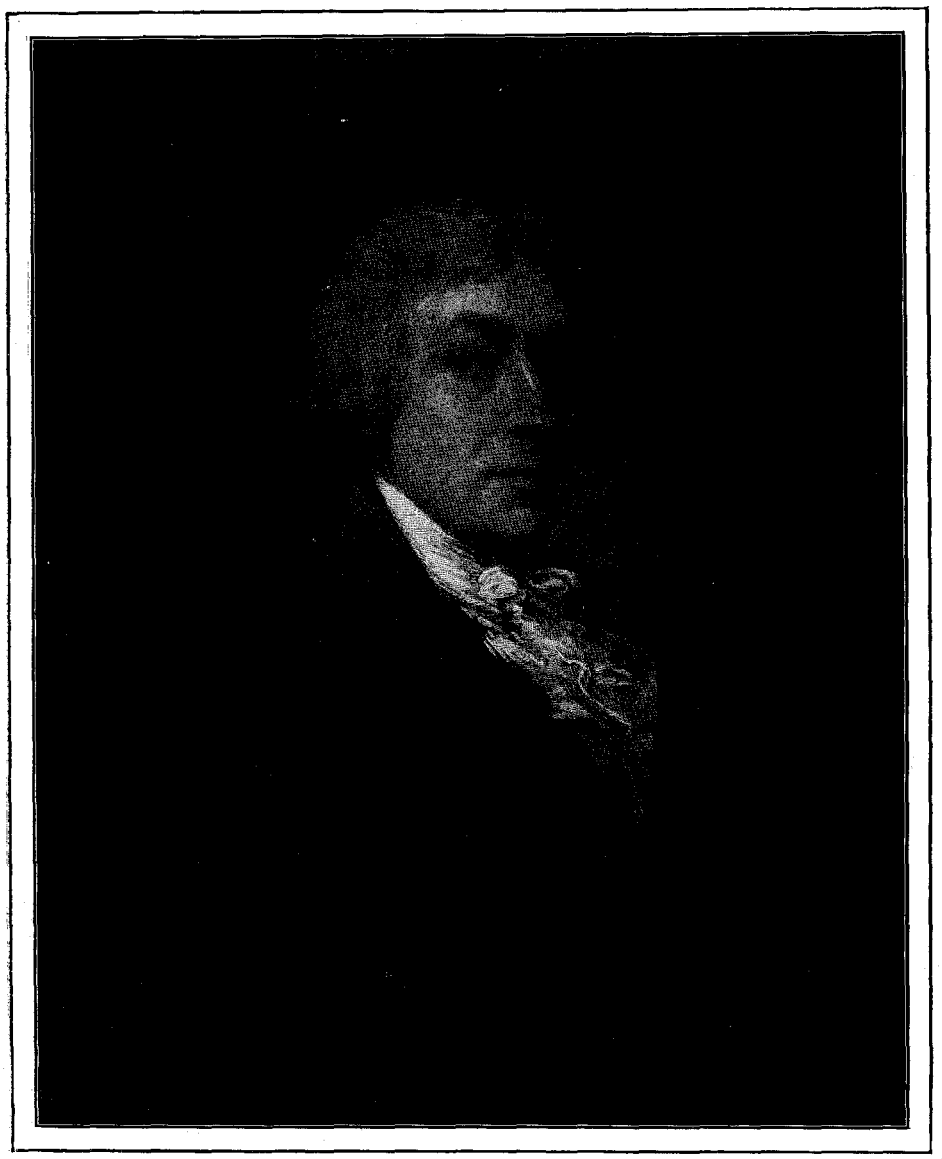

Portrait of Gainsborough, by himself.

summon too talkative members to attend to the business before them. Lying on the table, though hidden in the picture by the burly form of Millais, are three emblems, an A. an X. and a D., cut out of tin and mounted each on a short ebony handle. They are used by the president to indicate to the foreman carpenter, who stands ready with the chalk, the verdict of either "accepted," "crossed," or "doubtful," thereby allowing the president, if he is so minded, to save his voice the continual calling out of those words. It was characteristic of Leighton that he hardly ever availed himself of these trouble-saving appliances, but almost invariably pronounced the verdict *viva voce*. Indeed, his conduct of the business during the period of selection was a wonderful *tour de force*. No work that came up, however small and insignificant, ever escaped his notice, or passed without his uttering some criticism upon it, while

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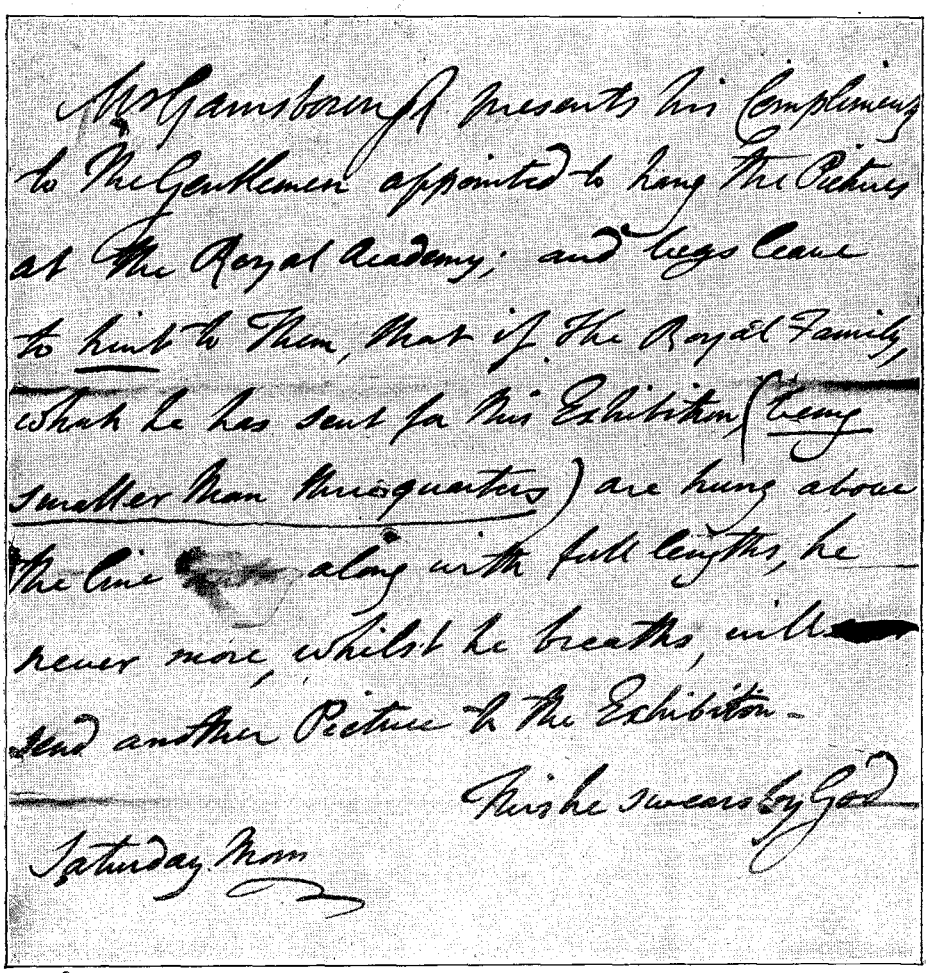
all the time he kept up a running commentary, now serious, now jocose, on what was going on, never allowing anyone's attention for one instant to flag, and himself setting the very best possible example to that end. Nor was his restless energy satisfied with this sufficiently exhausting labor during the working hours of the day. The other members as a rule thought the luncheon hour none too long a rest after the three hours' morning work, but Leighton, eating rapidly and talking all the time, would get up from the table at half past one or five and twenty minutes to two, and with an "Excuse me, gentlemen," would rush off to the Athenæum Club in a cab, write some letters, rush back again, resume his seat at the table, swallow a cup of coffee, and punctually at two be in the presidential chair and rapping on the table with the hammer to summon his lagging colleagues. Be it remembered, too, that before coming to the Academy he had been at work in his studio for a couple of hours, and that when he left his day was by no means over.

In accordance with the judgment passed upon them by the council, the works submitted are divided into those which are accepted and must be hung, those which are rejected or "crossed" and are not to be hung, and those which are made doubtful, *i.e.*, left for the hanging committee to choose from for filling up the exhibition after the members' and accepted works have been placed. This hanging committee consists of five painters, one sculptor, and one


Mr Gainsborough presents his Compliments
to The Gentlemen appointed to hang The Pictures
at The Royal Academy; and begs Leave
to hint to Them, That if The Royal Family,
which he has sent for This Exhibition (being
smaller than Threequarters) are hung above
The Line along with full Lengths, he
never more, whilst he breaths, will
send another Picture to The Exhibition -
This he swears by God
Saturday Morn

Gainsborough's letter to the Royal Academy.—Page 562.

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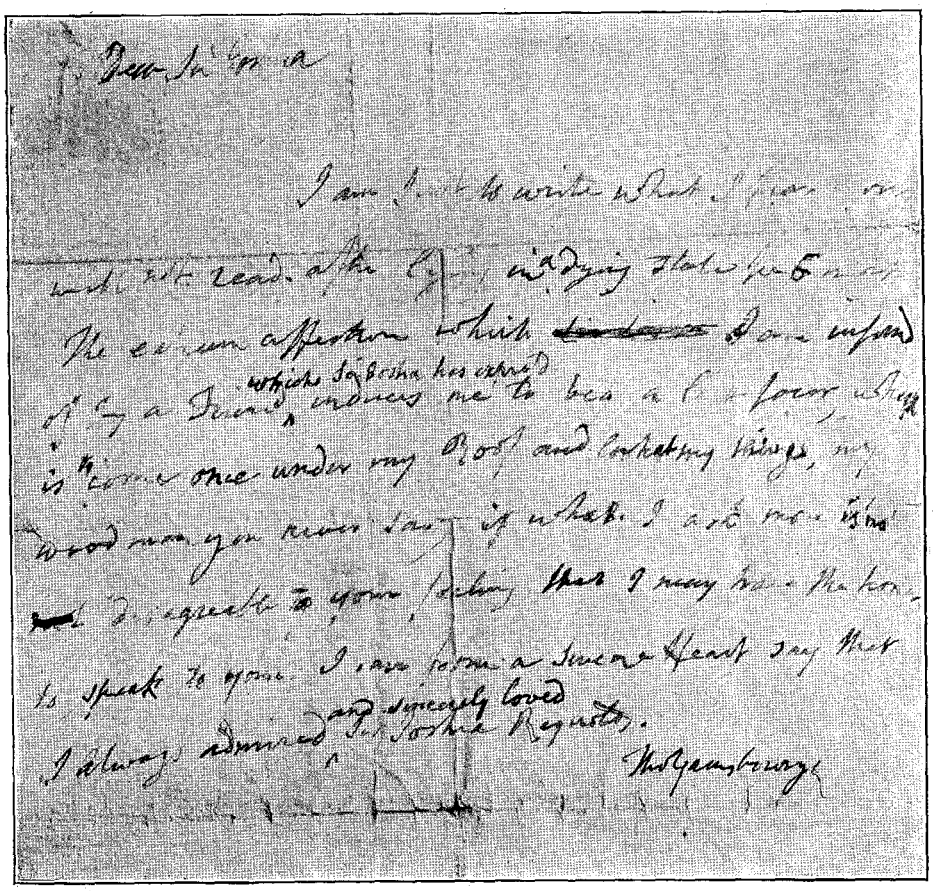

Gainsborough's deathbed letter to Reynolds —Page 564.

architect, all members of the council. The work of arrangement takes about a fortnight, and when completed is inspected by the council, who can make any alterations they think desirable. Then come the three so-called "Varnishing Days" for the members, when they meet to work upon their own, and to criticise other people's, performances, and generally to have a good time socially, though occasionally long faces may be pulled at the position assigned to a cherished offspring of the brush or chisel, or at the different aspect it presents in the searching light of the galleries to the one it offered to its creator and his admirers in the carefully arranged studio. The "outsiders"—*i.e.*, non-members'—varnishing day, which follows, presents much the same scene multiplied in the number of those who take part in it some twenty times and more; it might indeed be called the artistic *Carnevale* of the year. After this comes the press view, then the royal view, the private view, and the annual dinner, and on the first Monday in May the general public, on whose support the Academy has always relied for the means of carrying out the objects for which it was founded, are admitted.

As a matter of detail which is not without interest, it may be mentioned that each work after it has passed the council is registered under the name of its author, with his or her address, and a notice of the verdict sent under sealed cover by post, the number of notices sent varying from 8,000 to 10,000. Many letters are received in reply from the disappointed ones. Some plaintively pleading for a reversal of the verdict, and the hanging of the picture "quite a little one" somewhere, even if at the extreme top of the gallery; or asking humbly to be in-

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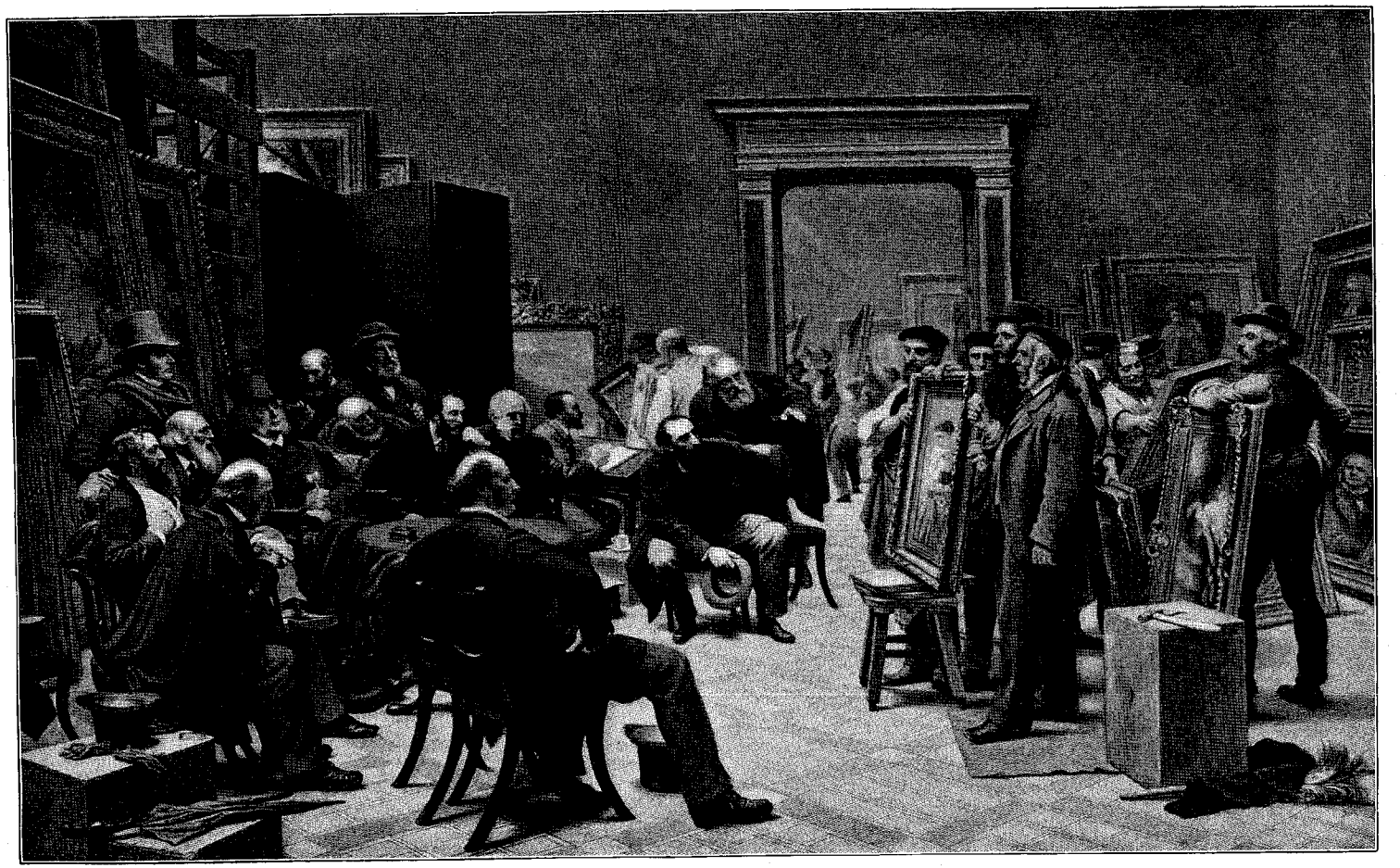

Committee Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy.—Page 564.
By C. W. Cope, R. A. Presented to the Academy by George Moore.

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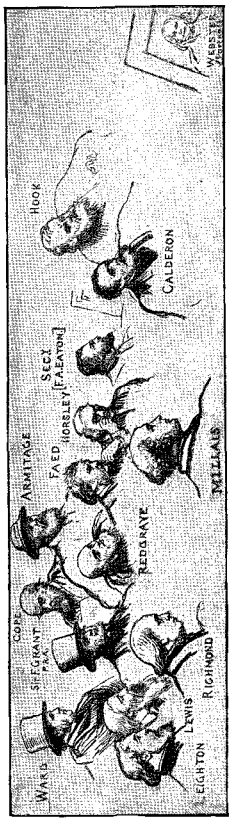
formed of the faults in the picture, so that they may avoid them in the future. Others there are of quite a different type, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:

I must express my annoyance and astonishment at having an exhibit of mine refused that in fair competition would have been unhesitatingly accepted. Nor would I have you look upon me in the light of a disappointed exhibitor, for I do not resent honorable defeat and have put up with my returned pictures year after year, reflecting that it is possible that an extreme "finish" is preferred to anything in danger of being original, although I have known them to be better than many of the exhibited ones. I myself, although I am no expert yet am no fool, and not more biassed than your committee. But this bit of statuary, which would even show well in a Continental Salon, has a slur cast upon it, and its return is a flagrant bit of insolence that says in plain English that unless bolstered, a work will not be accepted at any price, except, perhaps, as a stop-gap. You will undoubtedly deny this, but on what grounds in the face of the action I cannot think, for I have been assured by experts that with fair play this would have been accepted as a worthy competitor. The numerous criticisms on a body of judges who should be the supreme critics would appear to prove your experts either fools or rascals, and never to gain entrance would I appeal to any personal influence from such an unfair council.

I hope you will not take this as any personal reflection, and indeed I think you must sympathize with me, believing me to be yours truly.



Key to Cope's painting.

It is reported of my predecessor, Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., that he was called out one day during the hanging, and on reaching the entrance hall was accosted by an infuriated individual who began abusing him in no measured terms, and ended by bringing down a heavy stick upon his head with a force which, but for a stiff hat he was wearing, might have ended his days there and then. Fortunately, no such experience has come my way.

Mention has already been made in a previous article of the diploma works. These were never properly arranged and seen till the Academy was settled at Burlington House, where they now occupy two out of the four galleries built by the Academy on the top of the old building. Of the other two galleries, one is filled with the works in marble and plaster which were in John Gibson's studio at Rome when he died. He bequeathed them all to the Academy with a sum of money more than sufficient to erect a gallery in which to display them. His object in doing this was to emulate on a small scale the example of his master Thorwaldsen at Copenhagen, but it is to be feared that in neither case has posterity shown that appreciation of the gift which the donor from the fame he acquired in his lifetime had every expectation of its receiving.

The remaining gallery contains works which have either been presented to the Academy or acquired by purchase. Chief among these are the cartoon of the Virgin and St. Anne, by Leonardo da Vinci; Marco d'Oggione's full-sized contemporary copy of the same artist's "Last Supper," at Milan; and an unfinished marble bas-relief of the Virgin and Child by Michael Angelo, this last the gift of Sir George Beaumont in 1830. Here also is that most interesting relic, Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Sitter's Chair." A tablet attached to it bears the following commemorative inscription written by the late J. E. Hodgson, R.A.:

This Chair was occupied in turns by the most illustrious statesmen and warriors, by the most eminent lawyers, poets, philosophers, actors, and wits of the eighteenth century. The loveliest and most intellectual women of that time have sat in it. The majestic Siddons leaned her arms upon it as "The Tragic Muse." Kitty Fisher lounged in it as "Cleopatra."

It passed by purchase into the possession of each succeeding president of the Royal Academy, until Sir Frederick Leighton in 1878 presented it to that body, and it has now found a permanent resting-place in this gallery.

The Academy also possesses Sir Thomas Lawrence's Sitter's Chair, which is kept in the general assembly room.

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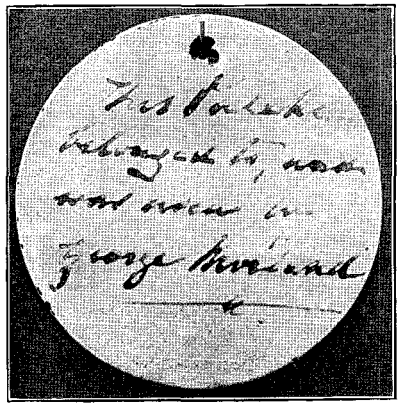
Sir Joshua Reynolds's palette.

As is only fitting, many mementoes of its first and greatest president are numbered among the Academy's treasures. The most important, perhaps, are the series of diaries from 1757 to 1790, in which he entered day by day the names of his sitters and the hour at which they were to sit, and all his various other engagements. Seven of them, unfortunately, are missing, but the remainder constitute a most valuable and interesting record. There is also the manuscript of one of his discourses and a note-book. His tea-caddy came into the possession of the Academy quite recently. It was given to him by Mary Beattie, wife of James Beattie, author of the "Essay on Truth," which created a great sensation at the time of its publication in 1772. Reynolds painted its author in his Doctor of Civil Laws robes, with his essay under his arm and a female figure of Truth driving away three demons, one of whom was intended to personify Voltaire. Reynolds left the caddy to his sister, Miss Frances Reynolds, from whose possession it passed to a cousin, Mr. James Reynolds; it was many years subsequently found in a sale-room, and after passing through two or three hands was finally purchased in 1898 by the president, council, and secretary, and given to the Academy.

Of Reynolds's palettes there are three presented at different times; these are all of the same shape, square, with a handle in which is a hole for the thumb, and are entirely different from those in use at the present day, but they closely resemble those of an earlier date, like the one belonging to Hogarth given to the Academy by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. At a later date palettes were shaped like a shell, and as colors increased in number and variety they became larger and larger, the biggest of which the Academy possesses a specimen being one of Lord Leighton's, which has attached to it a small tin cup for holding the medium. Contrast with this gigantic instrument, 2 feet long by 15 inches broad, the tiny circular earthenware palette, $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter, which George Morland used to put in his pocket with a few colors when he went into the country to carouse at village publics and pay for his score by painting a sign-board.



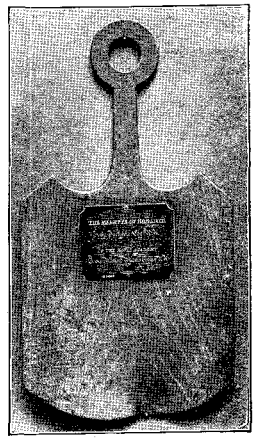
George Morland's vest-pocket palette.

In the private rooms of the Academy already referred to there are many other objects of interest, including portraits of most of its distinguished members, while the library contains a very complete collection of the best works on art, to which additions both by gift and purchase are constantly being made. Most interesting too are some of the note and sketch books which have been presented. Of Reynolds's I have already spoken; among others are those of West, Dance, Beechey, Stothard, John Gilbert, Street the architect, and Leighton.

It has often occurred to me that a not unamusing collection might be compiled of letters that are received on various subjects. Here are two as a sample:

THE MANAGER,
ROYAL ACADEMY,
LONDON.

Dear Sir: Will you please send to the following address an illustrated



Hogarth's palette.

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One of the treasures of the Royal Academy—The Holy Family.

Cartoon by Leonardo da Vinci.

colored catalogue of your firm per return mail and oblige? Could you as well forward some specimen copies of pictures as to give an idea of the finish and touch of the oil paintings executed in your establishment?

Yours ffily, ———.

THE SUPERINTENDENT, ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON.

Sir: Would you kindly send me a list of names of *deaf and dumb* artists and the pictures they exhibit *just now?* yrs. ——.

The following should perhaps have been

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One of the art treasures of the Royal Academy.
Unfinished marble bas-relief of the Virgin and Child, by Michael Angelo.

sent to a different address. It can be passed on now.

To the Directory of the Royal Academy
Painting.

Gentlemen: I beg your kind pardon for my troubling you by this card. You would oblige me very much by sending me the present address of the American Mæcenas, Pierpoint Morgan. Being in want of money, I intend selling a picture to that rich gentleman, hearing that he pays most liberally. My best thanks in advance for your kindness. Yours respectfully.

These notes—desultory ones, I am afraid—on the Royal Academy should not close without some reference to the hope expressed in the memorial to George III that the profits to be derived from the exhibition would not only pay all the expenses of the Institution, including the schools, but leave something over for charity. This hope has been amply fulfilled, and from the first donations have been annually given to distressed artists and their families. The sum so distributed has for some time past amounted to from £1,000 to £1,500 a year. In addition to these charities from its general funds the Academy also administers for the benefit of artists, not members of the Academy, certain other funds which have been bequeathed to it for charitable purposes by some of its own members and others. The members themselves and their widows are, if in need, entitled to pensions under certain strict conditions and limitations; but, it may be added, with the exception of these pensions and of salaries and fees for official services, no member of the Academy derives any pecuniary benefit from the funds of the institution.

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SOME FAMILY LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

Now in Possession of His Great-great-grandson, Francis Eppes Shine, M.D.

THE FAMILY OF JOHN W. EPPES*

THE familyof Eppes had enjoyed prominence in Virginia from a very early period. The immigrant ancestor, Colonel Francis Eppes, who was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1625, obtained a grant for the transportation of himself, his three sons, and some thirty servants into the Colony, and in 1635 settled them on the south shore of James River near the mouth of the Appomattox. This latter river formed the boundary between the southern halves of the counties of Henrico and Charles City, which then lay on both sides ot the James; and, as Colonel Eppes subsequently acquired very extensive estates in both counties, he was returned to the House of Burgesses indifferently from either. Sometime previous to his death, which occurred in 1655, he became a member of the Colonial Council. Four of his descendants in lineal succession, each bearing the name of Francis—three of them distinguished by the title of Colonel, and all prominent as county officials and members of the House of Burgesses, —enjoyed in tail-male the large landed estates the first Francis had secured in that part of the county of Henrico which was subsequently erected into Chesterfield. The fifth Francis Eppes, dying unmarried, was succeeded by his next brother, Richard (1715-1765), who married Martha, daughter of Robert Bolling of Prince George County, and after filling the almost hereditary shire offices, and serving some dozen terms in the house, he handed down to his son and heir, Francis Eppes VI., of "Eppington" (1747-1808), brother-in-law of Jefferson, the entailed family estates largely expanded by his own acquisitions.

Richard's sister Martha (1712-1748), who in 1743 was left a childless widow by Lewellyn Eppes, became in 1746 the second wife of John Wayles, Esq. (1715-1773), a distinguished and wealthy lawyer of Charles City County. This gentleman by a previous marriage was the father of two daughters—Elizabeth, who married (1770) Francis Eppes VI., of Chesterfield County, and Tabitha, wife (1773) of Henry Skipwith, of Cumberland County. Mr. Wayles, by his second wife, had an only child, Martha (1748-1782), who married, in 1772, Thomas Jefferson and left him two surviving children, the elder of whom, Martha (1772-1836), married, in 1790, her cousin, Thomas Mann Randolph, subsequently Member of Congress and Governor of Virginia; the younger, Maria (1778-1804), married, in 1797, her first cousin, John Wayles Eppes (1773-1823), who was the only son of Francis and Elizabeth (Wayles) Eppes of Eppington.

The Hon. John W. Eppes, favorite son-in-law of Jefferson, and recipient of the letters here first published, was a Member of Congress, 1803 to 1811, 1813 to 1815, and U. S. Senator 1817 to 1819. Losing his first wife in 1804, he remarried, in 1809, Martha, daughter of Hon. Willie Jones, M. C. from North Carolina, who bore him two sons. By Maria Jefferson his only surviving child was Francis Eppes, born in 1801, who married a Randolph cousin, Mary Elizabeth Cleland, daughter of Thomas Eston Randolph, of Dungeness, and settled in Florida. Having been practically adopted by his grandfather he furnishes the topic for many of these epistles. By his first marriage in 1822 there were six children. In 1837 he married Mrs. Susan Ware Couch, daughter of Senator Nicholas Ware of Georgia, and by her had seven children, one of whom, Maria Jefferson Eppes, married Dr. William F. Shine of Tallahassee, Fla., and left an only son, Dr. Francis Eppes Shine, of New York, in whose possession these family letters now are.

* This and the following notes furnished by Wilson Miles Cary, of Baltimore.

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PHILADELPHIA Feb. 7. 99.

DEAR SIR

Yours of Jan. 20. & 24. are duly recieved in the former you mention the reciept of £40. for me, and Maria, of the next day says that mr. Eppes * expected to recieve £30. more for me at the ensuing Cumberland court. not having heard from Mr. Randolph † on the subject of the hire of your negroes, I was in the moment of recieving your letter, just about to inclose you a draught on George Jefferson ‡ for £100. on account, instead of this I have now written to him to answer your draught for one or two hundred dollars which with the £40. you have, & either with or without the £30. as the case may be, will make you up the hundred pounds. whatever this may be less than the valuation shall be paid up on my return. I shall offer your lands to my correspondent at £6000. They ought not to sell for less, and I have hopes you will get it. a bill is passing the Senate for an *eventual* army of 30,000 men (instead of the *provi*sional one of 10,000, which had not been raised) and in addition to the *existing* army of 5000, the *additional* one of 9000, & the *volunteer* one, of we do not know how many. 2 millions of dollars more are to be borrowed to carry the act into execution. a bill is also brought into the Senate to retaliate on any French citizens who are or may fall into our hands, if the French should put to death or imprison any of ours impressed on board the vessels of their enemies & which may be taken by them. no trial of any kind is provided. the President alone is to judge & execute. Though the measures of the government are still measures of provocation, yet a depression of spirits in that party is evident. they are much less insolent and abusive than at the last session. the public mind is evidently & rapidly turning against them, & they are sensible of it. —I inclose you a copy of mr. Nicholas's § pamphlet. let mr. Eppes have the reading of it.

Adieu.

Yours affectionately

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES.

* His brother-in-law.
† His son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph.
‡ His cousin and factor in Richmond.
§ A very able and vigorous paper written by George Nicholas, of Kentucky, against the Alien and Sedition laws, which was considered by Jefferson a very strong political weapon, as he disseminated copies of it by the dozen among his lieutenants, while at the same time cautioning them not to let his name be connected with the matter. (See Jefferson to Monroe, February 11, 1799.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21, 1803.

DEAR SIR

Your's of the 10th was received on the 16th. I shall leave this about the 6th of March, unless unexpected business, bad roads or bad weather should delay it a little. I am happy to learn that I shall meet Maria & yourself at Monticello. my stay there will be of two or three weeks, the visit being for the purpose of planting trees, in order that they may be growing during my absence. as Lilly hired 15 hands for me this winter, I am not without hopes he will be able to accomplish my canal, and perhaps your levelling both. but as the latter must be postponed to the former, it will of course be autumn before the levelling will be begun, which will throw the building into the next year. I am in hopes Maria's visit in March is intended to continue till the sickly season of the autumn is over. In your letter of Nov. 27. you mentioned that the receipt of the 400 D. in March would be quite sufficient, or even later if it should be inconvenient to me. I am not yet certain how that will be; but either then, if I have it not in hand, or at any other moment when your calls require it, I can get it from the bank here; but that being in the hands of federalists, I am not fond of asking favors of them. however I have done it once or twice when my own resources have failed, and can do it at all times. the approach of my meeting with yourself and Maria makes me look with impatience to the 6th of March. present her my tenderest affections. make short journeys as you travel that you may never be out in the night; and accept my affectionate salutations and sincere esteem.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES.

WASHINGTON May 27. 05.

DEAR SIR

Not understanding the conveyance to you by post beyond Richmond, I have thought it safest to remit the 100D for you to Gibson & Jefferson,|| subject to

|| *George Jefferson*, of this firm, who were Mr. Jefferson's commission merchants in Richmond, was a near relative

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your order, which is done this day. I was never better pleased with a riding horse than with Jacobin. it is now really a luxury to me to ride. The early prevalence of sickness here this season will probably drive us hence earlier than usual. perhaps by the middle of July. I shall proceed almost directly to Bedford, and will there take to my assistance Mr. Clay and Mr. Clark and lay off at the East end of the tract so much as shall, taking quality and quantity into consideration, be equal to the average value of 1000 a. of the whole tract generally. the tenderest considerations ensure a conscientious performance of this duty and to be governed by the judgment of those who knowing the tract well will have no motive but to do what is right. I shall hope on my return from Bedford to find you at Monticello with the beloved children, objects of my tenderest sollicitudes. I shall not be without a hope of seeing Mr. & Mrs. Eppes * also at Monticello. tho I cannot now repay their visits, if they will trust me 4 years, I will overgo the measure. you will see in the papers an extra letter of Elliott's of extraordinary aspect. it contains some absolute untruths. but what is most remarkeable is that expressions are so put together as to be literally true when strictly considered & analysed, & yet to convey to 99 readers out of 100. the most absolute & mischievous falsehoods. it is a most insidious attempt to cover his own opinions & passions under the mantle of the executive, and to fill with inquietude the republicans who have not the means of good information. present me to Mr & Mrs Eppes & family & accept my affectionate salutations.

TH. JEFFERSON.

MR. EPPES.

[*James Elliot* (1770–1839), referred to in the above letter, was a member of Congress from Vermont (1803–1809), who, refusing to obey the party lash, published a series of eleven circular letters to his constituents in vindication of his course. These letters appeared in the *Vermont Journal* in the months of April, May, and June, 1805. The *United States Gazette*, which republished them, as issued, announced to its readers that they were "upon the subject of the extraordinary and daring proceedings of the revolutionary faction in Congress during the last session; and, as Mr. Elliot is himself a democrat, we presume that no attempt will be made to discredit his statements under the denomination of 'Federal Misrepresentations.'" To a correspondent Elliot writes: "The destruction of the Constitution of the United States has been determined on in a private caucus of the *junto* I have alluded to. A Member of Congress, who, to say the least, is friendly to this party, made the following declarations in January last at Washington: That he felt no attachment to the Constitution, but what his oath of office required; that he considered three-fourths of its framers as fools and knaves; that it was made for the benefit of speculators and merchants, and not for the public good; that the Senate is an hospital of incurables, and two-thirds at least of its political existence must be destroyed; that the judges ought to be dependent upon Congress; that he wished a committee could be appointed to sit during the whole recess of Congress to digest alterations of the Constitution, etc. These declarations were made in the presence of myself and Mr. Ellery, a republican Senator from R. I., and Mr. Jackson, a republican representative from Virginia, and appeared to strike those gentlemen with great astonishment. It is to guard the people, not against themselves, but against the "*junto*" of revolutionists, and at the same time to vindicate my own conduct, that I have written my letters to my constituents. The facts which I have stated are true and my constituents believe them." In closing his last letter he sums up the main features of his political creed. ". . . I believe that *Jefferson* is a man of great abilities, and a sincere friend to a republican form of government, and I shall support his ad-

of the President, being a grandson of his uncle, Field Jefferson. His brother, John Garland Jefferson, a very intelligent and estimable young lawyer, the charges for whose education had been defrayed by Mr. Jefferson, and who had studied under his eye at Monticello for the bar, was the occasion of the President's famous letter of 1801 on political nepotism. This was written to their father, the playmate of his boyhood, Mr. George Jefferson, Sr., and is a model for the observance of all republican officials. Mr. George Jefferson, Jr., however, was subsequently appointed Consul at Liverpool by Mr. Madison, a position for which his business training and ability eminently fitted him. He died there unmarried in 1812. His brother married a niece of Governor William B. Giles of Virginia, and left descendants.

* His brother and sister-in-law.

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ministration, etc., etc., so far as in my conscience I shall deem their measures calculated to preserve the Constitution and rights of the people. . . . I believe we ought to have no political idols. . . . I believe that the doctrines preached by certain republicans of distinction, that men should adhere to their party in defiance of their God, and that no regard should be paid to the private characters of candidates for office, are equally immoral and anti-republican, and sooner than embrace such detestable dogmas, I will abandon society and wander in the darkest wilds of solitude."]

MONTICELLO June 4. 08

DEAR SIR

In revising my philosophical apparatus I find I have some articles to spare which will be of use to Francis when he comes to that part of his education, and may in the meantime amuse yourself. these are Martin's portable air-pump & apparatus by Dollond.

an Hydrostatic balance by Dollond.

a Solar microscope in brass, with Wilson's pocket apparatus by Dollond.

a best barometer.

a camera obscura, for drawing.

these instruments are perfect, and of the best kind, having been bought by myself in London, when I was there. they cost there about 140 or 150 D. and could not be bought here for less than double that sum. I mention their value to shew that the getting them safely from Richmond to Eppington may be worth some extra attention. they are packed in 3 boxes, which are again packed in a single one about 5 f. long, and 2 f. wide & high. I had the box carried by 4 men by hand to Milton from whence they will go by water to Richmond. if they could go thence on a carriage body having springs, they are so well packed that they would go safely. to guard the glass vessels better from breaking, they are stuffed with rumpled paper which cannot be drawn out dry without breaking them. water must be pured in till the paper is well soaked and rotten in which state it can be taken out with safety.

I am compleatly satisfied with my horse from Major Eggleston.* a better one in harness I never drove. he brought me in my single phaeton from Washington, without ever appearing fatigued, altho the roads were bad, & and the weather rainy. he is fine tempered and manageable, tho' high spirited. tho' the price was about 50 D too much from appearances, yet I would give that advance in the purchase of a horse, to know that he was what I wished. Castor, & Fitzpartner are both left here at nurse, and I shall have them sold. consequently my stable will be reduced to Diomede & St. Louis, a match for Diomede, as good as he is, would make it up what will suffice for me as a private citizen. I will thank you to be on the enquiry, for such an one, and to give me notice of price & properties. but it will be essential that he match Diomede tolerably, and be well broke to the carriage & no baulker. I trouble you with these commissions because you are in the only part of the country where a fine horse can be got. I leave this for Washington the day after tomorrow. I have received no foreign news of consequence since I saw you. present me with all possible affection to the family, and be assured of my constant attachment & respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

MONTICELLO May 10. 10.

DEAR SIR

Mr. Thweatt's [a brother-in-law of J. W. Eppes] letter with your P. S. came to hand late last night, and I shall dispatch Francis tomorrow morning in the care of one of the most trusty servants I have. it will take to-day to have Francis's affairs ready for the road, & he will be obliged to make but two days of the journey to arrive at Eppington on the eve of your departure for Carolina. considering the shortness of the time you will be with him I was almost tempted to keep him till your return from Carolina, but I thought it better by a prompt compliance with your wish to merit the recieving him in deposit again during your next winter's visit to Washington. you will recieve him in good health & his reading & writing have been well attended to.

In the present unexampled state of the

* *Major Joseph Eggleston*, of Amelia County, Va., a Revolutionary officer. Served eight years in Congress and died in 1811. From him Joseph Eggleston Johnston, the famous Confederate general, derived his name.

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world, the difficulty of deciding what is best to be done for us, has produced a general disposition to acquiesce in whatever our public councils shall decide. between the convoy system (which is war) & that which has been adopted, the opposite considerations appear so equally balanced, that the decision in favor of those which continue the state of peace will probably be approved. the republican papers of this winter have not at all been in unison with the public sentiment as far as I could judge of it from the limited specimen under my observation. I think when peace shall be restored that the examples of the present mad epoch will be so far from being appealed to as precedents of right, that they will be considered as prima facie proofs of whatever is wrong & condemnable among mankind. I have learnt with great concern the very ill state of your health during the winter. have you tried the daily use of the warm bath? from it's effect on rheumatism in one instance within my knolege, it is worthy of trial. present me affectionately to both mrs. Eppess & be assured yourself of my constant attachment & respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES.

P. S. I send you by Francis a female puppy of the Shepherd' dog breed. the next year I can give you a male. the most careful intelligent dogs in the world. excellent for the house or plantation.

MONTICELLO June 6. 17

DEAR SIR

By a letter from mr Wood* recieved a few days ago, I learned with great regret that he was obliged to suspend his school for four months (till the last of September) in order to compleat the public survey he had undertaken. regret being unavailing, the question is how Francis may best employ those 4. months. I observe he has made no progress in Arithmetic, and think therefore he could not do better than lay his shoulder to that during this vacation. if an instructor is necessary, I presume you have them in your neighborhood, who besides the 4. elementary rules, including the rule of three, can teach the extraction of the roots, vulgar and decimal fractions, Progressions & even the use of Logarithms. but with Berout (which you possess) I do not think he will need the aid of an instructor. that author is so remarkably plain that any one may teach himself by his aid. nothing could give me more pleasure than to have him here, and to give him any little aid to the understanding of that author which he might need, should it be agreeable to yourself and him. I say this merely to express my own dispositions, without urging your's or his. he should give one half the day to Arithmetic, & the other to his Latin and Greek; and in the course of the 4. months he may have a sufficient foundation to begin the study of mathematics. mr. Wood writes me very encouragingly both as to his capacity and dispositions, which cannot but add to our natural excitements to his improvement. my anxiety on this occasion will, I am sure, be an apology to you for my troubling you on a subject where your own will must be supreme. mrs. Randolph † and the girls join me in affectionate respects to mrs. Eppes ‡ and yourself, to which I add my particular salutations.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES ESQ.

MONTICELLO Oct. 26. 17.

DEAR SIR

I have procured from Leschot for Mrs Eppes a very elegant watch and of the very best construction being of the kind called a cylindre horizontal, the only inconvenience of which is that they require being touched with oil a little oftener than the others. he had no watch of the common construction which was proper for a lady. he required 40D. boot, allowing only 30.D. for the gold of the old watch, the works being entirely past use. I hope you will never put her into any hands but his when she wants anything. I know that the Richmond watchmakers are as absolute murderers of a watch as your neigh-

*John Wood (1775–1822), a native of Scotland and Master of Edinburgh Academy for Improvement of the Arts, who emigrated to the United States about 1800 and became a partisan political writer, publishing, among other things, a History of the Administration of John Adams with biographies of Hamilton and Jefferson, Burr's Trial and Acquittal. In 1806 he edited a paper in Kentucky called *The Western World* and later the *Atlantic World* in Washington. He subsequently resided in Richmond, Va., where he taught school and was employed in making county maps, and there he died in 1822.

† His daughter Martha, wife of Thomas Mann Randolph, who had then four unmarried daughters between fourteen and twenty-one years old.

‡ The second wife of Mr. Eppes was Martha, daughter of Hon. Willie Jones, of N. C., whom he married in 1809.

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bor watchmaker. I pass Major Flood's 8 times a year, & you can see him every Buckingham court, so that through him you can send and receive your watches with little delay ; and even long delay is better than to have a watch spoiled.

You ask if nothing can be done to place our militia on an effectual footing? I know nothing more supremely wise than the plan prepared by Monroe and reported to Congress by him. this classified the militia, and in time of war assessed on them by certain divisions to keep a man constantly in the field, and it is in time of peace that such a law should be passed. then their minds would have been long prepared for it when occasion should arise to put it in execution. but I fear this army & navy fever, & especially the latter is a disease which must take it's course & wear itself out. I doubt the possibility of resisting it. yet I had thought the difficulty of getting money last war would have taught us to avoid extravagance in peace, pay our debts and clear our revenues of interest that they might be free to the expenses of war. however, dear Sir, I retire from all medling, & leave chearfully the public management to those who are to live under it, & I have no doubt it will be as wise under the present as the last generation ; and I salute Mrs Eppes & yourself with affectionate friendship and respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES.

MONTICELLO Mar. 13, 18.

DEAR SIR

Your's & Francis's of Feb. 14. were received in due time. You have seen by the newspapers what our legislature has done on the subject of an University. the centrality & salubrity of Charlottesville excite strong expectations that the site of the Central College will be adopted for that. but this cannot be known until the next session of the legislature. in the mean while we shall go on with our college on our own bottom. whether our grammar school can be opened July 1. or not till winter is to depend on Dr. Cooper, and will not be known for a month or two to come. for the *present* I know no grammar school preferable to that of N. London* now under Mr. Dasheel, a most respectable man. if you know none better and are disposed to let Francis be there until our college opens, I will take care to get him admission, and get him also into a good boarding house convenient. I shall set out for that place the 2d week of April, and return the 1st of May. Francis can either come to Monticello & go in the carriage with me, or join me at P. Forest soon after I get there. the former would be most pleasing to me, but your convenience must decide. Patsy presented me with a 6th grandson† three days ago. both are doing well. Your's with sincere affection & respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES ESQ.

POPLAR FOREST, May 3. 18.

DEAR SIR

I set out from this place for Monticello tomorrow morning and shall leave this letter at Flood's. I have engaged Francis's board with mr Dashiell himself, who takes only three others. Francis will be much pleased with the family, which is a very genteel one, and they live well as I saw by going in upon them at their dinner unexpectedly. he is an excellent teacher as I judged, at his examination, by the progress and correctness of three boys particularly who had begun with him at Christmas. he desired me to give him what directions I pleased as to Francis and he would exactly observe them; but not knowing what progress he had made this last winter in Greek particularly, I could only desire him provisionally that if Francis had done with the Greek testament, to put him into the cyropedia of Zenophon rather than Lucian. if he has not one, mr Yancey will get it for him at Cottom's bookstore in Lynchburg as I leave directions for his being furnished there with any books he will have occasion for. he should bring his Berout with him, as mr Dashiell is a good mathematician, and will teach him every branch of Arithmetic, Algebra, & Geometry as far as he chuses. an Euclid also if he has one. Dashiell is a strict, but rational disciplinarian. at his examination I observed a medal given as

* A village about ten miles from Lynchburg in Campbell County on the borders of Bedford, and not far distant from Mr. Jefferson's estate of Poplar Forest in the latter county.

† This was *General George Wythe Randolph*, subsequently Secretary of War of the Confederate States, who died April 3, 1867, and is buried at Monticello at the foot of his grandfather's grave.

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a premium to a youth who had excelled *in the observation of order, decorous conduct, & respect to his teacher.* this premium I am in hopes to see Francis obtain at the next examination. he is to find his own bed & bedding. as I have nothing of that kind here but the strict necessary, he will have to bring a mattras & bed clothes. I direct mr Yancey to have a trussel bedstead made, as that would be heavy to bring, and to let it be only 3. feet wide that he may not have to take in a bedfellow which is so apt to render the propagation of the itch so general at schools. I hear nothing of it here, but at Dr. Carr's school it is the pest of the neighborhood, and we are kept in eternal dread of it at Monticello. his whole school lodges in one room.

I have not yet recieved the subscription paper I sent you yet it is very essential we should know what our funds are. but I inclose you another paper equally essential, which is an authority, to be signed by every subscriber to the College, enabling the visitors and Proctor to transfer the whole property of the College to the President and directors of the literary fund, on the condition that the University is fixed at the Central College. this in fact is only authorising them to recieve from the public a subscription of 15,000 D. a year to the same institution to which they have subscribed. I must request your active attention, dear Sir, to this paper as it's early return to me is very important; & to send me also the subscription paper. the general inattention to the return of these has already thrown us back a year for a 3.d professorship, as we could not engage for building until we were sure of the funds. there is a possibility of opening our grammar school in July, but perhaps not till winter. the uncertainty as to the incorporation of the University with our college checks our operations much. I forgot to mention that mr Dashiell's school is now in vacation till the 1.st of June, by which day Francis should be here. He had better go on his arrival to mr Yancey's who will do whatever is necessary for him. I shall be here myself within 3. weeks from that time. if Francis is not better employed at home during this month, we should be happy to see him at Monticello, where learning his progress I could better advise mr Dashiell as to his course. ever & affect.ly yours.

TH. JEFFERSON

MR. EPPES.

BUCKINGHAM NEAR RAINES TAVERN
June 12.th 1820.

DEAR SIR

Since my visit to Monticello I have written to you frequently and although I do not know it I presume of course some of my letters have been received. My anxiety about Francis induces me again to write to you—He is now advancing to an age when the only controul which either of us can exercise over him must depend on his own feelings. From every thing I hear I conclude with certainty that the University will not be in operation in time for him *—The question often presents itself to my mind where shall we send him after the present year?—If it was possible for him to complete his Education within the limits of Virginia I should greatly prefer it.

The sentiments I entertain on this subject are perhaps illiberal and many of them founded on prejudice. I have however a decided preference for the Virginia character and principles. all the science in the world would not to me as a parent compensate the loss of that open, manly, character, which Virginians possess and in which the most liberal and enlightened of the Eastern people are deplorably deficient. I have known many of their conspicuous men intimately, and I have never yet seen one who could march directly to his object. Some view at home or at the seat of Government entered all their projects & subjected them continually to the commission of acts which would tinge with shame the face of a Virginian. So far too as my observation has extended many of those who have been educated at Yale have embibed enough of the Eastern leven to destroy the confidence which under other circumstances would be justly due to their Talents. Your means of information are superior to mine.—Perhaps (on this subject) to those of any other man in the United States. Will you be so good as to turn your attention in due time to this subject and inform me to what place I had better send Francis the next year—

I have heard whether correctly or not

* The University was not opened till March, 1825.

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that you have been unfortunate with Colo : Nicholas * and will probably have to dispose of Negroes for the purpose of meeting his debt—It has occurred to me if such should be the fact that it would probably be in my power to propose to you an arrangement which might be acceptable to yourself & at the same time an accomodation to me—I have at this place a very large body of woodland to open and it would suit me very well to exchange United States bank stock for Negroe men—Say 12. for which I would either give their valuation in stock or such price as we might agree on—I would employ them here a couple of years and afterwards send them to Bedford to Francis's land there—The stock I expect would be as acceptable to the United States Bank as the cash. at any rate it can be converted into cash—The Negroes if drawn from Bedford would in fact only be in the same situation as if hired to me for a couple of years after which they would be returned to their connections in Bedford together with such as I can add to them. It was my intention as soon as an opportunity offered to exchange the Bank Stock for labouring men. as I intend the Negroes for Francis, I thought if the information I had received was correct, it would be more agreeable to you to dispose of them in this way than to sell them to strangers, and much more for Francis's interest thus to acquire them—If you have no intention of selling you will I know pardon the liberty I have taken, and consider it as originating solely in the idea that the arrangement I have proposed might be a mutual accomodation to us and ultimately be advantageous to Francis—In the event of exchange it would suit my arrangements to take the Negroes at the end of the year & the stock if you find it can be employed in the mode I have suggested will be immediately at your service.

Francis in his last letter mentions having left Laporte with your approbation—I have stated to him in reply that any arrangement which meets your approbation will not be objected to by me. I enclosed him also a draft on Richmond to meet the expenses attendant on his change of situation and to pay a small balance for 15. days board due Laporte.

With sincere affection & respect

I am yours.

JNO. W. EPPES

THOMAS JEFFERSON ESQ.

MONTICELLO June 30. 20

DEAR SIR

I am become quite delinquent in epistolary correspondence. my right wrist from an antient dislocation, grows now so stiff, as to render writing a slow and painful operation, and has produced an aversion to the pen almost insuperable. I go therefore to the writing table under the spur of necessity alone. The delay in the opening of our seminary in this neighborhood has proceeded entirely from it's conversion into a general and public University, instead of a local & private college. the latter would have been ready and opened two years ago. the general institution requires more extensive preparation. the legislature, at their last session authorised us to borrow 60,000.D. on the pledge of our own funds, that is, of the annual public donation of 15,000. D. we have accordingly done so, and have so made our contracts as to ensure the completion of the whole of our buildings for the accomodation of Professors & students by autumn 12-month. this secures ultimately, and independently of all change of opinion an institution on a full scale embracing the whole circle of sciences ; and we consider a compleat, tho' later institution, as preferable to an earlier, but defective one. if the legislature leaves us to repay our loan from our own funds they will be tied up for this object for 5 years to come : and so long all the buildings will remain empty and idle, & a standing mark of regret and reproach to those whose fault it will be. but we believe it impossible that this will be permitted either by the nation or it's representatives. and we have no doubt that this state of things being reported to them, as it will be at their next session, they will remit the loan, and the more readily as it is from the literary fund we have obtained it, a fund ready raised, appropriated by law to the purpose of education, and therefore legitimately applied to the establishment of an University. in this

* By the failure in 1819 of the extensive business schemes of his friend, Wilson Cary Nicholas, former Governor of the State, for whom he had endorsed to the extent of $20,000, Mr. Jefferson's financial ruin was rendered inevitable.

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event our funds will be liberated on the 1st day of Jan. next; and we shall then immediately take measures to procure our professors, which can certainly be done by autumn 12 month (1821) and the institution then be opened. if this takes place, which will be known early in the next session, then what I have thought best with respect to the object of our mutual care, Francis, is that he shall employ the intervening time in compleating himself in the antient languages with Stack, and the mathematics with Ragland,* an associate with Stack, & adequate to this object: and he already possesses the modern languages. with these acquisitions, he will enter the University fall 12 month for Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, natural history & Rhetoric, & finish them by the close of 22. this will be as compleat a course of education as the circumstances of our country call for, adding to it after he leaves the University, ethics, history (and Law, if you please,) which can as well be acquired in his closet, as at an University. this is a view of one branch of our dilemma, that which supposes a remission of our debt by the legislature. let us now view the second possibility, that the University is to be locked up until our loan is redeemed by our own funds, which would remove the opening the University until beyond Francis's time. After getting antient languages from Stack, and Mathematics from Ragland, he will want Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, chemistry, nat'l history and Rhetoric. Where must he go for them? on the subject of Eastern seminaries and Eastern character, I concur entirely with you. Francis's honorable mind, his fine disposition and high promise ought not to be exposed to infection from the fanaticism, the hypocrisy, the selfish morals, and crooked politics of the East. nor would the half way science of that quarter be equal to what he can get from a single character who happens to be in the South. for Nat'l philosophy, chemistry, nat'l history, no man in the US. is equal to Cooper,† now professor of the College of Columbia S.C. he has more science in his single head than all the Colleges of New England New Jersey, and I may add Virginia put together. and I doubt not there are other professors there, as adequate as elsewhere to astronomy and Rhetoric, which would not be within Cooper's line. Columbia you know is in the center of S.C. a hilly & healthy country; and the state of society and morals there very much as our own, and much indeed of the society is of our own emigrated countrymen. should therefore the legislature leave our own establishment at a stand, I know no place so worthy of recommendation as Columbia. But there is a 3d possibility which must be thought of also. it is very possible that Stack's school may dissolve itself, by losing it's younger boys, and some even of the larger, who need more discipline than he has nerve to enforce, and who may therefore be withdrawn by their parents. in that case Columbia I think should be our immediate choice. these are my views on the subject of your enquiry, which I submit for your consideration. I will write to Cooper immediately to know the state of the sciences in that college (not within his line) and the terms of tuition & board.

My commitment for Mr. Nicholas is still of uncertain issue. if a compromise, now in negociation, succeeds, of which it is said there is a good prospect, I shall be saved by the time it provides for the disposal of his estate as well as for the preference of bona fide creditors. 3 or 4 of the shavers only have held off, and it is believed they are now disposed to concur. This will be known in a few days. if this compromise fails it is very possible

* *Thomas Ragland*, a native of Hanover County, Va., was a young man of much intellectual promise, who had been a cadet at West Point, where he distinguished himself in his studies, more especially in mathematics; but unfortunately, being a youth of high mettle, he had sent a challenge to a fellow-student, and for this he was court-martialed and expelled in 1819. Being a favorite with his classmates, they memorialized Congress in his behalf, but in vain. Coming at this juncture under the notice of Mr. Jefferson, who entertained a high opinion of his abilities, he was induced to associate himself with Mr. Stack, to conduct the department of mathematics in the new academy at Charlottesville. He died there a few years afterward of smallpox.

† *Dr. Thomas Cooper (1756-1840)*. Born in London. A man of great genius and learning and an alumnus of Oxford, who afterward studied law, devoting at the same time considerable attention to medicine and the natural sciences. Upon being admitted to the bar, he took an active part in politics. He afterward studied chemistry in France, and in 1795 followed his friend Dr. Joseph Priestly to America, where he practised law in Pennsylvania, and becoming a strong democrat attacked the administration of Adams in 1799. This led to his being tried under the Alien and Sedition Act, and he was sentenced to six months imprisonment with a fine of $400. He held the chair of Chemistry in Dickinson College, 1811 to 1814, and the same in the University of Pennsylvania 1816 to 1819. From 1819 to 1840 he was professor in the College of South Carolina, of which he was president from 1820 to 1834, and on his retirement the revision of the statutes of the State was confided to him.

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I may have to advance the money, and not certain that I shall be ever reimbursed. besides this I have considerable debts of my own, which the fall of produce, likely to be permanent, forbids me to count on paying from annual crops. I had therefore proposed to begin to prepare for these cases by selling some lands; having scruples about selling negroes but for delinquency, or on their own request. but your proposition gets me over these scruples as it is in fact to keep them in the family. and on that ground it will be acceptable, and indeed desirable, with some necessary modification. for the negroes here being under engagement for 3 or 4 years to come, the sale must be from those in Bedford only. but there I could not part with 10 men without breaking up my plantations. I would spare 20 negroes in all from those plantations, men, women and children in the usual proportions: and I should think it really more advantageous for Francis than all men. I know no error more consuming to an estate than that of stocking farms with men almost exclusively. I consider a woman who brings a child every two years a more profitable than the best man of the farm. What she produces is an addition to the capital, while his labors disappear in mere consumption. the agreement you propose therefore, with this modification would be really acceptable to me, and more salutary for my affairs than to sell land only. the selection of the individuals should be made with a fair and favorable eye to the interests of Francis, the valuation left to any good and unconnected judges.

With respect to the lands in Bedford,* those designated on a former occasion to you at the South end of the tract, are not of the quality I expected. I had never at that time seen them, and was guided in their allotment by information from others, and the consideration that those given to Mr. Randolph being in the North, it would be better to hold in the middle of the tract those reserved for future appropriation. but having repeated opportunities afterwards of examining the lands I found the quality not what I had supposed. I determined therefore to substitute a better portion; and on that I have built a house exactly on the plan once thought of for Pantops,† and intended from the beginning for Francis: and I have always purposed, as soon as he should come of age, to put him into possession of the house and a portion of land including it, of which there is a sufficiency of open fields in good heart, and a large body of woodlands adjacent of the best quality and lying well; for some of which two years ago, I was assured I might have 100. D. an acre if I would part with it. this disposition therefore you may consider as fixed, and may accomodate to it the provisions for him you may propose yourself. the beauty and healthiness of that country, his familiarity with it and it's society will I am sure make it an agreeable residence to him. If you should conclude to accede to my proposition, let me hear from you as soon as convenient, and immediately after the meeting of our visitors on the 2d of October, I shall be happy to meet you at Poplar Forest and carry the arrangement into execution.

In your letter of Feb. 6 you were so kind as to propose that we shd remove to Poplar Forest the harpsicord of Millbrook, where you observed it was not in use. it would certainly be a relief to the heavy hours of that place to Martha and the girls. this offer therefore is thankfully accepted on the supposition it is not used where it is, and on the condition that we hold and leave it in it's new position in the hands of Francis, subject to your orders. on this ground I will take some occasion of sending a waggon for it's transportation. In the meantime is it impossible that Mrs Eppes yourself and family should pay a visit to Monticello where we could not be made happier than by seeing you. it is a little over a day's journey whether by New Canton or Buckingham C.H. the former being the best road. and our University is now so far advanced as to be worth seeing. it exhibits already the appearance of a beautiful Academical village, of the finest models of building and of classical architecture, in the U S. it begins to be much visited by strangers and admired by all,

* "Poplar Forest," Jefferson's estate in Bedford, contained 4,627 acres, 1,000 of which he had conveyed to his son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph.

† An estate of 820 acres, on a commanding eminence, across the Rivanna, opposite Monticello.

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for the beauty, originality and convenience of the plans. by autumn 3 ranges of buildings will be erected 600 f. long, with colonnades and arcades of the same length in front for communication below, and terrasses of the same extent for communication above: and by the fall of the next year, a 4th range will be done, which compleats the whole (the Library excepted) and will form an establishment of 10. Pavilions for professors, 6. hotels or boarding houses, and 100 Dormitories. these will have cost in the whole about 130,000 D. there will remain then nothing to be added at present but a building for the Library of about 40,000. D. cost. all this is surely worth a journey of 50. miles, and requires no effort but to think you can do it, and it is done. think so then, and give that gratification to the sincere affection with which I salute you.

TH. JEFFERSON.

JOHN W. EPPES, ESQ.

[The two following letters passed between Mr. Jefferson and Wilson J. Cary* with reference to the Mr. Stack mentioned in the above letter:

MONTICELLO. May 4. 1819

DEAR SIR:

Doctr. Cooper, himself probably the best classical scholar in the U. S., had from the first proposition of our college, recommended a *Mr. Stack* as the best classical teacher in America, and worthy of our professorship. It having been found that the University could not be opened for some time yet, I thought it desirable to get a classical school opened immediately in Charlottesville, as a nursery to prepare subjects to be ready to enter into the University, as soon as it commences, and invited Mr. Stack to come on and undertake such an establishment. He is arrived and will open his school immediately (say this week) which will be overflowing. I think there were 20 offered yesterday at our court in the space of a few hours, as it became known in the court-yard. His tuition fees are 30 D. a year, and board may probably be had in Charlottesville at about 120 D. One vacation only in the year, from the middle of December to the end of January. As I believe it impossible to place *Wilson* so advantageously in the U. S, I wished to give you notice of it, & not to lose a day in bringing him on, as his school will be filled at once. I salute Mrs. Cary & yourself with sincere affection

TH: JEFFERSON.

MR. CARY.

Letter of Wilson Jefferson Cary to Mr. Jefferson.

CARYSBROOK May 7. 1819

DEAR SIR:

I am just informed by General Cocke that *Mr. Stack*, a gentleman from Philadelphia, has been induced to come on to Charlottesville to establish a grammar-school in that place. Being anxious to obtain for my son *Wilson Miles*, the advantage of a teacher, who comes so highly recommended, I lose no time in requesting the favor of you to enter him as a scholar, and to engage board for him, if possible, with *Mr. Laporte*, in whose family, he will, I hope, have an opportunity of acquiring the French language, while he is carrying on his classical education. I should be highly obliged by a line from you, stating the terms of board and tuition,—whether Mr. Stack proposes to add any other branches of education (such as geography and arithmetic) to his classical course,—and particularly when the school will commence.

I am dear Sir

With the highest respect & regard

WILSON J: CARY.]

MONTICELLO July 29. 20

DEAR SIR

In my letter of June 30. I informed you I would write to Dr. Cooper for information as to the state and expences of education at Columbia, S. C. I will quote his answer in his own words. "I am not fully prepared to answer your queries as to the expence of education at the S. Carolina college, but I have always understood it was very cheap, not exceeding 250.D. for the session of nine months. the particulars I do not know. boarding in college is I believe 3 1/2 D per week paid in advance. There is a tutor in Rhetoric and Metaphysics, one in logic, & ethics, a classical tutor, a teacher of

* A great-nephew.

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mathematics, natural philosophy & astronomy, who I belive will be mr Nulty, and a teacher of Chemistry. the principal, Dr. Maxey is dead and I am in hopes mr Stephen Elliott of Charleston will succeed him. if they send for a person from New England, as the fashion is, I shall be strongly inclined to resign. I greatly dislike this combination of character which promises little better than a mixture of cunning, sciolism, canting and bigotry? so far Dr. Cooper. [See also Jefferson to Cooper, August 14, 1820.] Mr. Correa, who is now here, informs me that mr. Elliott* (1771–1830) is the first character in the U. S. for botany & Natural history; and I have the best information that Nulty is next to Bowditch as a mathematician. here then is exactly what we want for Francis. Cooper for chemistry & geology, Nulty for nat. philos. astronomy, mathematics, Elliott for Botany & Nat. history, and a school of Rhetoric. there can be nothing equal to this in the U. S. It is believed that Stack will quit in October, and the Columbia session commences I believe in that month. and within a 12 month from that time our university will open, if the legislature does what is expected. the society at Columbia is said to be not numerous, but polite, liberal and good ; a mixture of Virginians and S. Carolinians. there is a teacher of languages, mathematics Etc. come to this neighborhood and established half a dozen miles from here. he is from Edinburgh, but as yet I know nothing of him. but Genl. Cocke† has established a Seminary at his house opposite New Canton. there he has a professor of classics, Richardson, said to be a good one, a teacher of Mathematics and a 3d. of Modern languages. there can be no doubt it will be correctly conducted under the General's controul, and I think it is probably the best and safest for young pupils, now in the state. it would probably be a desirable one for your younger sons.‡

One of the propositions in your letter of the 8th. inst. is so exactly suited to my situation and feelings on the subject of the negroes for Francis, that I cannot hesitate a moment to accede to it. it is that which proposes to loan me the stock you mean to lay out in this way, to be paid for two years hence in negroes, without having moved them at all from their present settlements. in this way they will continue undisturbed where they have always been, without separation from their families, and pass with the ground they stand on, without being sensible of the transition from one master to another. the benefit of the intermediate loan too will be a present and great relief to me, from the pressure of debts which 2. or 3. years of short crops & short prices have accumulated and for which the distress of the time occasions those to whom they are due to be very importunate. I accept it therefore willingly, and undertake that any sum (as 6000 D. for instance) with it's interest, shall be paid for two years hence in negroes from my Bedford estate, to be fairly chosen and valued by disinterested persons, of men, women & children in the usual proportions, excluding superannuation. I think this much better too for Francis, for were they all to be present laborers, without young ones to come on in succession, he would be apt, as most of us would to look on that as his regular sum of labor and income, and fix his habitual expences by that standard, without considering that his standard would be lessening by the progressing ages and deaths of his laborers, leaving no successors to supply their places. and I have observed that young negroes from 12. or 13. years of age, and women also, are of real value in the farm, where there is abundance to be done of what they can do, and which otherwise would employ men. this arrangement has the further advantage that by two years hence property will have settled down to the value it is to hold hereafter ; whereas value at this time is totally unsettled, and so much a matter of guess-work, that no two judgments fix in the same notch, and not often in sight of one another.

I will add an assurance that I shall carry into the execution of this transaction all the disinterested affection and anxiety for Francis, which you could yourself. your answer therefore may close

* Of the distinguished South Carolina family of that name—a graduate of Yale and father of Stephen Elliott, first Bishop of Georgia.

† *General John Hartwell Cocke* (1780–1866), of "Bremo" on the James in Fluvanna—a very wealthy planter, General in the War of 1812 in command of forces in defence of Richmond, and one of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia.

‡ Willie Jones and John Wayles Eppes.

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this agreement finally on your part, as this letter is meant to do on mine; and if it is given immediately, it will reach me here before my departure for Bedford, which will be within a fortnight or a little over, and in that case I may probably take Millbrook in my way. Francis is here and in perfect health; Wayles is here also just relieved from a fever of some days. we all join in salutations to mrs. Eppes and family and in affectionate respects to yourself.

TH. JEFFERSON

P. S. Since writing this Francis tells me his brothers are but 6. or 8. years old. The Bremo Seminary recieves none under ten.

J. W. EPPES.

MONTICELLO Jan. 1822.

DEAR SIR

I send a small cart and box for the books, state papers etc you were so kind as to lend me. I possess the journals of the old Congress; and I have no need of the public accounts mentioned in your list. the information I need is generally from 1789 to 1809. and nothing at all after 1809. I will specify at the end of my letter the particular titles of what I wish to receive as they are expressed in your list; and whatever I receive shall be carefully kept separate from my own and faithfully returned. but altho' I am proposing to myself to enter on this business,* I have not much confidence that I shall be permitted to go through with it. age is an obstacle, but not the most formidable one. it is the oppressive corresspondence with which I am so cruelly burthened, a correspondence in no wise concerning myself, or of any interest to me. I had the curiosity a few days ago to count the number of letters I receive in a year, taking one at random. the number was 1267, nearly all requiring answers, and a great part of them elaborate answers & of much research. judge then what time these will allow me for what I propose, and that too in broken scraps, the mere offal of my time. still I try to do what these will admit.

Your proposition, dear Sir, of an exchange of territories is beyond the powers of my mind or body. it would be an enterprise too bold and gigantic for one near the entrance of his 80th year. to break up plantations move all hands, bag & baggage, stock and all, to a new & distant settlement, would be like beginning the world anew to one who is just going out of it. I should never live to see things under way again: and in the mean time crops would be lost which I could illy spare. I am without a fear, in the 1st place that you will not live long enough to see your family of age to take care of themselves; & even should Francis's care be necessary for them, the communication between Bedford and Millbrook is so short & good as to make it quite easy. it is not more than 13. or 14. hours drive, say of a day & a piece of a morning or evening, I have conveyed too 1000 a. of my land there in trust to the bank of the US. as a security for my unfortunate engagement for Colo. Nicholas; and altho' I have pretty well founded expectations of being cleared of that, the liability of the land must continue until the actual discharge of the debt.—I shall not be able to pay you your interest, now due, of the 1st year until I get my tobo. down from Bedford which will not be until April. it shall then be paid by an order on Richmond.

I send Mrs Eppes 2. trees of the most beautiful kinds known. the tallest is the *silk tree* from Asia. it will require housing about 2 years more & will then bear the open air safely. the mother tree growing here, about 15. years old and 25. f. high & still growing vigorously has stood winters which have killed my Azederacs & mulberries. the other is the celebrated *Bow wood* of louisiana which may be planted in the spring where it is to stand as it bears our climate perfectly. it bears a fruit of the size and appearance of an orange, but not eatable.

Jan. 17. this letter has been written so far, many days, but the severe weather we have had has prevented my sending off the cart until now. with my respects to Mrs Eppes accept my affectionate attachment and respect.

TH. JEFFERSON

Journals of the Senate & H. of R. of the 8th. 9th. & 10th Congress

Public papers laid before the 8th. 9th. & 10th Congress

* Writing his "Biographical Memoir."

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American State papers 1789-1809.

Documents on the subject of Foreign relations.

American Senator. Debates of 98, 99.

Any newspapers you may have from 1789 to 1809.

JOHN W. EPPES.

MONTICELLO July 28. 22

DEAR SIR

I learn with sincere regret the continuence of your ill health,* placing at the same time much reliance on the vis vitæ at your time of life, which is quite sufficient to promise a restoration of order to the system. the benefit you received from the springs the last year encourages confidence in a repetition of the experiment. I think with you that it has been unlucky that Francis so early adopted views of marriage.† the European period of full age at 25. years is certainly more conformable with the natural maturity of the body and mind of man than ours of 21. The interruption of studies and filling our houses with children are the consequences of our habits of early marriage. yet, being a case not under the jurisdiction of reason, we must acquiesce and make the best of it. he could at no period have chosen a more amiable companion, or one better educated and he gives me strong assurances that it shall occasion but little interruption to his studies. he will be accomodated, whenever he pleases with the house at Poplar Forest and a plantation around it sufficient for the force he may have; stating to him at the same time that I must make no deed of any part of my property, while my commitment for mr. Nicholas is hanging over my head; as the indulgence of the bank would probably be withdrawn were their security in the extent of my possessions to be brought into suspicion. the land which I formerly proposed to you, with which I was not then acquainted, I found on subsequent examination was very inferior. a little of it was good but the main body of it run down into the barrens of the waterlick. that now destined for him is a part of the old Forest, and every part of it good. indeed the house itself is worth more than the whole of the other land. I have thought it a matter for consideration with Francis, whether he had not better divide his time among his friends for the first twelve month, in order to get a year before hand to have a crop, stock and provisions etc. before he incurs the expences of housekeeping, assuring him that the greater share he gives us of his time, the greater will be our gratification. yet all this must be left to the inclinations of the young people themselves, and our affections will of course bend us to their gratification. with my respects to mrs. Eppes, and sincere prayers for the restoration of your health, be assured of my constant & affectionate attachment.

TH. JEFFERSON

JOHN W. EPPES, ESQ.

* *Mr. J. W. Eppes* died September 15, 1823.

† *Francis Eppes* married, November 28, 1822, his cousin, Mary Elizabeth Cleland Randolph, daughter of Thomas Eston Randolph, who was a nephew of Mr. Jefferson's mother.

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THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXVI

A YEAR later, in the early days of spring and the closing weeks of the next State Assembly, Carleton Howard and his son Paul sat conversing in Mrs. Wilson's study. They had been dining with her, and on rising from table she had invited them to keep her company in her private apartment while she busied herself with matters incident to the entertainment she was to give in a little more than a week to the members of the American Society for the Discussion of Social Problems, as the crowning festivity to its four days' meeting in Benham.

Mrs. Wilson was elated over the opportunity to mingle the thoughtful people of the country—some of whom, as seen at annual meetings of the society elsewhere, appeared to her to have cultivated intellectual aptness at the expense of the graces of life—and Benham's fashionable coterie. She reasoned that the experience would be stimulating for both, and with her secretary at her elbow she was absorbed in planning various features to give distinction to the event. Her hospitality, from one point of view, would not be the first of its kind in the annals of the society, for at each of the last two meetings—the one in Chicago, the other in St. Louis—there had been an attempt to entertain the members more lavishly than hitherto. So in a sense she felt herself on her mettle to set before her visitors the best which Benham afforded, and so effectively as to eclipse the past and at the same time bring a little nearer that appropriate blending between beauty and wisdom to which she looked forward as an ultimate social aim.

She had been of many minds as to what form her entertainment should take, and had finally settled on this programme: Dinner was to be served at her house to the seventy-five visiting and resident members and a sprinkling of Benham's most socially gifted spirits, at little tables holding six or eight. A reception was to follow, to which the rest of her acquaintance was invited to meet the investigators of social problems. At this there was to be a vaudeville performance by artists from New York, after which, before supper, six of Benham's prettiest and most fashionable girls were to pass around, as keepsakes for the visitors, silver ornaments reminiscent of Benham in their shape or design. Mrs. Wilson was not wholly satisfied with this programme; she was conscious that it lacked complete novelty and was not æsthetically so convincing as some of her previous efforts; but considering the numbers to be fed—and she was determined that these thoughtful pilgrims should taste delicious food faultlessly served for once in their lives—she could think of no more subtle form of hospitality which would give them the opportunity to realize the artistic significance of her establishment.

There were so many things to be attended to, a portion of which occurred to her on the spur of the moment, that Mrs. Wilson had requested her secretary to make long working hours, and occasionally, as on this day, to protract them through the evening. Constance was at her desk in the room appropriated to her use, which led out of Mrs. Wilson's study. The door was open, and where she sat it was easy to distinguish the conversation which went on there. When Mrs. Wilson needed her she touched a silver bell far more melodious in its tone than the squeak of electric communication. Constance had already exchanged greetings with her employer's brother and nephew, whose random dialogue, broken by the digestive pauses which are apt to occur after a good dinner, provided a cosey stimulus to Mrs. Wilson's musings. Mrs. Wilson enjoyed the feeling that she was in the bosom of her

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family, and that, at the same time, absorbed in her cogitations, she need give no more than a careless ear to the talk of railroad earnings and other purely masculine concerns. She was pleased too by the knowledge that Lucille was coming in a few days to pay her a visit, bringing her granddaughter and the new Nicholson baby, a boy. Her new son-in-law also was coming, and she could not help feeling elated at the prospect of letting Benham see that the marriage which ought to have been a failure had turned out surprisingly well, and that her daughter was a reputable and somewhat elegant figure in society—not exactly the woman she had meant her to be, but immeasurably superior to what she had at one time feared. She was aware in her heart that logically, according to her standards, Lucille was not a person to be made much of socially, and yet she intended her and her husband to be a feature of her entertainment, and she felt sure that her acquaintances would regard them as such. Though the inconsistency troubled her, inducing, if she stopped to think, spiritual qualms, maternal instinct jealously stifled reflection, and, furthermore, pursuing its natural bent, was rejoicing in the opportunity. Once, when interrogated sharply by conscience, in the watches of the night, she had satisfied her intelligence by answering back that her behavior was ostrich-like but human. Since the rest of her world failed to turn a cold shoulder on Lucille, was it for her to withhold the welcome befitting an only child?

Paul Howard was now a Congressman-elect. His canvass for the nomination the previous autumn had been successful, and the rumors in circulation as to the sum which he had paid over to his manager to accomplish this result by methods more or less savoring of bribery were still rife. These had reached Paul's ears, and he was unable to deny that the most sensational figures were far in excess of the actual truth. Concerning the rest of the indictment, he could say literally that he knew nothing definite. He had drawn checks and asked no questions. But in his secret soul he had no doubts as to its substantial accuracy, and after the first flush of victory was over the edge of his self-satisfaction had been dulled by regret at the moral price which he had been obliged to pay in order to become a Congressman. Yet he had comforted himself with the thought that otherwise he could not have won the nomination, and that he intended to become an exemplary and useful member. So by this time he had ceased to dwell on the irretrievable and was enjoying the consciousness that he was to go to Washington, where he hoped to make his mark. Who could tell? With his means and popularity he might eventually become a United States Senator, or secure some desirable diplomatic appointment.

Paul had been spending a few days in New York, and personal business matters formed at first the topic of conversation between the two men. When presently the younger inquired if anything of general interest had happened in Benham during his absence, his father frowned and said:

"That man Perry is pressing his socialistic legacy tax bill."

Paul looked interested. He understood the allusion, for shortly previous to his departure for New York, in consequence of his father's animadversions, he had taken occasion to see Gordon and to discuss the question with him.

"I object to the principle; it's an entering wedge," continued Mr. Howard. "When you say that because I leave a larger estate than you, my estate shall pay a larger proportionate tax than yours, you confiscate property. It is only another step to make the ratio of increase such that after a certain sum all will be appropriated by the state. It would be a blow at individual enterprise, and so at the stability of the family. If you deprive men of the right to accumulate and to leave to their children the full fruits of their industry and brains, you take away the great incentive to surmount obstacles and to excel."

The banker in broaching the subject had uttered Gordon's name with denunciatory clearness, so that Constance heard it distinctly. Her spirit rose in protest at the condemning tone, and she paused in her occupation to listen. As Mr. Howard proceeded she recognized the character of his grievance. In the last letter Gordon had written her, now more than a month previous, he had mentioned the fact that he was interested in the success of what he termed the progressive legacy tax bill, and she had closely followed its course in the legislature. She knew that the committee

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to which it was referred had reported in its favor by a majority of one; she had also gathered, from what she read in the newspapers, that it was regarded as the most important public measure of the session, and was to be hotly debated. While she sought to smother her personal feelings, so that she might give due consideration to Mr Howard's argument, he paused, and Paul's voice retorted:

"I mentioned the one hundred per cent. argument to Gordon Perry, and he smiled at it. He said that so unreasonable and oppressive an extreme was out of the question, and a mere bogy."

"Will he guarantee it?" demanded the banker sternly. "He cannot; he can answer only for the legislative body of which he is a member. If the present bill passes, why may not an Assembly twenty-five years hence declare that the public good—meaning the necessary tax levy for the expenses of an extravagant socialistic republic—demands that all which any man dies possessed of in excess of half a million dollars should, by the operation of a sliding scale of percentage, be confiscated by the state?"

"But on the other hand is it really unjust to tax the estate of one who dies possessed of a fortune larger than is sufficient to satisfy every craving of his heirs, considerably more in proportion than that of the citizen of moderate means whose children need every dollar? That is what Don Perry would answer. Moreover, this bill is tolerably easy on the children of the rich, is rather more severe on brothers and sisters than on lineal descendants, and so on through the family tree. The people who inherit millions from a cousin are scarcely to be pitied if the state steps in and takes a respectable slice."

"To hear you talk one would imagine you were a supporter of the measure," said his father haughtily, recognizing Paul's proclivity to take the opposite side of an argument, but evidently regarding the subject as too serious for economic philandering.

Paul laughed. "I suppose I should vote against it on general principles—meaning that it's best to hold on to what one has as long as possible. But it's one of the sanest attempts to get at the surplus accumulations of the prosperous for the benefit of everybody else which has thus far been devised. Indeed, we're not pioneers in this—in fact, rather behind the times as a democratic nation. It has been introduced already with success, for instance, in the republic of Switzerland, and in Australia and New Zealand."

Mr. Howard made a gesture of impatience. "Very likely. The two last named countries are the hot-bed of socialistic experiments. Will you tell me," he added with slow emphasis, "what society is to gain by disintegrating large fortunes acquired by energy and thrift? I myself have given away three million dollars for hospitals, libraries, and educational endowments in the last ten years. Will the state make a better use of the surplus, as you call it?"

"The trouble is, father, that some multimillionnaires are less generous than you. Evidently the state is of the opinion that the returns would foot up larger under a compulsory law than under the present voluntary system."

"Up to this time personal individuality has been the distinguishing trait of the American people. I believe that the nation has too much sense to sacrifice the rights of the individual to——"

He paused, seeking the fit phrase to express his meaning, and was glibly anticipated by Paul.

"To the envious demands of the mob. That is one way of putting it. Gordon Perry's statement would be that society has reached the point where the so-called vested rights of the individual must now and again be sacrificed on the altar of the common good, and that a moderate bill like this is the modern scientific method of rehabilitating the meaning of the word justice."

Unable to see the disputants, but listening with all her ears, Constance recognized the argument. The common good! Here was the same issue between the individual on one side and the community on the other; and this time Gordon was the champion of the state against the individual. Clearly he acknowledged the obligation—the soundness of the principle provided that the sacrifice would redound to the benefit of civilization. Yet the same mind which demanded a progressive legacy tax bill in the name of human justice rejected an inflexible mandate against remarriage as a cruel infringement on the rights of two souls as against the world. There could be only one explanation of the inconsistency: namely, that he

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believed profoundly that such a mandate was not for the common good. She knew this already, yet somehow its presentation in this parallel form struck her imagination. While thus she mused Constance heard Mr. Howard say in response to Paul's last sally:

"I request that you will not entrust to that y ung man any more of the firm's business. I prefer an attorney with less speculative ambitions."

Paul laughed again. "As you will, father. Gordon Perry has all the practice he can attend to without ours. He is hopelessly on his feet so far as our disapproval —or even a boycott—is concerned."

"And his bill will not pass," said the banker with the concise assurance of one who knows whereof he is speaking, and is conscious of reserve power. "I have sent for the chairman of our State Committee."

"If the party is against it, you know I am a good party man, father."

"It isn't a question of party. It goes deeper than that; it's fundamental. I've arranged for a conference——"

At this point Mr. Howard saw fit to lower his voice. It was evident to Constance that he was imparting secrets, and revealing the machinations by which he expected to defeat or side-track the obnoxious measure. If only she could hear and warn Gordon! But what they said was no longer audible. The men's talk had dropped to an inarticulate murmur, which continued for a few moments, and then was interrupted by Mrs. Wilson's dulcet tones. The change of key had attracted her attention, which already in subconsciousness had followed the thread of the dialogue, though her deliberate thoughts were far away.

"I have been listening to you two people," she said aloud, "and it is an interesting theme. I agree with you, my dear Paul, academically; as an eventual sociological development the surplus should be appropriated for the public good. But I wonder if we are quite ready for it yet. In other words, can the community—the state—the mass be trusted to administer the revenues thus acquired so as to produce more wholesome and beneficent results for the general weal than are now being fostered by the wealthy and enlightened humanitarian few under the existing laws? In the present stage of our civilization might not the standards of efficiency be lowered by such a policy, and the true development of art and beauty be arrested? There is my doubt."

Her brother's response had the ring of an epigram. "To the end of time, Miriam, human affairs must be managed by the capable few, or the many will suffer. If you deprive able men of the power of accumulation, the price of bread will soon be dearer."

"And what the many hope for sooner or later is free champagne," remarked Paul.

Neither of his elders replied to this quizzical utterance, and there was a brief silence. Then Mrs. Wilson stepped to the doorway of the anteroom and told Constance that she did not require her services further that evening. She had suddenly remembered the former intimacy between her secretary and the protagonist of the bill.

For the next week Constance diligently studied the newspapers for information in regard to the mooted measure. The entire community seemed suddenly aroused to the significance of the issue, and the daily press teemed with reading matter in relation thereto. The debate on the occasion of the second reading of the bill was the most protracted and earnest of the session. As Mr. Howard had intimated, it was not strictly a party measure; that is, it found advocates and opponents among the members of each of the two great political parties; only the so-called socialistic contingent gave it undivided support. But developments soon revealed that nearly all the conservative, eminently respectable members of the party to which Mr. Carleton Howard belonged, were lining up in opposition to the bill on one plea or another. It was denounced by some as dangerous, by others as unconstitutional; numerous amendments were offered in order to kill it by exaggerating its radical features or to render it innocuous. Constance imagined that she could discern the master hand of the banker in the fluctuations of sentiment, in some of the editorials, and in the solemn resolutions of certain commercial bodies.

It was at the third reading of the bill that Gordon made his great speech—great from the point of view of the friends of the measure, because it set forth without undue excitement and superfluous oratory the essential soundness and justice of their cause. A packed house listened in absorbed

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silence to the forceful, concise presentation. On the morrow the rival merits of the controversy were still more eagerly bruited throughout the State. Constance could restrain herself no longer. Her lover was being stigmatized by the lips of many as an enemy of established society, yet she must not go to him and show her admiration and her faith. But she would write—just a line to let him know that she understood what he was attempting, and that she was on his side in the struggle for the common good against individualism and the pride of wealth. By way of answer there came next day merely a bunch of forget-me-nots addressed to her in his handwriting. She pressed the dainty yet humble flowers to her lips, then placed them in her breast. They seemed to express better than the pomp of roses his steadfast allegiance to her and to humanity.

The days of the debate were those just preceding the coming of the pilgrims belonging to the Society for the Discussion of Social Problems. Constance's most formal duties in connection therewith had already been performed, but Mrs. Wilson kept her constantly at hand lest new ideas should occur to her or emergencies arise. Besides there were numerous minor details relating to the august entertainment on the final evening which demanded supervision. Constance was very busy, but in her heart the query was ever rising, Will he win? She had learned that the bill had been put over for three days, and that the vote on its passage was to be taken on the date of Mrs. Wilson's festivity, probably in the late afternoon, as there was certain to be further discussion before the roll was called.

The four days' exercises of the Society consisted of the reading of papers on current national problems, one series in the morning, another in the evening, with opportunities for general comment. The afternoons were devoted to recreation and the visiting of points of local interest, such as the oil yards, pork factories, and other commercial plants across the Nye to which Benham owed its growth and vitality; to Wetmore College, the institution of learning for the higher education of women; and to the new public library and Silas S. Parsons free hospital. Mrs. Wilson was an absorbed and prominent figure at all the meetings. She had no paper of her own to read, but on two occasions she made a few remarks on the topic before the society when the moment for discussion arrived. On the third day, moreover, at the end of the paper on "The Development of Art in the United States," the president rose and made the announcement of a gift of five hundred thousand dollars from Mrs. Randolph Wilson and her brother for the erection of a Free Art Museum for Benham on the land already bonded by the city. Constance had the satisfaction of hearing the applause which greeted the declaration of this splendid endowment. Mrs. Wilson had made it possible for her to attend several of the meetings as educational opportunities, but she had received no inkling of this interesting secret.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, that fixed for the entertainment and for the ballot on Gordon's bill, Constance was informed by the butler that there was a woman below who desired to see her. The man's manner prompted her to make some inquiry, and she learned that the visitor was Loretta Davis; that she had asked first for Mrs. Wilson, and on being told that she was out had asked for herself. The servant volunteered the further information that she appeared to be in a disorderly condition, and that, but for his mistress's special interest in her, he would not have admitted her to the house.

Constance went down stairs excited that the wanderer had returned, yet reflecting that she had chosen a most untimely date for her reappearance. She said to herself that she would take a cab, bundle Loretta off to Lincoln Chambers, and conceal the fact of her presence in Benham from Mrs. Wilson until the following day. As she entered the small reception room, she was shocked by Loretta's appearance. She looked as though she had lived ten years in one. Her cheeks were sunken, her eyes unnaturally bright, and her face wore the aspect of degenerate dissipation. She was more conspicuously dressed than her circumstances warranted, and her clothes appeared crumpled. But her air was jaunty, and she met Constance's solicitous greeting with an appalling gaiety.

"Well, I'm back again. I hear you've been hunting for me. I suppose you'll want to know all about it, so I might as

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well tell you my money's gone. Some of it I lent to my friend—him I went back to —and the rest is spent. We've been in Chicago and New York, and—and I've had the time of my life."

She evidently hoped to shock Constance by this bravado; but distressed as the latter was by the painful levity, she took for granted that Loretta was not herself, and that though her speech was fluent she was under the influence of some stimulant, presumably the drug which Dr. Dale had specified. While she was wondering how to deal with the situation and what could be the object of Loretta's visit, the latter supplied the solution to her second quandary.

"I've seen all about the big party she's giving to-night. That's why I've come." She paused a moment, then continued in a cunning whisper, as though she were afraid of unfriendly ears: "I want to get a chance to see it—the folk, I mean, and the smart dresses. Lord sake," she added, noticing doubtless the consternation in her hearer's face, "I do believe you thought I was asking to come as one of the four hundred myself. Thanks, but I've left my new ball dress at home. They can tuck me in somewhere behind a curtain; I'd be quiet; or I'd dress as a maid. Manage it for me, Constance, like a decent woman." Her voice cracked a little, and her eyes filled with tears, suggesting a tipsy person. Then suddenly her manner changed; she squared her shoulders and said malevolently, "I'm going to see it anyway. It's a small thing to ask of her who helped to kill my only child."

It was a small thing to ask certainly, absurd as the request seemed. Constance reflected that, inopportune as the application was, the decision, as Loretta had intimated, did not rest with her.

"I will ask Mrs. Wilson, Loretta," she said, to gain time to think. "She will be home before long."

At that moment the lady named entered the room. The butler had told her who her visitor was, and she had not avoided the interview. She had just come from an afternoon tea given in honor of the visiting pilgrims, and was attired in her most elegant costume. Loretta's eyes, as they took in the exquisite details of her appearance, dilated with the interest of fascination, yet their gleam was envious rather than friendly. Beholding the two women face to face, Constance, struck by the contrast, realized that they represented the two poles of the social system; that the one embodied aspiration, the graces of Christian civilization and glittering success, the other self-indulgence, moral decay, and hideous failure. Such were the prizes of deference to, and the penalties of revolt against, the mandates of society! Yet even as she thus reasoned her heart was wrung with intense pity, and it was she who offered herself as a spokesman and laid Loretta's petition before Mrs. Wilson. That lady's face was a study during the brief recital. Bewilderment, horrified repugnance, toleration, and finally hesitating acquiescence succeeded one another as she listened to the strange request and to her secretary's willingness to take charge of her discreditable ward if the permission to remain were granted. Obnoxious as the idea of having such a person in the house at this time of all others appeared to her at first blush, Mrs. Wilson's philanthropic instincts speedily responded to the demand upon them in spite of its obvious and vulgar sensationalism. She, like Constance, found herself asking why she need refuse such a small favor to this unfortunate creature merely because the supplication was so distasteful to her. If Constance were ready to see that she did not make a spectacle of herself, and would keep an eye on her, why, after all, should she not remain? Might not the sight of the brilliant, refined spectacle even serve to reinspire her with respect for the decencies of life? Mrs. Wilson's imagination snatched at the hope. Consent could not possibly do harm to anyone and it might be a means of reclaiming this erring creature.

Constance perceived how her employer's mind was working, and she made the course of acquiescence smooth by saying:

"We will sit together, Mrs. Wilson, where we can see and no one can see us. And in return for your consideration," she added meaningly, "Loretta agrees to conduct herself as a lady—in such a manner as not to offend anyone by her behavior so long as she is in this house."

"Very well," said Mrs. Wilson. "I am very glad to give my permission. You know what Constance means, Loretta?"

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Loretta nodded feverishly. "I shall be all right," she said. She understood that they referred to her habits, and she was willing enough to guarantee good behavior, for she knew that she had the assurance of it in her own pocket—a small hypodermic syringe, the use of which would steady her nerves for the time being. It was with an exultant intention of enjoying herself to the uttermost, and of fooling her hostess to the top of her bent, that after Constance had shown her to a room that she might put herself to rights, Loretta jabbed herself with the needle again and again in pursuit of forbidden transport.

An hour later when Loretta was asleep under the eye of a maid, Constance found time to consider how she could ascertain the result of the ballot, the haunting suspense as to which had kept her heart in her mouth all day. She lay in wait for the evening newspaper, but she ransacked its columns in vain, as she had feared would be the case. Evidently the vote had been taken too late for publication. While she stood in the hall trying to muster courage to call up one of the newspaper offices on the telephone and ask the question—which would assuredly be a piece of impertinence on the part of an unimportant person like herself—she heard the ring of the front door bell. When the butler answered it the commanding figure of Mr. Carleton Howard appeared in the vestibule and from the shadow of the staircase she heard him say with jubilant distinctness, "You will tell Mrs. Wilson, James, that the progressive legacy tax bill was killed this afternoon by a majority of three votes. Reconsideration was asked for and refused; consequently the measure is dead for this session."

Constance experienced that sinking feeling which a great and sudden disappointment is apt to bring. She had taken for granted that Gordon would win; that he would get the better of his opponents in the end, despite their endeavors, and gain a glorious victory for humanity and himself. Instead he had been crushed by his enemies, and was tasting the bitterness of defeat. He would bear it bravely, she did not question that, but how depressing to see the cause in behalf of which all his energies had been enlisted, defeated by the narrowest margin on the very verge of success.

She remained for some moments as though rooted to the spot. As poor Loretta had once said, it is love which makes the world go round, and the world had suddenly stopped for her. She ascended the stairs like one in a trance and closed the door of her room. What would her sympathy profit him? How would it help him to know that her heart bled for him? Such condolence would be only tantalization. What he desired was herself—to possess and cherish in the soul and in the flesh—as the partner of his joys and sorrows, his helpmate and his companion. From where she sat she could behold herself in her mirror the comely embodiment of a woman in her prime, alive with energy and health. He sighed to hold her in his arms, and she would fain kiss away the disappointment of his defeat. Anything short of this would be mockery for him—yes, for her. They were natural mates, for they loved each other with the enthusiasm of mature sympathy. Yet they must go their ways apart, because the Church forbade in the name of Christ for the so-called common good. How could it be for the common good to resist nature, when she knew in her heart that in obeying the law of her being she would feel no sense of shame or blame? On the one side was the fiat of the Church, and on the other the sanction of the people—of human society struggling for light and liberty against superstition and authority. That was Gordon's claim; yet he was no demagogue, no irreverent materialist. What would her own father have said—the country doctor whose sympathy with humanity was so profound? She felt sure that he would have swept aside the Church's argument in such a case as this as untenable. What was it held her back? The taunt that in obeying the law of her being she would be letting go her hold on the highest spiritual life, that most precious ambition of her soul, and forsaking the Christ whose followers had comforted her and lifted her up.

As thus she mused she heard Loretta stirring. She had arranged as a precaution that they should occupy chambers which opened into each other, and it behooved her now to pay attention to her,—to see that she was suitably attired and to supervise her movements. When they were dressed she exhibited to her the large

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dining-room set with little tables, and afforded her a peep at the guests as they swept in. Later Loretta and she looked down from a small balcony filled with plants on the splendid company assembling in the music-room. Her charge was completely absorbed by the pageant, asking at first eager questions which Constance answered with mechanical scrupulousness, for to her in spite of the brilliant scene the world seemed far away, and she still dwelt as in a trance. As soon as Loretta recognized Lucille, who in the most stunning of Parisian gowns was assisting her mother to receive, she became nervously agitated, and after surveying her for a few moments she nudged her companion and said, "What did I tell you? Hasn't her marriage turned out all right, and isn't everybody at her feet? You might be down there with the rest of them to-night, if you'd only taken my advice."

The words brought Constance back to her immediate surroundings, but as she became aware that Loretta was thrusting in her face the fact of Lucille's triumphant presence, she realized that it had already been a significant item in her nebulous consciousness. But she laid her hand gently on the offender's arm and said, "Sh! No matter about that now. Remember your promise." Loretta grunted. She paid heed to the extent of changing her tone to a whisper, but murmured by way of having the last word, "It's unjust that you shouldn't be there; it's unjust." Then she became silent; but every little while during the evening she repeated under her breath the same phrase as though it were a formula.

Constance remembered subsequently that as the evening advanced, Loretta ceased to ask questions and grew strangely silent, seeming to follow with her eyes every movement of Mrs. Wilson, who in a costume of maroon-colored velvet set off by superb jewels and a tiara of large diamonds, swept with easy grace hither and thither in her endeavor as hostess to make the blending between the pilgrims and Benham's social leaders an agreeable experience for all.

It was in truth a notable entertainment; the guests appeared pleased and appreciative; there were no hitches; the music evoked enthusiasm, the supper was delicious, and the closing distribution of trinkets by Benham's fairest daughters came as a delightful surprise to the departing seekers after truth. But all save the consciousness that she was facing a gay scene and was fulfilling her responsibilities was lost on Constance. She did not know until the next day that the entertainment had been a great success, for, oblivious to the music, the lights, and the brilliantly dressed assembly, her soul was wrestling once more with the problem which she had supposed solved forever. It was nearly one o'clock when the murmur of voices died away, and she conducted Loretta to their mutual apartment. She was glad that her charge showed no disposition to talk over the events of the evening, but on the contrary undressed in silence, busy with her own reflections. Having seen her safely in bed, Constance straightway sat down at her desk and wrote. It was a short, hasty note, for she was bent on posting it that night before the lights in the house were extinguished. Throwing a cloak about her, she glided down stairs, and, with a word of warning to the butler that he might not lock her out, sought the letter-box which was less than a hundred yards distant. She had not chosen to trust her epistle to any other hands. As she lifted the iron shutter she paused for a moment, then with a joyful little sigh she dropped it in and let go. Fifteen minutes later, like a happy, tired child, and wondering what the morrow would bring, she escaped from reality into the waiting arms of sleep.

But Mrs. Randolph Wilson was in no haste to go to bed. She was in a complacent mood. Everything had gone off as she intended, and it suited her to dwell in retrospect on the incidents of the festivity, and to muse fancy free. Lucille had kissed her good-night and had retired. She had let her maid loosen her dress and had dismissed her for the night She was inclined to dally; she liked the silence and the sense of calm after the activities of the day.

Seated at her toilet table and looking into her mirror with her cheeks resting upon her hands, she gazed introspectively at herself and destiny. Her tiara of diamonds still crested her forehead. Somehow it pleased her to leave it undisturbed until she was ready to let down her hair. She was con-

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scious that she had reached the age when she preferred to see herself at her best rather than in the garb of nature's disorder. It had been one of the eventful evenings of her life; she felt that by her efforts mind and matter had been drawn closer together without detriment to either. And everybody had been extremely civil to Lucille, at which she could not help rejoicing. Certainly, too, Lucille was acquiring more social charm and was more anxious to please people of cultivation. Then, too, her brother had appeared in his most engaging mood as a consequence of the defeat of the legacy tax bill. No reason for doubting her conclusion that the passage of the measure would have been premature under existing conditions had occurred to her; so it seemed that society had been saved from a mistake. Altogether the immediate present was marred by no unpleasant memory but one. As to that, she felt that she had acted indulgently, and that on the morrow she would make one last effort to rescue the unhappy degenerate. As she surveyed herself in the glass she appreciated that she was well preserved and that her grizzled hair was becoming, but that the romance of life was over. She would never marry again; she was unequivocally middle-aged. Ideas were what she had left; but for this great interest she had many years of strength and activity ahead of her.

Ideas! How absorbing they were, and yet how little the most disinterested individual could accomplish! Truth looked so near, and yet ever seemed to recede as one approached it. Men and women came and went, generations lived and died, but progress, like the march of the glaciers, was to be measured by the centuries. The inequalities of life—how hideous were they still; how far from rectification, in spite of priests and charity! What was the key to the riddle? Where was the open sesame to the social truth which should be universal beauty? She was seeking it with all her soul, but she would never find it. Deep in the womb of time it lay, a magnet yet inscrutable. Who would unearth it? Would it baffle mankind forever? or would centuries hence some searcher—perhaps a woman like herself—discern and reveal it?

Pensive with her speculation, she turned her eyes, wistful with their yearning to pierce the mysteries of time, full upon the mirror, and started. An apparition, a woman's face, cunning, resentful, demon-like, was there beside her own; a woman's figure crouching, stealthy, about to spring was stealing toward her. Was it a vision, an uncanny creature of the brain? Instinctively she turned, and as she did so a large pair of hands gleamed in her face and reached for her neck. Springing up with a cry of horror, she recoiled from the threatening fingers, but in another instant she was bent backward so that her head pressed against the glass and she felt a powerful clutch upon her throat which took away the power to scream, and made her eyes feel as though they were bursting from their sockets. A voice, exultant, cruel, yet like a revivalist's chant, rang in her ears.

"I've come for you. We'll go together, down to eternity. There you will scrub dirty marble floors for ever and ever."

In the face in the mirror Mrs. Wilson had recognized Loretta, and she divined, as the wild figure threw itself upon her and the strong hands gripped her windpipe, that she was contending with a mad-woman. The import of the strange, accusing words was unmistakable; it was a struggle for life. Powerless to give the alarm save by inarticulate gasps, she realized that only her own strength could avail her and that this must fail owing to the superior hold which her assailant had established. She strove with all her might to wrench herself free, but in vain. The long hands squeezed like a vise, and she was choking. She felt her senses swim, and that she was about to faint. Then with a rush a third figure intervened; someone else's hands were battling on her side, and in an instant she was free.

Awaking suddenly, as one who is sleeping on guard often will, Constance had felt an instinct that something was wrong. The turning on of the electric light revealed that Loretta's bed was empty. Where had she gone? It seemed improbable that she had sought to escape from the house at that hour. Puzzled she stepped into the hall and half-way down the staircase. There as she paused the light shining from under Mrs. Wilson's apartment on the landing below caught her eye. The next moment she heard a muffled scream.

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It had required all her strength and weight to tear Loretta from her victim. Having succeeded in separating them, Constance hastily put herself on the defensive, expecting a fresh attack; but Loretta, panting from her exertions, stood facing them for a moment, then burst into a strident, gleeful laugh.

"You've saved her," she cried. "I'm crazy—stark crazy, I guess. What was it I said? I was going to take her where she'd have to scrub dirty marble floors forever and ever. I'd like to save her soul, she tried so hard to save mine. But it was time thrown away from the start. I was born bad—a moral pervert, as the doctor calls it. Christianity was wasted on me."

She shook her head, and looked from one to the other. They, horrified but spellbound, waited, uncertain what course to pursue. Mrs. Wilson, now that she had partially recovered her poise, felt the impulse to elucidate this horrifying mystery. But though she wished to speak, the proper language did not suggest itself. How could one discuss causes with a mad woman? She raised her hands to put in place the tiara which had been crushed down on her brow.

"Look at her," cried Loretta, commandingly, addressing Constance and pointing. "Isn't she beautiful? She's civilization." She made a low obeisance. "I was in love with her once; I love her still. You saved her."

She frowned and passed her hand across her forehead as though to clear her brain. Then she laughed again; she had recovered her clew.

"You were the sort she could help, Constance Stuart; you were good. But how has she—her church—paid you back? Cheated you with a gold brick. Ha! Made you believe that it was your Christian duty to let Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law, go. That's the way the aristocrats still try to fool the common people. But isn't she beautiful? My compliments to both of you."

She swept a low courtesy in exaggeration of those she had witnessed a few hours earlier. "It is pitiful—pitiful and perplexing," murmured Mrs. Wilson in agonized dismay.

For a moment Loretta stood irresolute, then of a sudden she began to shiver like one seized with an ague. She regarded them distractedly with staring eyes, and throwing up her hands, fell forward on her face in convulsive delirium. Constance rushed to her side; the two women raised her and laid her on the bed. Mrs. Wilson's maid was aroused, and a physician communicated with by telephone. He came within an hour and prescribed the necessary treatment. He said that the patient's system was saturated with cocaine, but intimated that she would probably recover from this attack.

After the doctor had gone and Loretta had been removed to her own room, Mrs. Wilson and Constance watched by the side of the sufferer, whose low moaning was the sole disturber of the stillness of the breaking dawn. Each was lost in her own secret thoughts. The cruel finger-marks on Mrs. Wilson's neck burned painfully, but the words of her mad critic had seared her soul. For the moment social truth seemed sadly remote. She reflected mournfully but humbly that ever and anon proud man and his systems are held up to derision by the silent forces of nature. When the darkness had faded so that they could discern each other's faces, she arose, and sitting down beside Constance on the sofa drew her toward her and kissed her. Was it in acknowledgment that she had saved her life, or as a symbol of a broader faith?

"Kiss me too, Constance," she whispered.

The embrace was fondly returned, and at this loosening of the tension of their strained spirits they wept gently in each other's arms. Then Mrs. Wilson added, "Come, let us go where we can talk. We could do nothing at present which my maid cannot do."

She led the way to her boudoir. The idea of seeking sleep had never occurred to either of them. Although Mrs. Wilson had felt the need of speech, it was some minutes after they had established themselves before she broke the silence. When she did so she spoke suddenly and with emotion, like one beset by a repugnant conviction yet loath to acknowledge it.

"Can I have deserved this, Constance?" The vivid protest in her companion's face made clear that Constance did not penetrate her subtler meaning, and she hastened to answer her own question.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I have surrendered."—Page 599.

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"Not to be strangled by a violent lunatic," she said, raising a hand involuntarily to her neck. "But her words were a judgment—a lacerating judgment. How I should loathe it—to scrub dirty marble floors forever and ever. It is just that—the dirt, the disorder, the common reek, which I shrink from and shun in spite of myself. How did she ever find out? I love too much the lusciousness of life.

'It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.'

Do you not see, Constance?"

Leaning forward with clasped hands and speaking with melodious pathos while the morning light rested on her tired but interesting face, her confession had the effect of a monologue save for its final question. And Constance, listening, understood. In truth this cry of the soul at bay came as a quickener to her own surging emotions, and she realized that the walls of the temple of beauty had fallen like those of Jericho at the trumpets of Israel. Yet though she understood and saw starkly revealed the limit of the gospel of the splendor of things, with all the purging of perplexities which that meant for her, the claims of gratitude and of unabated admiration no less than pity caused her to shrink from immediate acquiescence in her patron's self-censure. And as she hesitated for the proper antidote, Mrs. Wilson pursued her confession relentlessly—pursued it, however, as one who recites the weakness of a cause to which she is hopelessly committed.

"One is spurred to refine and refine and refine. Does not even religion—my religion—so teach us? the spirit ostensibly, and, in order to reach the spirit, the body; and in this age of things and of great possessions one reaches greedily after the quintessence of comfort until—until one needs some shock like this to perceive that one might become—perhaps is, an intellectual sybarite. Nay, more; though we crave almost by instinct individual lustre and personal safety, reaching out for luxury that we may grow superfine, must not we—we American women with ideals—mistrust the social beauty of a universe which still produces the masses and all the horrors of life? Can it fundamentally avail that a few should be exquisite and have radiant thoughts, if the rest are condemned to a coarse, unlovely heritage?"

Not only did gratitude reassert itself as Constance listened to this speculative plaint, but protesting common sense as well, which recognized the morbidness of the thought without ignoring its cogency.

"Ah, you exaggerate; you are unjust to yourself," she exclaimed fervidly. "You must not overlook what your influence and example have been to me and many others. I owe you so much! more than I can ever repay. It was you who opened the garden of life to me."

Mrs. Wilson started at the tense, spontaneous apostrophe, and the color mounted to her cheeks. Never had so grateful a tribute been laid at her feet as this in the hour of tribulation. And as she gazed she felt that she had a right to be proud of the noble-looking, the sophisticated woman who held out to her these refreshing laurels.

"And it is not that I do not comprehend—that I do not share your qualms," Constance continued, ignoring the gracious look that she might express herself completely in this crucial hour. The time had come to utter her own secret, which she felt to be the most eloquent of revolts against the mystic superfineness she had just heard deprecated. "Within the last twelve hours the scales have fallen from my eyes also, and what seemed to me truth is no longer truth. There is something I wish to tell you, Mrs. Wilson. Yesterday afternoon I heard that the legacy tax bill had been defeated; last night before I went to bed I posted a letter to Gordon Perry informing him that I would be his wife. I have asked him to come to see me at Lincoln Chambers this morning."

Mrs. Wilson's lip trembled. Genuine as was her probing of self, this flank attack from one who just now had brought balm to her wounds and cheer to her soul was a fresh and vivid shock. To feel that this other ward, whom she had deemed so safe, was about to slip from her fingers was more than she could bear. Then instinctively Constance went to her and put her arm around her. "I am sorry to hurt you," she said tenderly, "but this is a time to speak plainly. I love him, and I feel that I have been trifling with love. I am

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sure at last of this: that it is better for the world that two people like him and me should be happy than live apart out of deference to a bond which is a mere husk. I prefer to be natural and free rather than exquisite and artificial. As Gordon said, the ban of the Church when the law gives one freedom is nothing but a fetich. I cannot follow the Church in this. To do so would be to starve my soul for the sake of a false ideal—a false beauty cultivated for the few alone, as you have intimated, at the expense of the great heart of humanity. I can no longer be a party to such an injustice; I must not sacrifice to it the man I love."

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Wilson, as her question presently showed, was trying to piece together cause and effect.

"You wrote to him last night, Constance? Then this—horror had nothing to do with your decision?"

"Nothing; I had been on the verge of it for some time: I can see that now. And when the news of his defeat came, I felt that I must go to him if he would let me."

"He will let you, Constance."

"I think so," she answered with a happy thrill.

Mrs. Wilson looked up at her, and observing the serenity of her countenance, knew that the issue was settled beyond peradventure. Yet she was in the mood to be generous as well as humble; moreover, her inquiring mind had not failed to notice the plea for humanity and to feel its force. She sighed gently, then patted the hand that held hers, and said:

"Perhaps, dear, you are right. At all events, go now and get some sleep. You must look your own sweet self when he comes to you."

A few hours later Constance, refreshed by slumber, was on her way to Lincoln Chambers. She walked as though on wings, for she knew in her heart that her lover would not fail her. Arriving a little before the appointed time, she dismissed the children to school, and, smiling at fate, waited for what was to be. At the stroke of the trysting hour she heard his knock. She bade him enter, and as their eyes met he folded her in his arms.

"Gordon!"

"Constance!"

"I have surrendered." She looked up into his face, bewitching in her happiness.

"Thank God for that!"

"But I come to you conscience free, Gordon," she said, drawing back her radiant face so that he must hear her avowal before his title was complete. "I would not have you think that I have compromised or juggled with myself. If I believed that I should be a whit less pure and spiritual a woman by becoming your wife, I would never have sent for you, dearly as I love you."

"And I would not have had you, darling. The love which is conscious of a stain is a menace to the world."

THE END.

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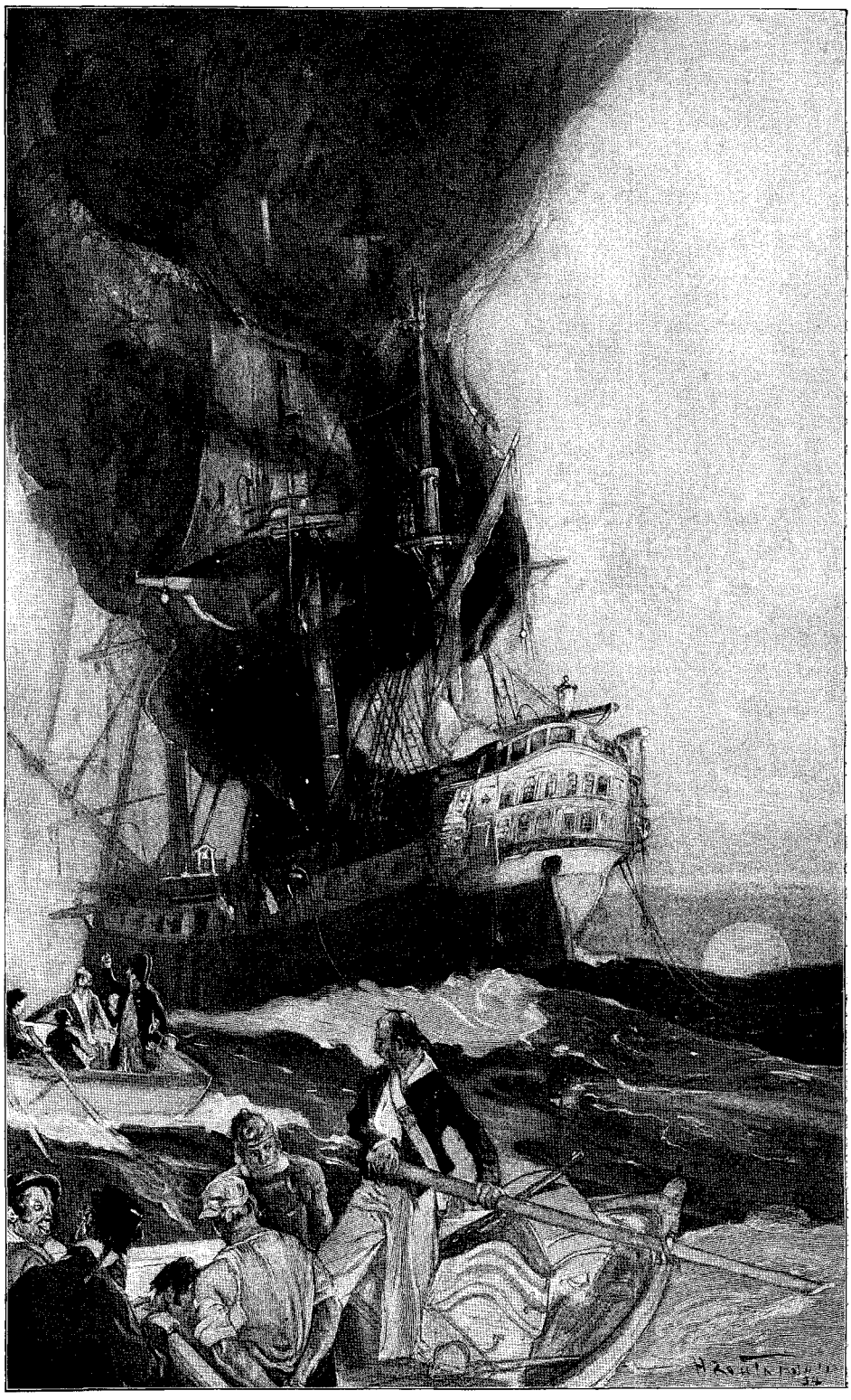

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The burning of a privateer prize.

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THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

X*

MARITIME OPERATIONS EXTERNAL TO UNITED STATES WATERS

IN broad generalization, based upon analysis of conditions, it has been said that the seacoast of the United States was in 1812 a defensive frontier, from which, as from all defensive lines, there should be, and was, opportunity for offensive returns; for action planned to relieve the shore line, and the general military situation, by inflicting elsewhere upon the opponent injury, harassment, and perplexity. The last article dealt with the warfare depending upon the seaboard chiefly from the defensive point of view; to illustrate the difficulties and sufferings to which the country was exposed, owing to inability to force the enemy away from the coast. The pressure was universal, inexorable, and irresistible.

It remains still to consider the employment and effects of the one offensive maritime measure left open by the exigencies of the war: the cruises directed against the enemy's commerce. In these were engaged both the national ships-of-war and those equipped by the enterprise of the mercantile community; but the operations were more consonant to the proper purpose of privateers, and the far larger number of these caused them to play a part much greater in effect, though less fruitful in conspicuous action. Fighting, when avoidable, is to the privateer a misdirection of energy. His object is profit, by depredation upon the enemy's commerce; not the preservation of that of his own people. To the ship-of-war, on the other hand, protection of the national shipping is the primary concern; and for that reason it becomes her to shun no encounter by which she may hope to remove from the seas a hostile cruiser.

The limited success of the frigates in their attempts against commerce has been attributed to the general fact that their cruises were confined to the more open sea, upon the highways of trade. These were now travelled by British ships under strict laws of convoy; the effect of which was not merely to protect the several flocks concentrated under their particular watch-dogs, but to strip the sea of those isolated vessels that in time of peace rise in frequent succession above the horizon, covering the face of the deep with a network of tracks. These solitary wayfarers were now to be found only as rare exceptions until the port of destination was approached. There the homing impulse, or confidence in the immemorial security of British waters, overbore the bonds of regulation, and convoys tended to the conduct noted by Nelson as a captain, "behaving as all convoys that ever I saw did, shamefully ill, parting company every day." The waters surrounding the British Islands themselves were the field where commerce destruction could be most decisively effected.

The first United States ship to emphasize this fact was the brig *Argus*, Captain William H. Allen, which sailed from New York June 18, 1813, having on board a newly appointed minister to France, Mr. William H. Crawford. On July 11th she reached L'Orient, having in the twenty-three days of passage made but one prize. Three days later she proceeded to cruise in the chops of the English Channel, and against the local trade between Ireland and England, continuing thus until August 14th, thirty-one days, during which she captured nineteen vessels, extending her activities well up into St. George's Channel. The contrast of results, between her voyage across and her occupancy of British waters, illustrates the comparative advantages of the two scenes of operations, regarded in their relation to British commerce.

On August 12th the British brig *Pelican*, Captain Maples, anchored at Cork from the West Indies. Before her sails were furled, she received orders to go in search of the American ship whose depredations had been reported. Two hours later she was again at sea. The following evening, at 7.30, a burning vessel gave direction to

*A map showing the place of the naval actions mentioned in this article is to be found in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, page 343.

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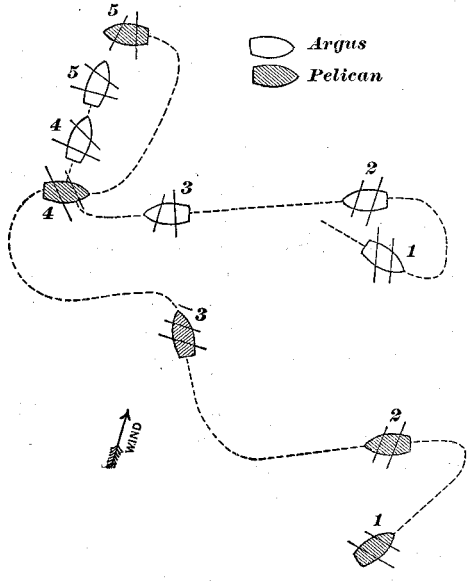
her course; and at daybreak, August 14th, she sighted a brig-of-war in the northeast, just quitting another prize, which had also been fired. The wind, being south, gave the windward position to the *Pelican*, which stood in pursuit; the *Argus* steering east, near the wind, but under moderate sail to enable her opponent to close. (Positions 1.) The advantage in force was on this occasion on the British side; the *Pelican* being twenty per cent. larger, and her broadside seventeen per cent. heavier.

At 5.55 A. M., St. David's Head on the coast of Wales bearing east, distant about fifteen miles, the *Argus* wore, standing now to the westward, with the wind on the port side (2). The *Pelican* did the same, and the battle opened at 6; the vessels running side by side, within range of grape-shot and musketry. (2). Five minutes later Captain Allen received a wound which cost him his leg, and in the end his life. He at first refused to be taken below, but loss of blood soon so weakened him that he could no longer give orders. Ten minutes later the first lieutenant was stunned by a grape-shot grazing his head, and command devolved on the second. By this time the rigging of the *Argus* was much cut, and the *Pelican* bore up (3) to pass under her stern; but the American brig, luffing close to the wind and backing her main-topsail (3), balked the attempt, throwing herself across the enemy's path, and giving a raking broadside, the poor aim of which seems to have lost her the effect that should have resulted from this ready manœuvre. The main braces of the *Argus* had already been shot away; and at 6.18 the preventer (duplicate) braces, which formed part of the preparation for battle, were also severed. The vessel became unmanageable, falling off before the wind (4), and the *Pelican* was enabled to work round her at will. This she did, placing herself first under the stern (4), and then on the bow (5) of her antagonist, where the only reply to her broadside was with musketry.

In this helpless situation the *Argus* surrendered, after an engagement of a little over three-quarters of an hour. The British loss was 2 killed and 5 wounded; the American, 6 killed and 17 wounded, of whom 5 died. Among these was Captain Allen, who survived only four days, and was buried with military honors at Plymouth, whither Captain Maples sent his prize. After every allowance for disparity of force, the injury done by the American fire was not satisfactory, and suggests the consideration whether the voyage to France under pressure of a diplomatic mission, and the



preoccupation of making, manning, and firing prizes, during the month of Channel cruising, may not have interfered unduly with the more important requirements of fighting efficiency. The surviving officer in command mentions in explanation, "the superior size and metal of our opponent, and the fatigue which the crew of the *Argus* underwent from a very rapid succession of prizes."

From the broad outlook of the universal maritime situation, this rapid succession of captures is a matter of more significance than the loss of a single brig-of-war. It showed the vulnerable point of British trade and local intercommunication; and the career of the *Argus*, though prematurely cut short, tended to fix attention upon facts sufficiently well known, but perhaps not fully appreciated. From this time the opportunities offered by the English Channel and adjacent waters, long familiar to French corsairs, were better understood by Americans; as was also the difficulty of adequately policing them against a number of swift cruisers, preying upon merchant vessels comparatively slow and undermanned. The subsequent career of the United States ship *Wasp*, and the audacious exploits of several privateers, re-

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call the impunity of Paul Jones, a generation before, and form a sequel to the brief prelude, in which the *Argus* played a leading, though ultimately disastrous, part.

While the cruise of the *Argus* stood by no means alone at this time, the incidental circumstances made it conspicuous among several others of a like nature, on the same scene or close by; and it therefore may be taken as indicative of the changing character of the war, owing to change of conditions in Europe. In summary, the result was to transfer an additional weight of British naval operations to the American side of the Atlantic, which in turn compelled American cruisers, national and private, to get away from their own shores, and to seek comparative security, as well as richer prey, in distant waters. To this contributed also the increasing stringency of British convoy regulation, enforced with special rigor in the Caribbean Sea and over the Western Atlantic. It was impossible to impose the same strict prescription upon the coastwise trade, by which chiefly the indispensable intercourse between the several parts of the United Kingdom was maintained. Before the introduction of steam this had a consequence quite exceeding the interior traffic by land; and its development, combined with the feeling of greater security as the British Islands were approached, occasioned in the narrow seas, and on the coasts of Europe, a dispersion of vessels not to be seen elsewhere. This favored the depredations of the swift and handy cruisers that alone are capable of profiting by such an opportunity, through their power to evade the scattered ships-of-war, which under these conditions must patrol the sea, like a watchman on beat, as the best substitute for the more formal and regularized convoy protection, when that ceases to apply.

From September 30, 1813, when this tendency to distant enterprise had become predominant, to the corresponding date in 1814, there were captured by American cruisers 639 British vessels, chiefly merchantmen; a number which had increased to over a thousand when the war ended in the following winter. An intelligent account of such multitudinous activities can be framed only by selecting amid the mass some illustrative particulars, accompanied by a general estimate of the conditions they indicate, and the results they exemplify. Thus it may be stated, with fair approach to precision, that, of the 639, 424 were taken in seas which may be called remote from the United States. From that time to the end of the war, about six months, the total captures were 414, of which those distant were 293. These figures, larger actually than they are relatively to the total of British shipping, represent the offensive maritime action of the United States during the period in question; but it must be remembered that such results were possible only because the sea was kept open to British commerce by the paramount power of the British Navy. This could not prevent all mishaps; but it reduced them, by the annihilation of hostile navies, to such a small percentage of the whole shipping movement, that the British mercantile community found steady profit both in foreign and coasting trade, of which the United States at the same time were totally deprived.

The numerous, but beggarly, array of American bay craft and oyster boats, which were paraded to swell British prize lists, till there seemed to be a numerical set-off to their own losses, show indeed, that in point of size and value of vessels taken, there was no real comparison; but this was due to the fact that there were but few American merchant vessels to be caught, because only the few to whom exceptional speed gave a chance of immunity dared go to sea. In the period under consideration, despite the great falling off of trade noted in the returns, over thirty American merchant ships and letters of marque were captured. Privateering, risky though it was, offered more profitable employment, with less danger, because the ship was not fettered in her sailing by the carriage of a heavy cargo. While the enemy was losing a certain small proportion of vessels, the United States suffered practically an entire deprivation of external commerce; and her coasting trade was almost wholly suppressed at the time that her cruisers, national and private, were causing exaggerated anxiety concerning the intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland, which, though certainly molested, was not seriously interrupted.

Further evidence of the control exerted by the British Navy, and of the consequent difficulty under which offensive action was maintained by the United States, is to be

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found in the practice, from this time largely followed, of destroying prizes, after removing from them packages of little weight compared to their price. The prospect of a captured vessel reaching an American port was very doubtful, for the same reason that prevented the movement of American commerce; and while the risk was sometimes run, it usually was with cargoes which were at once costly and bulky, such as West India goods—sugars and coffees. Even then specie, and light, costly articles were first removed to the cruiser, whose chances for escape were decidedly better.

Examination of the records shows that, although individual American vessels sometimes made numerous seizures in rapid succession, they seldom, if ever, effected the capture or destruction of a convoy at a single blow. In 1813 two privateers, the *Scourge* of New York, and *Rattlesnake* of Philadelphia, passed the summer in the North Sea, and there made a number of prizes—twenty-two; which, being reported together, gave the impression of a lucky single stroke. On their return, however, their logs showed that these captures were spread over a period of two months, and almost all made severally. The *Scourge* appears to have been singularly fortunate, for on her homeward trip she sent in, or destroyed, ten more enemy's vessels; and in an absence extending a little over a year had taken 420 prisoners—more than the crew of a 38-gun frigate.

At the same time the privateer schooner *Leo*, of Baltimore, was similarly successful on the coast of Spain and Portugal. By an odd coincidence, another of the same class, bearing the nearly identical name, *Lion*, was operating at the same time in the same waters, and with like results; which may account for a statement in a London paper, that an American off the Tagus had taken thirty-two British vessels. The *Leo* destroyed thirteen, and took four; while the *Lion* destroyed fifteen, having removed from them cargo to the amount of $400,000, which she carried safely into France. A curious circumstance, incidental to the presence of privateers off Cape Finisterre, is that Wellington's troops, which had now passed the Pyrenees and were in Southern France, had long to wait for their great-coats, that had been stored in Lisbon for the summer, and could not be ventured by sea until convoy was furnished to protect the transports. Money to pay the troops and for the commissariat was similarly detained. Niles' Register, which carefully followed the news of maritime capture, announced in November, 1813, that eighty British vessels had been taken within a few months in European seas by the *President*, *Argus*, and five privateers. Compared with the continuous harassment and loss, to which the enemy had become hardened during twenty years of war with France, this result, viewed singly, was not remarkable; but coming in addition to other sufferings of British trade, and associated with similar injuries in the West Indies, and disquiet about the British seas themselves, the cumulative effect was undeniable, and found voice in public meetings and addresses to the Government.

Although the United States was not in formal alliance with France, the common hostility made the ports of either nation a base of operations to the other, facilitating the activities of American cruisers. One of the most successful, the *True Blooded Yankee*, was originally equipped at Brest, under American ownership. On her first cruise her captures are reported at twenty-seven. She remained out thirty-seven days, chiefly off the coast of Ireland. Afterward she burned several vessels in a Scotch harbor. Her procedure illustrates the methods of privateering in more respects than one. Thus, two large ships, one from Smyrna and one from Buenos Ayres, were thought sufficiently valuable to attempt sending into a French port, although the enemy watched the French coast as rigorously as the American. Eight others were destroyed; and, when the privateer returned to port, she carried in her own hold a miscellaneous cargo of light prize goods, too costly to risk in a less nimble bottom. The *True Blooded Yankee* apparently continued to prefer European waters, for toward the end of 1814 she was captured there, and sent into Gibraltar.

While there were certain well-known districts in which from causes constant in operation there was always abundant material for the occupation of the commerce destroyer, it was not to them alone that American cruisers went. There were other smaller lucrative fields, into which occasional irruption proved profitable. Such were the gold coast of Western Africa, and the island groups of Madeira, the Canaries,

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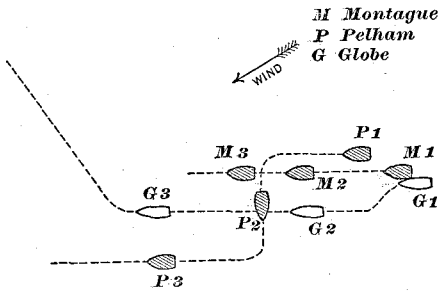
and Cape Verde, which geographically appertain to that continent. The privateer *Yankee*, of Bristol, had here a notable success. When she returned to Narragansett Bay in the spring of 1813, after a five



months' absence, she reported having scoured the whole west coast of Africa, making prize of eight vessels, which carried in the aggregate 62 guns, 196 men, and property to the amount of $296,000. In accordance with the practice already noticed, of distributing the spoil in order better to insure its arrival, she brought back in her own hold the light but costly items of six tons of ivory, thirty-two bales of fine goods, and $40,000 in gold dust. This vessel was out again several times, and when the war closed was said to have been the most successful of all American cruisers. Her prizes numbered forty; of which thirty-four were of the larger classes of merchantmen then used. The estimated value of themselves and cargoes, $3,000,000, is to be received with reserve.

In this neighborhood the privateer schooner *Globe*, of Baltimore, mounting eight 9-pounder carronades and one long gun, met with an adventure illustrative of the fighting incidental to the business. To this privateersmen as a class were in no wise loath, where there was a fair prospect of the gain for which they were sent to look. Being off Funchal, in the island of Madeira, November 1, 1813, two brigs, which proved to be English packets, the *Montague* and *Pelham*, were seen "backing and filling;" that is, keeping position in the open roadstead which constitutes the harbor, under sail, but not anchored. Packets, being in Government service, were well armed for their size, and as mail carriers were necessarily chosen for speed; they therefore frequently carried specie. It does not appear that the *Globe* at first recognized the character of these particular vessels; but she lay by during the night, watching for their quitting the shelter of neutral waters. This they did at 9 P. M., when the privateer pursued, but lost sight of them in a squall. The next morning they were seen in the southwest, and again chased. At 10.15 A. M. the *Montague* began firing her stern guns. The schooner replied, but kept on to board, knowing her superiority in men, and at 12.30 ran alongside (1). The attack being smartly met, and the vessels separating almost immediately, the attempt failed disastrously; there being left on board the packet the two lieutenants of the *Globe* and three or four seamen. Immediately upon this repulse, the *Pelham* crossed the privateer's bow and raked her (P. 2), dealing such destruction to sails and rigging as to leave her unmanageable. The *Montague* and *Globe* now lay broadside to broadside (2), engaging; and ten minutes later, the *Montague*, by her own report, was completely disabled (M. 3). Captain Moon claimed that she struck; and this was probably the case, if his further incidental mention, that the mail bags were seen to be thrown overboard, is not a mistake. The action then continued with the *Pelham*, within pistol shot (3), for an hour or so, when the schooner, being found in a sinking condition, was compelled to haul off; "having seven shot between wind and water, the greater part of our standing and running rigging shot away, and not a sail but was perfectly riddled and almost useless." After separating, the several combatants all steered with the trade winds for the Canaries; the British going to Teneriffe, and the American to the Grand Canary.

That this was, for the armaments of the vessels, a very severe as well as determined engagement, is apparent from the injuries received, and from the loss; that of the British being 6 killed and 12 wounded, the American 5 killed and 13 wounded, beside the prisoners lost in boarding. All three captains were severely hurt; that of the *Montague* being killed.

Near this time, in the same neighborhood, the privateer schooner, *Governor Tompkins*, of New York, captured in rapid succession three British merchant vessels which had belonged to a convoy from England to Buenos Ayres, but after its dispersal in a gale were pursuing their route singly. Two of these reached an American port, their bulky ladings of dry goods and hardware not permitting transfer. The sale of

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one cargo realized $270,000. At about the same moment came in a brig of like value, not improbably another wanderer from the same group, captured by the *America*, of Salem, near Madeira. This vicinity, from the island, to the equator, between 20° and 30° west longitude, belongs essentially to a crowded highway and cross-roads of commerce. Hereabout passed vessels both to and from the East Indies and South America. The bad luck of several frigates, and the rough handling of the *Globe*, illustrate one side of the fortune of war, as the good hap of the *America* and *Governor Tompkins* shows the other.

It is, however, the beginnings and endings of commercial routes, rather than the intermediate stretch, which most favor enterprises against an enemy's trade. In the thronging of vessels, the Caribbean Sea, with its rich archipelago, was second only, if second, to the waters surrounding the United Kingdom. England was one extremity, and the West India Islands the other, of a traffic then one of the richest in the world; while the tropical articles of this exchange, if not absolute necessaries of life, had become by long indulgence indispensable to great part of the civilized world. Here, therefore, the numbers, the efforts, and the successes, of American privateers most nearly rivalled the achievements of their fellows in the Narrow Seas and the approaches to Great Britain and Ireland. The two regions resembled each other in another respect. Not only was there for both an external trade, mainly with one another, but in each there was also a local traffic of distribution and collection of goods, from and to central ports, in which was concentrated the movement of import and export. This local intercourse, to be efficient, could not be regulated to the same extent as the over-sea transportation. A certain amount of freedom was essential, and the risk attendant upon separate action must be compensated by diminishing the size of the vessels engaged; a resource particularly applicable to the moderate weather of the tropics.

Both the exposure of trade under such relaxed conditions, and the relative security obtained by the convoy system, rigidly applied, are shown by a few facts. From September 1, 1813, to March 1, 1814, the number of American prizes reported, exclusive of those taken on the Lakes, was 270. Of these, nearly one-third—86—were to, from, or within the West Indies. Since in many reports neither the place of capture, nor any data sufficient to fix it, is given, it is probable that quite one-third belonged to this trade. This evidences the activity, both of the commerce and of its pursuers, justifying a contemporary statement that "the West Indies swarm with American privateers." On the other hand, the stringency with which the local officials enforced the Convoy Act was proved, generally, by the experience of the United States naval vessels, the records of which, unlike those of most privateers, have been preserved by filing or publication; and, specifically, by a number of papers found in a prize by the United States frigate *Constitution*, while making a round of these waters in the first three months of 1814. Among other documents was a petition, signed by many merchants of Demerara, praying convoy for 51 vessels which were collected and waiting for many weary weeks, as often had to be done. In one letter occurs the following: "With respect to procuring a licence for the *Fanny* to run it, in case any other ships should be about to do so, we do not believe that, out of forty vessels ready to sail, any application has been made for such licence, though out of the number are several out-port vessels well armed and manned. Indeed, we are aware application would be perfectly useless, as the present Governor, when at Berbice, would not permit a vessel from that colony to this (adjoining) without convoy. If we could obtain a licence, we could not justify ourselves to shippers, who have ordered insurance with convoy."

The loss incident to such detentions is far-reaching, and is as properly chargeable as are captures to the credit of the cruisers, by the activity of which they are occasioned. The *Constitution* could report only four prizes as the result of a three months' absence; but she had driven an enemy's brig-of-war into Surinam, chased a packet off Barbados, and a frigate in the Mona Passage, and the report of these occurrences, wherever received, imposed additional precaution, delay, and expense.

While making prizes was the primary concern of privateers, their cruises in the West Indies, as elsewhere, gave rise to a certain amount of hard fighting. One of the most noted combats, that of the schoon-

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er *Decatur*, of Charleston, with the man-of-war schooner *Dominica*, can hardly be claimed for the United States; for, though fought under her flag, the captain, Diron, was French, as were most of the crew. The *Dominica* was in company with a King's packet, which she was to convoy part way to England from St. Thomas. On August 5, 1813, the *Decatur* met the two, three hundred miles north of the island. The British vessel was superior in armament, having fifteen guns; all carronades except two long sixes. The *Decatur's* battery was six carronades and one long 18-pounder. The latter exceeded in range and penetration anything carried by the *Dominica;* but the American captain, knowing himself to have most men, sought to board, and the artillery combat was therefore mainly at close quarters, within carronade distance. It began at 2 P. M. At 2.30 the schooners were within half gunshot; the *Dominica* in the position of being chased, because of the necessity of avoiding the evident intention of the *Decatur* to grapple. Twice the latter tried to run alongside, and twice was foiled by watchful steering, accompanied in each case by a broadside which damaged her rigging and sails, beside killing two of her crew. The third attempt was successful, the *Decatur's* bow coming against the quarter of the *Dominica.* The crew of the privateer clambered on board, and there followed an obstinate hand-to-hand fight. The British captain, Lieutenant Barretté, a young man of twenty-five, who had already proved his coolness and skill in the management of the action, fell at the head of his men, of whom 60 out of a total of 88 were killed or wounded before their colors were struck. The assailants, who numbered 103, lost 19. The packet took no part in the fight, and when it was over effected her escape. The *Decatur*, with her prize, reached Charleston safely, August 20th, bringing also a captured merchantman. The moment of arrival was most opportune; two enemy's brigs, which for some time had been blockading the harbor, having left only the day before.

The *Saucy Jack*, of Charleston, cruising in the West Indies, encountered one of those rude deceptions which privateers often experienced. She had made already eight prizes, when, on October 31, 1814, about 1 A.M., being then off the west end of Hayti, she sighted two vessels standing to the westward. Chase was made, and an hour later the privateer opened her fire. The strangers replied, at the same time shortening sail, which looked ominous; but the *Saucy Jack*, willing to justify her name, kept on to close. At 6 A. M., having arrived within a few hundred yards, the enemy were seen to be well armed, but appeared not to be well manned. At 7 the *Saucy Jack* began an engagement with the nearer, and ten minutes later ran alongside, when she was found to be full of soldiers. The privateer sheered off at once, and took to her heels, followed by an incessant fire of grape and musketry from those whom she had recently pursued. This awkward position, which carried the chance of a disabling shot and consequent capture, lasted till 8, when the speed of the schooner took her out of range, having had 8 men killed and 15 wounded, two round shot in the hull, and spars and rigging much cut up. The enemy was the *Volcano* bombship, convoying the transport *Golden Fleece*, on board which were 250 troops from Chesapeake Bay for Jamaica. The *Volcano* lost 1 officer and 2 men killed and 2 wounded; proving that under somewhat awkward circumstances the *Saucy Jack* could give as well as take.

A little later in this season, the privateer *Kemp*, of Baltimore, encountered off the coast of North Carolina a group of nine sail, from the West Indies for Europe. Excluded from return to the port where she belonged, the *Kemp* had been in Wilmington, which she left November 29, 1814; the strangers being sighted at 8 A. M. December 1st. One was a convoying frigate, which drove the *Kemp* off that afternoon. The privateer outran her pursuer, and during the night gave her the slip; thereupon steering for the position where she judged she might again fall in with the merchant vessels. At daylight she discovered them, to the number of eight—three ships, three brigs, and two schooners. At 11 A. M. one ship was overtaken, but proving to be Spanish, from Havana to Hamburg, was allowed to proceed, while the *Kemp* again followed the others. At noon they were five miles to windward, drawn up in a line to fight; for in those days of war and piracy most merchant ships carried at least a few guns for defence, and in this case their numbers in mutual support might effect a successful resistance. At 2 they took the initiative, bearing down together and at-

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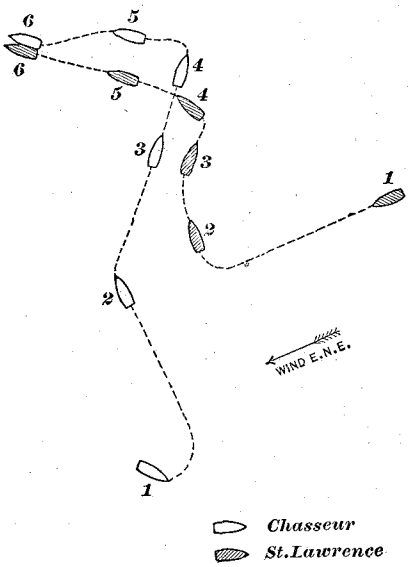
tacking. The *Kemp* engaged them all, and in half an hour the untrained squadron was naturally in confusion. One after the other, six of the seven were boarded, or struck their colors as the schooner drew up, without waiting to be attacked; but while four of them were being taken into possession, the other two seized the opportunity and made off. Two ships and two brigs remained in the hands of the captor. All were laden with sugar and coffee, especially valuable in the then destitute condition of the United States. After this unusual, if not wholly unique, experience, the *Kemp* returned to port, having been absent only six days. Her prisoners amounted to seventy-one, her own crew being fifty-three. The separation of the escort from the convoy, the subsequent judicious search for the latter, and the completeness of the result, constitute this a very remarkable instance of good management accompanied by good fortune; success deserved and achieved.

The privateer brig *Chasseur*, of Baltimore, Captain Thomas Boyle, was one of the renowned cruisers of the time. She carried sixteen 12-pounder carronades, and in the course of the war thirty prizes are credited to her. In the late summer of 1814 she cruised off Great Britain and Ireland, returning at the end of October; having made eighteen captures during an absence of three months. After refitting she went to the West Indies for a winter cruise, which extended from the Windward Islands to Havana. Here she signalized the approaching end of her career by an action, fought after peace not only had been concluded at Ghent, but already was known in the United States. On February 26, 1815, at 11 A. M., being then twenty miles east of Havana and six miles from the Cuban coast, a schooner was seen in the northeast (1), running down before the northeast trade wind. Sail was made to intercept her (2). The chase steered more to the northward (2), bringing the wind on her starboard side, apparently wishing to avoid a meeting. The *Chasseur* followed, and when within about three miles the stranger's foretop-mast went over the side, showing the press of sail she was carrying. After clearing the wreck she hauled close on the wind, heading northerly. At 1 P. M. she showed British colors and began to fire her stern gun; but only three ports were visible on her port side—toward the *Chasseur*.

Believing from appearances that he had before him a weakly armed vessel making a passage, and seeing but few men on her deck, Captain Boyle pressed forward without much preparation, under all sail. At



1.26 P. M. the *Chasseur* had come within pistol shot (3), when the enemy showed ten ports and opened his broadside, with round shot, grape, and musket balls. The American schooner, having much way on, shot ahead, and as she was to leeward in doing so, the British vessel kept off quickly (4) to run under her stern and rake. This was avoided by imitating the movement (4), and the two were again side by side, but with the *Chasseur* now to the right (5). The action continued thus for ten minutes, when Boyle, finding his opponent's battery too heavy for him, ran alongside (6). In the act of boarding, the enemy struck. She proved to be the British schooner *St. Lawrence*, of the Royal Navy; formerly a Philadelphia privateer, the *Atlas*. Her battery, one long 9-pounder and fourteen 12-pounder carronades, would have been no very unequal match for the sixteen of her antagonist; but the *Chasseur* had been obliged recently to throw overboard ten of these, while hard chased by the Barrosa frigate, and had replaced them from a prize with some 9-pounders, for which she had no proper projectiles. The complement allowed the *St. Lawrence* was 75, though it is not certain that all were on board; and she was carrying also some soldiers, marines,

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and naval officers, bound to New Orleans. The *Chasseur* had 89 men besides several boys. The British loss reported by her captain was 6 killed and 17 wounded; the American, 5 killed and 8 wounded.

This action was very creditably fought on both sides, but to the American captain belongs the meed of having not only won success, but deserved it. His sole mistake was over-confidence in what he could see, which made him a victim to the very proper ruse practised by his antagonist in concealing his force. His manœuvring was prompt, ready, and accurate. That of the British vessel was likewise good, but greater injury should have resulted from her heavier battery. In reporting the affair to his owners, Captain Boyle said, apologetically, "I should not willingly, perhaps, have sought a contest with a King's vessel, knowing that is not our object; but my expectations at first were a valuable vessel, and a valuable cargo also. When I found myself deceived, the honor of the flag intrusted to my care was not to be disgraced by flight." The feeling expressed was modest as well as spirited, and Captain Boyle's handsome conduct merits the mention that the day after the action, when the captured schooner was released as a cartel to Havana, in compassion to her wounded, the commander of the *St. Lawrence* gave him a letter, testifying to his "obliging attention and watchful solicitude to preserve our effects, and render us comfortable during the short time we were in his possession"; in which, he added, the captain "was carefully seconded by all his officers."

These instances, occurring either in the West Indies, or, in the case of the *Kemp*, affecting vessels which had just loaded there, are sufficient, when taken in connection with those before cited from other quarters of the globe, to illustrate the varied activities and fortunes of privateering. The general subject need not further be pursued. It will be observed that in each case the cruiser acts on the offensive; being careful to avoid armed ships, the capture of which seems unlikely to yield profit adequate to the risk. The gallantry and skill of Captain Boyle of the *Chasseur* made particularly permissible to him the avowal, that only mistake of judgment excused an encounter which held out no such promise; and it may be believed that the equally capable Captain Diron, if free to do as he pleased, would have chosen the packet, and not her escort, the *Dominica*, as the object of his pursuit. This the vessel-of-war, of course, could not permit. It was necessary, therefore, first to fight her; and, although she was beaten, the result of the action was to insure the escape of the ship under her charge. These examples define exactly the spirit and aim of privateering, and distinguish it from the motives inspiring the ship-of-war. The object of the privateer is profit; to which fighting is always incidental, and, where avoidable, blameworthy. The mission of the ship-of-war is primarily military; and, while custom permitted the captor a share in the proceeds, the taking of prizes was in conception not for direct gain, personal or national, but for injury to the enemy.

The different motives in which the two pursuits originated probably account for the fact, not appreciated, if indeed known, that, having regard to the respective numbers engaged, the naval vessels were in effectiveness as commerce destroyers superior to the privateers, in the proportion of over three to one. As before remarked, privateering was a matter of business enterprise, not of military duty; and, like all business pursuits, it had a large and preponderant record of unsuccess, due to inadequate preparation or inefficient management. Of a grand total of 526 privateers sent out from the United States during the war, only 207 caught anything.

Contemporary with the career of the *Argus*, the advantage of a sudden inroad, like hers, upon a region deemed safe by the enemy, was receiving confirmation in the Pacific by the frigate *Essex*. This vessel, which had formed part of Commodore Bainbridge's squadron at the close of 1812, was last mentioned as keeping Christmas off Cape Frio, on the coast of Brazil, awaiting the consorts whom she never succeeded in joining. Captain Porter remained there until January 12, 1813, when a variety of considerations, including the news of the action between the *Constitution* and *Java*, determined him to carry the *Essex* around Cape Horn and attack British whaling interests. These centred about the Galapagos Islands, a group just below the equator, five hundred miles west of the South American mainland. Here he continued from April

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17th to October 3d, during which time twelve enemy's whalers were captured, with the consequence of driving all others to cover. Then, hearing that a British squadron, consisting of the 36-gun frigate *Phœbe*, Captain James Hillyar, and the sloops-of-war *Cherub* and *Raccoon*, had been sent in pursuit of the *Essex*, he decided to go to the Marquesas Islands, there thoroughly to refit the ship and rest the crew, before hazarding a meeting. This accomplished, he returned to the continent, reaching Valparaiso February 3d. There accompanied him one of the prizes, which had been fitted as a light ship-of-war and named the *Essex Junior*. On the 8th the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* came in; the *Raccoon* having gone on to the North Pacific.

The antagonists now lay near one another, under the restraint of a neutral port, for several days, during which some social intercourse took place between the officers; the two captains renewing an acquaintance made years before in the Mediterranean. After a period of refit, the British vessels left the bay and cruised off the port. The *Essex* and *Essex Junior* remained at anchor, imprisoned by a force too superior to encounter without some modifying circumstances of advantage. Porter found opportunity for contrasting the speed of the two frigates, and convinced himself that the *Essex* was the faster; but the respective armaments introduced tactical considerations which might, and in the result did, prove decisive. The *Essex's* battery now was forty 32-pounder carronades and six long twelves. That of the *Phœbe* was twenty-six long eighteens, fourteen 32-pounder carronades, and four long nines; while the *Cherub* had a carronade battery of eighteen thirty-twos and six eighteens, with two long sixes. Within carronade range the broadside of the *Essex* considerably outweighed that of the *Phœbe* alone, but was much less than that of the two British ships combined; the light-built and armed *Essex Junior* not being of account to either side. There remained always the serious chance that, even with the *Phœbe* alone, some accident of wind might prevent the *Essex* reaching carronade distance before being disabled by her long guns. Hillyar, moreover, was an old disciple of Nelson, fully convinced that achievement of success, not the glory of fighting, must dictate action; and, having a well-established reputation for courage and conduct, he did not intend to leave anything to the chances incident to engagement between equals. He would accept no provocation to fight apart from the *Cherub*.

Forced to accept this condition, Porter turned his attention to escape. Valparaiso Bay is an open roadstead, facing north. The high ground above the anchorage provides shelter from the south-southeast wind, which prevails along this coast throughout the year with very rare intermissions. At times it blows furiously in gusts. The British vessels kept their station close to the extreme western point of the bay, to prevent the *Essex* from passing south of them, and so gaining the advantage of the wind, which might entail a prolonged chase and enable her, if not to distance pursuit, at least to draw the *Phœbe* out of support by the *Cherub*. Porter's object, of course, was to seize an opportunity when by neglect, or unavoidably, a practicable opening was left between them and the point. In the end his hand was forced by an accident.

On March 28th the south wind blew with unusual violence, and the *Essex* parted one cable. The other anchor failed to hold, and the ship began to drag. The cable was cut and sail made at once; for Porter, in the emergency thus suddenly thrust upon him, thought he saw a prospect of passing to windward. The *Essex* was hauled close to the wind under single-reefed topsails, heading westward; but just as she came under the point of the bay a heavy squall carried away the main-topmast. This loss hopelessly crippled her, and made it impossible even to regain the anchorage left. She therefore put about, and ran eastward until within pistol shot of the coast, three miles north of the city. Here she anchored well within neutral waters; Hillyar's report stating that she was "so near shore as to preclude the possibility of passing ahead of her without risk to His Majesty's ships." He nevertheless decided to attack.

The wind remaining southerly, the *Essex* rode head to it; the two hostile vessels approaching with the intention of running north of her, close under her stern. The wind, however, forced them off as they drew near; and their first fire, beginning about 4 P. M. and lasting ten minutes, produced no visible effect, according to Hill-

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yar's report. Porter states that considerable injury was done to the *Essex;* and in particular the spring which he was trying to get on the cable was thrice shot away, thus preventing the bringing of her broadside to bear. The *Phœbe* and *Cherub* then wore, and stood out again to sea. During this cannonade the *Essex*, with three 12-pounders run out of her stern ports, had deprived the *Phœbe* of "the use of her mainsail, jib and mainstay." On standing in again Hillyar prepared to anchor the *Phœbe*, but ordered the *Cherub* to keep under way, choosing a position whence she could best annoy their opponent.

At 5.35 P. M., by Hillyar's report, the attack was renewed; the British ships placing themselves on the starboard—seaward—quarter of the *Essex*. Before the *Phœbe* reached the position in which she was to anchor, the *Essex* was seen to be under way. Hillyar supposed that her cable had been severed by a shot; but Porter states that under the galling fire to which she was subjected, without power to reply, he cut the cable, hoping, as the enemy were to leeward, he might bring the ship into close action, and perhaps even board the *Phœbe*. The decision was right, but under the conditions a counsel of desperation; for sheets, tacks, and halyards being shot away, movement depended upon sails hanging loose. He was able for a short time to near the enemy, and both accounts agree that hereupon ensued the heat of the combat; "a serious conflict," to use Hillyar's words, to which correspond Porter's statement that "the firing on both sides was now tremendous." The *Phœbe*, however, was handled, very properly, to utilize fully her tactical advantage in the greater range of her guns, and in power of manœuvring. She maintained from her opponent a distance at which his guns were useless and her own effective.

Seeing success out of the question, and suffering great loss of men, Porter next sought to destroy his vessel and to save the crew from captivity. The *Essex* was pointed for shore; but when within two hundred yards of the beach, the wind, which had so far favored her, shifted ahead. Still clinging to every chance, a kedge with a hawser was let go, to hold her where she was; perhaps the enemy might drift unwittingly out of range. But the hawser parted, and with it the frigate's last grasp upon the country which she had honored by an heroic defence. Porter then authorized those who might so wish, to swim ashore; the colors being kept flying to warrant a proceeding which after striking them would be a breach of faith. At 6.20 the flag was lowered. Out of 255 men, with which she sailed in the morning, 58 were killed, or died of their wounds, and 65 were wounded. The missing were reported at 31. By agreement between Hillyar and Porter, the *Essex Junior* was disarmed and neutralized, to convey to the United States, as paroled prisoners of war, the survivors who remained on board at the moment of surrender. These numbered 132. It is an interesting particular, linking those early days of the United States Navy to a long subsequent period of renown, and worthy therefore to be recalled, that among the combatants of the *Essex* was Midshipman David G. Farragut, then thirteen years old. His name figures among the wounded.

The disaster to the *Essex* is connected by a tragical link with the fate of an American cruiser of like enterprise, in seas far distant from the Pacific. After the defeat at Valparaiso, Lieutenant McKnight and Midshipman Lyman of the United States frigate were exchanged as prisoners of war against a certain number of men belonging to one of the *Essex's* prizes; thus having undergone no change of belligerent relation by the capture of her captor. When the *Essex Junior* sailed, these officers, by amicable arrangement, remained behind to go in the *Phœbe* to Rio Janeiro, there to give certain evidence needed in connection with the prize claims of the British frigate; which done, they would return to their own country. The first convenient opportunity offering from Rio was by a Swedish brig for Falmouth, England, in which they sailed August 23, 1814. On October 9th the brig fell in with the United States sloop-of-war *Wasp*, in mid-ocean, three hundred miles west of the Cape Verde Islands. The two passengers transferred themselves to her. Since then nothing further has ever been heard of the American ship.

The *Wasp* had sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, May 1, 1814, under Commander Johnstone Blakeley. Among his instructions was to remain for thirty days

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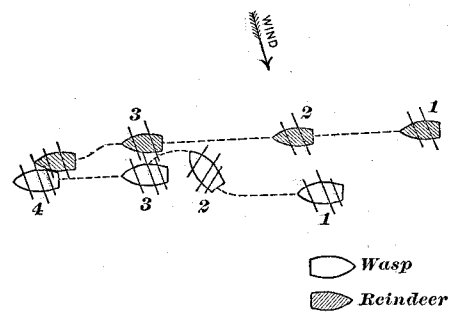
in a position on the approaches to the English Channel, about 150 miles south of Ireland, in which neighborhood occurred the most striking incidents of the cruise. On the outward passage was taken only one prize, June 2d. The second, from Limerick for Bordeaux, June 13th, shows the *Wasp* on her station; on which, Blakeley reported, it was impossible to keep her, even approximately, being continually drawn away in pursuit, and often much further up the English Channel than desired. Most of the sails thus chased were found to be neutrals. Seven British merchant vessels were taken; all which were destroyed, except one given up to carry prisoners to England.

While thus engaged, the *Wasp* on June 28th sighted a sail, which proved to be the British brig-of-war *Reindeer*, Captain Manners. The place of this meeting was latitude 48½ north, longitude 11 east; therefore nearly on the cruising ground assigned to Blakeley by his instructions. The antagonists were unequally matched; the American carrying twenty 32-pounder carronades and two long guns, the British sixteen 24-pounders and two long, a difference against her of fifty per cent. The *Reindeer* was to windward, and retained this advantage; the action beginning with the two vessels on the starboard tack, close hauled, the British sloop on the weather quarter of the *Wasp*—behind, but on the weather side, which in this case was to the right (1). Approaching slowly, the *Reindeer* with great deliberation fired five times, at two-minute intervals, a light gun mounted on her forecastle, loaded with round and grapeshot. Finding her to maintain this position, which his guns could not reach, Blakeley put the helm down, and the *Wasp* turned swiftly to the right (2), bringing her starboard battery to bear. This was at 3.26 P. M. The contest immediately became very hot, at very close range (3), and the *Reindeer* was speedily disabled. The vessels then came into contact (4), and Captain Manners, who by this time had received two severe wounds, with great gallantry endeavored to board with his crew, reduced by the severe punishment already inflicted, to half their originally inferior numbers. As he climbed into the rigging, two balls from the *Wasp's* tops passed through his head, and he fell back dead on his own deck. No further resistance was offered, and the *Wasp* took possession. She had lost 5 killed and 21 wounded, of whom 6 died. The British casualties were



23 killed and 42 wounded. The brig herself, being fairly torn to pieces, was burned the next day.

The results testify to the efficiency and resolution of both combatants; but a special meed of praise is assuredly due to Captain Manners, whose tenacity was as marked as his daring, and who, by the injury done to his stronger antagonist, demonstrated both the thoroughness of his previous general preparation and the skill of his management in the particular instance.

After the action Blakeley wished to remain cruising, which neither the condition of his ship nor her losses in men forbade; but the number of prisoners and wounded compelled him to make a harbor. He accordingly went into L'Orient, France, on July 8th. Despite the peace with Great Britain, which attended the restoration of the Bourbons, he was here hospitably received, and remained for seven weeks refitting. On August 27th he sailed again. By September 1st the *Wasp* had destroyed three more enemy's vessels; one of which was burnt under the eyes of the convoying 74-gun ship. At 6.30 P. M. of September 1st, four sails were sighted, from which Blakeley selected to pursue the one most to windward; for, should this prove a ship-of-war, the others, if consorts, would be to leeward of the fight, less able to assist. The chase lasted until 9.26, when the *Wasp* was near enough to see that the stranger was a brig-of-war, and to open with a light carronade on the forecastle, as the *Reindeer* had done upon her in the same situation. Confident in his vessel, however, Blakeley abandoned this advantage of position, ran under his

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antagonist's lee to prevent her joining the vessels to leeward, and at 9.29 began the engagement, being then on her lee bow. At 10 the *Wasp* ceased firing and hailed; but receiving no reply, and the enemy's guns opening afresh, the combat was renewed. At 10.12, seeing her to be suffering greatly, Blakeley hailed again, and was answered that she had surrendered. The *Wasp's* battery was secured, and a boat was being lowered to take possession, when a second brig was discovered close astern. Preparation was made to receive her, and her coming up awaited; but at 10.36 the two others also became visible, approaching. The *Wasp* then made sail, hoping to decoy the second from her supports; but the sinking condition of the one first engaged detained the new-comer, who, having come within pistol shot, fired a broadside, which took effect only aloft, and then gave all her attention to saving the crew of her consort. As the *Wasp* drew away she heard the repeated signal guns of distress from her late opponent, the name of which never became known to the captain and crew of the victorious ship.

The vessel thus engaged was the British brig *Avon*, of sixteen 32-pounder carronades, and two long 9-pounders; her force being to that of the *Wasp* as 4 to 5. Her loss in men was 10 killed and 32 wounded; that of the *Wasp*, 2 killed and 1 wounded. The *Avon* being much superior to the *Reindeer*, this comparatively slight injury inflicted by her testifies to much inferior efficiency. The broadside of her rescuer, the *Castilian*, of the same weight as her own, though delivered within pistol shot, wholly missed the *Wasp's* hull; a circumstance which drew from the British historian, James, the caustic remark that, had the action continued, she probably would have done no better than the *Avon*, which sank two hours and a half after the *Wasp* left her, and one hour after being rejoined by the *Castilian*.

The course of the *Wasp* after this event is traced by her captures. The fight with the *Avon* was within a hundred miles of that with the *Reindeer*. On September 12th and 14th, having run south 360 miles, she took two vessels, being then about 250 miles west of Lisbon. On the 21st she seized the British brig *Atalanta*, a hundred miles east of Madeira. Being of exceptional value, Blakeley decided to send her in, and she arrived at Savannah November 4th, in charge of Midshipman David Geisinger, who lived to become a captain in the Navy. This was the last tidings received from the *Wasp*, until the inquiries of friends elicited the fact that the two officers of the *Essex* had joined her three weeks later, nine hundred miles farther south.

Nearly coincident in time and place with the cruise of the *Wasp* was that of her sister ship, the *Peacock*. She swept along the south and west coasts of Ireland, and thence as far north as the Shetlands; a digression which brought her a little behind the *Wasp* in pursuing the homeward track common to both. A marked feature of the *Peacock's* experience was the fewness of British vessels to be seen, except near the British Islands. Of nine spoken along the coasts of Spain and Portugal, all but two were neutrals; while from the Cape Verdes to Guiana, and thence to New York, only one capture was made against a dozen in the British waters.

This condition coöperated with the convoy system to determine upon the British coasts the efforts of American cruisers, public and private. While Washington was being burned, and Baltimore threatened, New York invaded in the north and Louisiana in the south, the harassment of intercourse between British ports raised a storm of indignation in their mercantile communities. The increase of insurance, over that demanded while at war with all Europe, was variously stated at double, treble, and five-fold; fluctuations which indicate a panic of uncertainty. Remonstrances poured in. "At a time when we are at peace with all the rest of the world, and when, in the plenitude of our power, we have declared the whole American coast under blockade, it is equally distressing and mortifying that our ships cannot with safety traverse our own channels, that insurance cannot be effected but at an excessive premium, and that a horde of American cruisers should be allowed, unheeded, unmolested, unresisted, to take, burn, or sink, our own vessels in our own inlets, and almost in sight of our own shores."

Striking as these results were, they were in no wise due to the United States Government, which, during a dozen years of peace, and five of threatening hostilities,

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had persistently allowed the Navy to decay. They were the work of individuals among the people, pursuing individual advantage with business intelligence and energy. The superior effectiveness of the national cruisers, already stated, only emphasized, by their inadequate numbers, the shortcomings of the administration, glaringly manifested by sea as by land. Despite many favorable conditions at the opening, the war was already lost, as regarded its avowed objects. While the *Wasp* and *Peacock*, and their volunteer associates among the privateers, were wasting the British channels, the Secretary of State was instructing the Peace Commissioners in Europe to abandon the demand against impressment; the one high and honorable motive on which the Government had avowed its determined stand. "On mature consideration it has been decided that, under all the circumstances above alluded to, incident to a prosecution of the war, you may omit any stipulation on the subject of impressment, if found indispensably necessary to terminate it. You will, of course, not recur to this expedient until all your efforts to adjust the controversy in a more satisfactory manner have failed." The phraseology disposes completely of the specious partisan plea, that the subject was dropped because no longer a live issue; the maritime war of Europe being ended. It was dropped because it had to be dropped; because the opportunities of 1812 and 1813 had been lost by the incompetency of the National Government, distributed over nearly a dozen years of idle, verbal argumentation; because at the date of this instruction—June 27, 1814—there stood between the nation and disastrous reverse, with probable loss of territory in the north, only the resolution and professional skill of a yet unrecognized seaman on the neglected waters of Lake Champlain.

(To be concluded.)

THE VOYAGERS

By George Buchanan Fife

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE

"YES, it has been a dear, happy day."

Alicia laid her hand in impulsive caress upon her breast, and I knew it was her own heart she had answered. And, feeling that I had simply overheard, I did not speak. Alicia's gentle eyes were upon the roses which bent toward her from the bowl between us, but presently she glanced up and smiled at me as if she had suddenly found me there, a companion to her heart.

It had been a happy day, the third anniversary of our wedding day, and now the whole world had dwindled to the circle of a table with four candles beaming like satellites above it. The familiar things beyond, the walls themselves, had receded into shadow, and the dim curtain which had fallen about us set all other worlds apart from ours and left us gloriously alone. The only sound in our silence was the beating of Father Time's heart in the tall clock, and I pitied it that it knew no quickening.

In the day we had just spent we had chosen to act a merry make-believe and speed backward even past our own three years into the radiant season of our engagement. With the early forenoon my violets were at her door to bear a note studiously addressed to "Miss Wildrick," begging that she would ride with me at eleven. And, a few minutes afterward, her maid had ceremoniously delivered to me an acceptance with a blossom between the pages and a postscript—which had nothing to do with riding. When we returned I was archly informed that if I presented myself promptly in an hour I might have the pleasure of luncheon with "Miss Wildrick," also that as there was to be no one else at home we should have the entire house to ourselves.

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In grateful acknowledgment I raised her hand to my lips. At the same moment Frieda made an unexpected entrance upon the scene and Alicia, with admirably feigned confusion, drew her hand from mine and ran laughing up the stairway.

After luncheon we went shopping, not shopping as Alicia understands it, but a pilgrimage to the musty bazaar of "Old Mr. Peter," dealer in the *lares et penates* of the long deceased and a gatherer of strange things from the least known workshops of the world. There we squeezed ourselves in and out among the dusty pieces of furniture—four-posters, high-boys, and a clutter of tables and chairs—to the improvement of their polish, and explored dark corners under "Old Mr. Peter's" eager, fluttering guidance and his reiterated assurance that he had "something very fine" hidden there from the eyes of unappreciative, lesser mortals. Never by any chance did the old man find what he sought in the first black nook, rarely in the second, and not frequently in the third, but we followed him about industriously, commiserated with him in his perturbation, and hastened to agree that someone had surely profaned the venerable arrangement of his establishment.

Upon the first anniversary of our wedding-day we had gone to "Old Mr. Peter's" shop in search of something to be borne away and set up in our household as a token of our first voyage. And after another twelve months of sailing over gentle seas we had put in again at this quaint port of a hundred ports and chosen a second token to be reared beside the first. So when the third voyage had ended, and we were joyfully ready to unmoor ship for the fourth, we went to rummage again among the old man's wares. First it had been a Dutch clock, then a table, Russian, and romantic, if we chose to believe the letter from his St. Petersburg commissioner which the old man gave us with its dark hints in diminutive handwriting about spendthrifts and fair adventuresses, high play and tragedy. This day we had carried off a mirror with gilt sconces, and I think we rather disappointed "Old Mr.Peter" with the abruptness of our decision. He was elbow-deep in a drawerful of laces which were evidently very dear to him when we came upon the mirror, and I noted the reluctance with which he permitted the filmy, yellowed things to drip from his wrinkled fingers, especially as he had striven to arouse Alicia's interest in the flounce of a wonderful gown in which someone had danced at the ball of Governor So-and-So in seventeen hundred and something.

After leaving the old man we had drifted about down-town as on many of the other afternoons when the things in the shops were beginning to be of more interest to us, some for their newly perceived household value, others as happily personal and perhaps not to be commented upon too pointedly. It was a day's little journey which brimmed with reminiscence, and as we picked up the landmarks one by one we forgot our three years' familiarity with them and sighted them as after a long, watchful run. Here was a wide stone doorway, with an endless flow of women over its sill, beside which I had once been bidden to stand "until called for," and had kept my vigil for two mortal hours, provoked and disappointed—and learned afterward that I had gone to the wrong place. There was the mysterious looking shop, with its window display of bonnets and hats suggesting lopped-off heads impaled on spears, into which I had been "dared" one day after an unlucky admission of curiosity as to the head-hunters within. There, too, was the benevolent persuasive old woman with the basketful of rabbits and kittens before whom I had once stopped and, with exaggerated insistence upon imaginary "points," selected for Alicia the kitten which eventually thrived into the gay little cat, Peto, who has made the three voyages with us, standing the mouse-watch occasionally and dividing the remainder of his time between the pleasures of the cabin and the profits of the galley.

Soon the lights began to sparkle along the shore line of stores on each hand, and from the increasing cold we sought a brief refuge in one of our well-remembered havens, the one in which, over her tea, Alicia had listened to many hopeful things from the skipper with whom afterward she went to sea. We had tea, of course, and at the self-same table, and Alicia even asked me how many lumps of sugar I wished. For nearly an hour we sat there, turning back the pages of our log-books, laughing over

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the entries of violent storms which had burst from the sunshine and of sudden clearings when everything had been made secure, alow and aloft, for the oncoming gale. Those were the days in which anyone's seamanship would have been taxed to its utmost.

When we arose to leave Paul stood beside us bobbing, and he bobbed us all the way out to the limit of his gracefulness and the evident wonder of the boy in buttons at the door. Night had fallen, so I halted a cruising hansom and we were borne swiftly homeward in right royal contentment with our day.

Thus it was, with an echo in my heart, that I understood Alicia when she smiled at me across the world and said, "Yes, it has been a dear, happy day." It reminded me of the heroine's epilogue in an old-fashioned play. I watched her awhile in the silence of understanding, and I saw the other smile, the one of merriment, dawn in her eyes. She leaned forward and gave a gentle, encouraging little nudge to a rose which dropped over the rim of the silver bowl.

"The skipper's wife is wondering," she said slowly, "whether there is an omen in her selection to-day of a mirror when there were so many other things at Old Mr. Peter's."

"First tell me in what spirit the skipper's wife selected it," I replied with fine wisdom.

"Ah, a tentative thrust at my vanity!"

Silence, and a little stage-business with my coffee cup; Alicia's expression is one, I am sure, she wished I might see, but I did not so much as glance at her. I knew she was thinking.

"Very well," she said, folding her hands, perhaps to show her scorn of weapons. "Accepting it as such, is it at all remarkable that the skipper's wife should seek a mirror at the *end* of a voyage? Do you imagine that even Mrs. Noah ventured ashore on faith alone?"

"My intimacy with the Noahs," I said gravely, "ended when I was very young, but as I recall her I feel quite sure she did. Indeed, there was precious little by which to distinguish her from Mr. Noah, and the children were—well, chips of the old block. I might add that Mrs. Noah could scarcely have expected meeting anyone."

"She knew that her *husband* would see her." Alicia inclined her head toward me ever so slightly and sank slowly backward in her chair.

"My sword," I said, drawing a rose from the bowl and extending it toward her.

"I am glad to see that it blushes for your thrust," Alicia replied, laying the glowing bloom against her cheek.

"I prefer to thank it for confusion at its sudden good fortune," I said with a studied Romeo and Juliet intonation. Alicia's conception of her part just then was distinctly modern. First she said "Um-m!"—a sort of verbal receipt, I imagine, and then added, "Now that I have the sword *and* the mirror I think it high time we set sail."

"Do you intend using the mirror as a compass?" I inquired interestedly.

"No, as a means of finding an amiable companion in—bad weather. It will give me someone with whom to discuss the peculiarities of the skipper."

"Oh! I'm to remain skipper, am I? I thought *you* had decided to take over the command."

"No, I accepted the sword as a token of allegiance, not of surrender—but we'd better sail before I change my mind."

As the half of seamanship is promptness, I arose at once, bowed with grave ceremony, and said, "The skipper presents his compliments and begs to announce his readiness to unmoor ship."

I felt that this was something new in seamanship, a sort of fragment from a "Drawing-Room Manual of Deep-Sea Practice," but I was determined to get under way cautiously and courteously. But before we could proceed with the nautical amenities there was a distant whirring tinkle, a summons to the starboard gangway.

"Some one coming aboard," I said. "Cupid, perhaps."

"Then, for mercy's sake, wait, don't let's sail without him!" Alicia pleaded. And, of a truth, our visitor confirmed my hazard in part, at least, for, as the door latched, a small voice, with a decided shiver in it, piped out, "Gee, it's cold!" The next moment Frieda came in with a telegram.

"For you, Alicia," I said, adding slowly, with a nod toward the door: "Better send a wrap out to him. We can't take him—that way, you know."

The corners of Alicia's lips deepened as

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Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.

Commiserated with him in his perturbation.—Page 615.

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she glanced quickly from me to the unfolded message in her hand.

"Oh, it's from Uncle Dick, for both of us," she exclaimed.

"'I know why it rains here to-day. You have all the sunshine. Bless you, my children!'

"Isn't he a dear old soul?"

"He wants to know if there's any answer," I heard Frieda say in her low voice, which always diminished to a whisper. In an instant this simple inquiry had whisked my thoughts to the little waiting figure in the hall with its protest against the gaining cold. Even in that brief space before Alicia replied a great many things had flashed through my mind, and all of them against the background of warmth and comfort and happiness, of soft light and flowers, the background which Fate had vouchsafed us, Alicia and me, this night—and always. And then when Alicia said, "Tell him there is no answer," an idea, an impulse, perhaps a very foolish one, entered my head. I accepted it without the slightest questioning. "Wait, Frieda," I said, and I saw Alicia, who was reading the telegram again, lower it and regard me curiously. The maid stopped and turned and I went past her out of the room.

In a moment I returned with the smallest messenger boy I had ever seen. He was absurdly small. As I had my hand on his shoulder I felt him hesitate at the threshold, but I drew him along with me gently toward the fireplace. He had his cap clutched like a shield across his vitals and he advanced with the utmost caution. His expression was fixed in a small grin which changed only slightly when he sniffed. Through this grin shone the sum of juvenile wisdom.

"Alicia," I said, "this is——" I bent inquiringly over the urchin, whose round face suddenly flashed up to mine.

"Fourteen-nin'y eight, O'Connor," he chirped, displaying with an automatic jerk the blue number plate on his cap.

"Thank you, sir," I went on, "Mr. O'Connor, whom I have asked to come in and see us off." The grin wavered a trifle and the boy glanced uncomprehendingly from me to Alicia. He began to turn his cap around and around over his stomach. I saw by the gentle mirth in Alicia's eyes that at last she understood.

"And we are very glad to have him," she said. "We thought at first it was someone else," this with a sidelong look at me.

"Yes, until we realized that *he* was already aboard," I interposed, rescuing the youngster's cap and piloting him into a chair which I drew to the table between us. The grin had entirely vanished, so now had most of the boy. He was all wonderment and very still save for his darting, bird-like eyes. The bird idea was further borne out by a feathery topknot which sprang from his reddish crown.

Alicia glanced at me and said quickly, "I am quite sure little Mr. O'Connor would like"—the fluttering eyes alighted hopefully upon her—"something sweet"—they flew to me, then back again. The small grin, too, returned, seeming to widen suddenly in all directions from the snub nose. He uttered no sound; it was as if he feared that any noise from him would shatter to fragments this fragile thing which was taking form before him. It did take decidedly tangible form when Frieda came in with a heaped plate and set it before him. Now for a moment I left him in Alicia's care, and she provided him with a spoon and with a napkin, which he tucked so tightly in his collar that he must have swallowed with difficulty. When he had quite arranged the napkin he looked like an Irish cherub peering over the rim of a cloud. A terrestrial "There, sir!" from Alicia was all the encouragement he required to fall to. His method was extremely simple: he promptly reduced the distance between his mouth and the plate to two or three inches and plied the spoon across this gap with astonishing skill. Conversation under such conditions would have been a feat. For this reason I long forebore to complicate the situation with irrelevancies. Alicia, who was looking on incredulously, evidently decided at last that No. 1498 really owed it to himself to breathe, as she said, "It's cold out to-night, isn't it?"

"Yesum," was the reply, through the spoon apparently, although he did look up. The face that beamed from the table's edge was as red as an apple. It was either health or the napkin. He had his mouth full when Alicia unfortunately asked him where he lived, so we never learned this. But inquiry concerning his parents was surprisingly successful.

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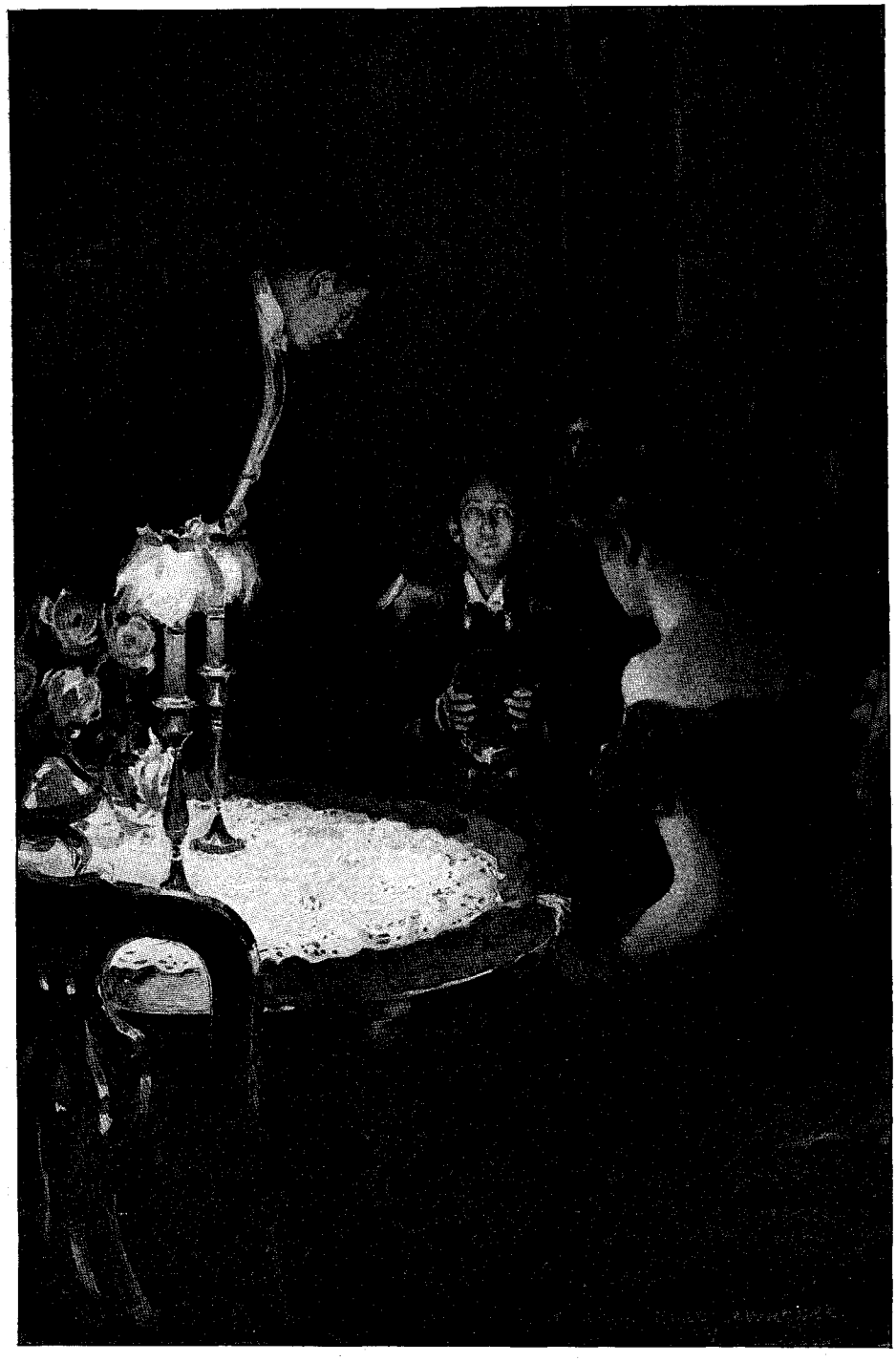

Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.

"Mr. O'Connor, whom I have asked to come in and see us off."—Page 618.

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"Me father's just got fifty dollars f' bein' rund over in th' street," he said, with prideful jubilation as for a fairy godmother's visit. Although each of us proffered commiseration, O'Connor persisted in grinning. "He tried to git two hundred," he went on, suddenly grave, "but they said his legs wasn't broke bad enough."

"How long was he out of work?" I asked, knowing this to be the real catastrophe.

"He don't work," the boy answered quickly. "He's blind." Then, as if he seemed to think that the O'Connors needed rehabilitation, he said, "Me muther works," and drew his hand across his mouth. The plate was empty. Suddenly he looked up and asked, "When you goin' away?" Back came the grin.

I had almost forgotten. "We are going now," I said, with sudden inspiration.

Perplexity shadowed an instant across the youngster's face. "Where?" he asked. Alicia leaned back in her chair and regarded me intently, amusement spicing the inquiry of her look. I had not expected to be catechized.

"Going to sea," I replied. "You see, I'm the captain of a ship." The boy's eyes widened. Alicia smiled and let her hand fall upon the solitary rose before her. "I've been captain for"—she pushed the rose toward me—"for three years——"

"What kind of a ship?"

"A—a treasure ship, I should say."

"What's that?"

"Well, it's a ship which——"

"Which has a weatherwise skipper," Alicia interposed alertly, although I had thought her concentrated upon the lines she was drawing in the tablecloth. This was, certainly, finis to my story. O'Connor looked as if he had been suddenly robbed. He waited a moment to see whether anyone intended to speak, and then said venturesomely, "I'm going to be a sailor, some day."

"I sincerely hope so," I replied, which was also answer to Alicia.

"I know a feller that's got an anchor on his arm." Again the grin.

"Well, have a heart put on yours," was the only answer I felt it proper to make, and after that I escorted him to the gangway. There he stopped a moment, screwed his cap tight upon his head, and said, "Hope y'ave a good time," and ran down into the dark.

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THE HAND OF PETRARCH

By T. R. Sullivan

MESSER ENRICO CAPRA, the goldsmith of Bergamo, was in the year 1374, as certain veracious chronicles of his day instruct us, a famous man, justly admired and respected through all the neighboring country-side. His reputation for good workmanship had extended, on the one hand, far up the valleys of the Brembo and the Serio, those tributaries of the River Adda which encircle his native stronghold; and, on the other, it had travelled eastward at least as far as Brescia, where a fine crucifix from his hand stood in the old cathedral. If his name and fame had not spread abroad over the Lombard plain to its great capital of Milan, and, thence, with ever-widening vibrations to the horizon's verge, why, that, according to his fellow-citizens, was entirely his own fault. For, while they could praise without reserve the excelling art which had brought him ease and wealth in middle life, they were compelled, with the same breath, to deplore its abrupt, ineffectual end. He had chosen to hide his talent in the earth at the moment of its perfection. And that, unhappily, was long ago; for fifteen years and more this talent had proved unfruitful. In art, not to produce incessantly is to cease to exist; and Messer Enrico Capra, at the age of sixty-three, still vigorous, intelligent, and lovable, had become, so far as art recognized him, a creature of the past; for present shortcomings, irresistibly compared by his friends and kindred to the unprofitable servant who was cast into outer darkness at the divine command.

Though he had remained a bachelor and lived alone, except for a houseful of servants, there was little of the recluse about him. The house stood upon a narrow street near the workshop, which had passed long since into other hands; outwardly, it was a modest abode, unadorned and unpretentious; within, it showed no lack of comfort. At the back, a sunny little garden, sloping to the southwest near an angle of the bastions, had a wide prospect over hill and plain; so wide that the guests, who were often entertained there unceremoniously, but sufficiently, could discern on a clear day the towers of three cities—Monza, Treviglio, and Milan. It was the last, undoubtedly, which suggested a byword, first whispered among these few, to pass current afterward in the town—the byword, namely, that Messer Enrico, the famous goldsmith, could walk in his own garden and look beyond his fame.

Messer Enrico, himself, hardly knew how often he had looked beyond it to those same distant towers of the Lombard capital. For beneath them had once lived for many years the man who, unwittingly at first, then despite his own urgent remonstrance, had been the sole cause of the goldsmith's strange cessation from artistic labor; the man who was the foremost scholar of his time, the leader of thought so distinguished that he burst all bonds of hampering tradition and freed the world of letters from the shackles of theology; no less a man than the great Petrarch—poet, philosopher, and historian, friend and counsellor of princes, hermit of Vaucluse and Arquà, sage of Venice and Padua, as well as of Milan, where, humblest if not least among his admirers, the worthy goldsmith of Bergamo was first admitted to his presence.

That the establishment of a personal relation with the master should have been to this devotee a difficult task is not surprising. The age was marked by a genuine interest in literature; Dante had but lately died, and Boccaccio's star had risen. Between the two shone Petrarch, whose transcendent lustre constituted him the supreme arbiter, to whom all literary craftsmen of any pretension appealed as a matter of course. And these competitors for the laurel were innumerable, even as the sands of the sea. For it was not only an age of great promise and performance, but also one of futile attempt and deadly imitation. The mania of authorship had grown into a malignant disorder, from which there seemed to be no immunity for

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high or low. Statesmen, senators, journeymen, shopkeepers, nay, even apprentices were affected by it; a plague more terrible than that of Florence, it threatened to lay waste the land. While amid it all, overburdened with greatness, the dominant spirit, indirectly responsible for the infliction, found himself besieged in his house and set upon at every street-corner by the callow wits that longed to soar and prayed for support. Until at last, goaded beyond his patience, he barred his door against all clamorous invasion.

It was by gentle means alone that Messer Enrico Capra sought to attain what force could not accomplish. Through subtle compliment and quaint device he aroused the great man's curiosity, impressing upon him the profound sincerity of his devotion. He collected rare copies of the master, whose portrait, arms, and name in golden letters everywhere adorned the walls of his house at Bergamo. By degrees the house became a shrine where, day by day, he burned incense before his idol. Unlike the ignoble herd, he had no productive aspirations of his own to further, no manuscripts to offer in evidence of latent genius. If he gradually neglected his honorable calling to the point of its final abandonment, he did so merely for purposes of study, that he might gain thus a better understanding of the product from the master-hand. At that hand, himself, he asked nothing, expected nothing. His one ardent hope was to make himself worthy of Petrarch's friendship, if, by some fortunate accident, it should ever be accorded him.

After years of waiting a day arrived when his patient zeal was rewarded. A local magistrate brought him word, with all the deference which so great an occasion demanded, that the noble Petrarch, the illustrious, the laurel-crowned, would receive Messer Enrico Capra, of Bergamo, whenever it should please him to present himself; furthermore, that, desiring to verify the good repute of so faithful an admirer, he prayed that the visit might not be long deferred. Overjoyed, the goldsmith posted to Milan, where, trembling with exultation, he met Petrarch face to face, at last, and was welcomed with a benignant cordiality which almost turned his brain. Life for him, he declared, should be henceforth one long consecration to the noblest incentive that he had ever known. The master smiled at an infatuation which by many an argument he conscientiously strove to overcome; the scholar's labors, he urged, were exacting, and Messer Enrico was no longer of an age to assume them; while, as an artist, new triumphs, well worth winning, no doubt awaited him. But to such counsel the self-constituted disciple refused to listen. His art was a bygone thing; he had forsaken all it promised for one high, illuminating purpose, fixed as the stars in their courses. Thus opposed, the leader, touched against his will by homage that he could not control, suffered himself to be led, and protested no more.

Thereafter, though the two seldom met, their friendly intercourse was maintained by active correspondence. Petrarch had a weakness for letter-writing; and the indefatigable student's appeals for advice or sympathy were never left unheeded. Now, it was the text of some obscure passage upon which he craved enlightenment; now, he had acquired some *editio princeps*, or some new memorial of his patron, to whom the happy circumstance must be communicated. On rare occasions he reappeared in Milan for a day, that became a festal one. So, carefully tended, the flame upon the altar was kept alive, and the idol fostered it. Yet for a long time one last concession was withheld. Over and over again the goldsmith implored him to bestow upon Bergamo a day, an hour of his gracious presence. The master smiled and shook his head; only to yield in the end, worn out, as he, himself, has recorded, by incessant importunities. Once more Messer Enrico made his familiar journey to the capital. But this time he journeyed back with Petrarch, and at the gates of Bergamo all the great ones of the city awaited his return.

That memorable visit occurred in the autumn of the year 1359. And, duly impressed with its importance, Petrarch took pains to describe it shortly afterward in detail. From his own pen we learn how the Podestà and the dignitaries flung wide their palace-doors, disputing for his entertainment; how the poor goldsmith trembled lest his humble roof should be forsaken for some nobler lodging; how his reverence

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denied them all, and, descending at Messer Enrico's house, delighted in its treasures; how, after a royal banquet, he slept upon a purple couch, surrounded by the choicest books, in a chamber glittering with gold, where none had slept before, and none ever should sleep again; finally, how, on the following day, he departed, oppressed with honors, escorted by the city fathers; and taking leave of his infatuated host, when the homeward journey was half over, actually feared that the good man might lose his reason, or die from excess of joy. But, on the contrary, since that eventful day of long ago, it could truly be said that Messer Enrico Capra had lived upon its recollection.

Into the master's life, however, time and circumstance brought many a change. The cares of Petrarch multiplied; he became involved in state affairs, was sent abroad to one foreign court after another upon diplomatic missions. To years of enforced wandering succeeded years of restlessness; he removed from Milan to Venice, thence to Padua, where age came upon him suddenly; and, in declining health, he made still another move—the final one. Twelve miles away, at Arquà, in the Euganean Hills, he built an ideal hermitage. There, amid his books and flowers, the closing years of his life were passed in perfect peace. Until his last hour the scholarly pursuits which he loved best never ceased to interest him. His motto was the text from Ecclesiasticus: "When a man hath done, then he beginneth; and when he leaveth off, then he shall be doubtful." Yet if, now and then, some remote rumor of the world penetrated to his quiet sanctuary, it brought him no disturbance. Upon the world's distractions he had turned his back forever.

Time, dealing thus with the master, wrought upon the disciple likewise its inevitable changes. For many years Messer Enrico's stream of life flowed calmly on with few reinforcements from the fountain-head. After Petrarch's departure from Milan, the goldsmith never looked upon his face again. Gradually even the correspondence languished, coming at last with a perceptible shade of bitterness to its end. For this some fault justly might have been alleged on both sides, yet its direct cause was the goldsmith's persistent endeavor to gain a boon which had never been absolutely denied him. He had long desired to possess a copy of Petrarch's Italian verses, prepared by the master's own hand. In the series of sonnets, so graceful, so melodious, of which unrequited love for Laura forms the theme, Messer Enrico found the highest expression of his idol's genius; and the world has confirmed that judgment in manifold editions of the little book, proclaimed incomparable. But in the eyes of its author, it was a youthful trifle, crude, immature, almost unworthy of preservation. While, therefore, he refrained from dismissing the goldsmith's request for the manuscript with a blunt refusal, and even consented to make the copy, he did not conceal the fact that his compliance was a reluctant one. With the procrastination which developed in his later life, he postponed the labor of love from day to day, from week to week, from year to year. In the meantime, relying upon the half-hearted assurance, Messer Enrico devoted himself to preparing a receptacle worthy of what would prove his richest treasure. He designed a golden casket, so splendid that its counterpart had never been imagined. It was adorned with reliefs illustrating the sonnets, the life and death of Laura; and these were upheld by groups of figures drawn from the argument of the immortal poem, wherein Death triumphed over Love, Fame over Death, Time over Fame, and Eternity over all. This, when finished, should be another wonder of the world, and the goldsmith, resuming the art he had long neglected, brought all his skill to bear upon it. Petrarch, duly advised of the scheme, at first professed keen interest. He renewed his promise, and began his copy of the manuscript; but the interest waned, the work was delayed, cast aside; and fulfilment of the promise seemed farther off than ever when the goldsmith's own work on the great casket drew near its end. Word reached him of his master's removal to Arquà, whither he sent an appeal, pathetically urgent. No answer came. The setting upon which he had toiled for years in secret had received its final touches, yet it still lacked the precious jewel. The good goldsmith was human; waiting vainly, he sometimes permitted his vexation to break forth in sharp reproaches; but these were always followed by a mood of repentance

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wherein he framed excuses for this cruel neglect which time must surely justify. After twenty years of blind faith, one journeys backward slowly to the point of recantation.

The casket, wrapped in cloth of gold, was hidden away in the richly furnished chamber, devoted to memorials of the master, which Messer Enrico revisited alone at long intervals. One brilliant day in spring he unlocked the door again, unbarred the shutters, flooded the room with light. The sunshine streamed upon its golden walls, playing about the heap of ashes on the hearth, touching lightly one half-burned brand there, which, alas! would never be rekindled. Opposite, on a small table at the bedside, lay a pile of books, just as the beloved hand had left them, long ago. They were buried in dust, but, at the risk of disturbing their arrangement, Messer Enrico would not brush away a grain of it. Sighing, he made his round, as he had often done before; and then, returning to the table, looked down at it in silence. The room was still as death; its windows opened upon the garden, and from without came only a murmur of the rose-leaves, with the call of a blackbird growing fainter in the distance. These were sounds too slight to hear. But, suddenly, a nearer and sharper sound behind him interrupted his reverie. He turned, with a start, to find that the only intruder was the playful breeze which, scattering the ash-heap, had tumbled the charred stick down upon the hearth-stone and broken it. But, in turning, he caught his robe upon a corner of the table; a book slipped off, opening as it fell; and a loose bit of parchment fluttered out between the leaves. He picked this up, perceiving, to his surprise, some lines of verse written upon it, in Petrarch's own handwriting. They were incomplete and blurred by corrections, breaking off in the middle of a phrase; but they were addressed "To My Good Friend, Messer Enrico Capra," whose eyes now filled with tears as he tried to read them. He soon discovered that he had lighted, by chance, upon an unfinished sonnet in which the master had intended to express sympathy with his courteous host, and to do him honor. The intention had never been carried out; yet the kindly thought was there in this rough draft, and its discovery touched Messer Enrico deeply. All the force of his affection revived at once. Before the day was done he had dispatched to Arquà an account of his little adventure and its effect upon him, without even a reference to the unfulfilled obligation, or any note whatsoever of complaint. To omit all mention of his bitter disappointment at this time was to make a strong entreaty, as he well knew; and the master, reading between the lines of the letter, so understood it. His prompt reply was a prayer for tolerance. "Kind and devoted friend," he wrote, "thou art of all men the gentlest, the most forgiving. Know, then, that my broken covenant with thee is to me a weight of sorrow. Let thy indulgence absolve me. I have declined into the autumn of my years; but ere this year's harvest is fully garnered, the covenant shall be redeemed. To this I pledge my hand."

With infinite joy Messer Enrico returned thanks for the remorseful acknowledgment, and resigned himself again to patient waiting. Spring passed; midsummer came; the vintage would be an early one, they said, though it was still far off. He watched for that, noting each day the season's progress, smiling at the petty hopes of gain, so dear to his neighbors. And when evening fell, he strolled alone upon the city walls through the lengthening shadows, not to take delight in the sunset, but to look eastward over the plain. This habit grew, until his fellow-townsmen regarded it with wonder; and when he lingered at his favorite angle of the rampart, they shrugged their shoulders, whispering: "There is Messer Enrico on the watch again! What does he find to see, that we do not? What messenger is he expecting?"

One July evening of the year 1374, as he stood musing in his wonted place, his attention was suddenly arrested by a strange excitement in the lower town. Along one of its narrow streets groups of men were forming to discuss some question eagerly. The news, whatever it was, spread from the door of one wine-shop to another, handed on with emphatic gestures. All this stir provoked him to inquiry. He hurried down the nearest flight of steps into the gloom of a vaulted passage, leading out below the walls. There, in the dark, he met the dreadful word. Petrarch was

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dead! Stunned by the shock, as if a savage hand had struck him, he stumbled on, tracing the word to its source with incoherent questions, until he confirmed the news beyond a doubt. His noble master had died ten days before at Arquà, quietly, without pain, falling asleep in his chair, among his books, alone. This became clear, and at this point all struggle ceased. Nothing else was clear for a long time.

II

Six weeks later Messer Enrico came to himself, and was informed by Marcello, his faithful servant, that he had been desperately ill of a fever, wavering between life and death. When he learned the duration of his illness, his mind reverted at once to the vanishing point, and he brooded, in silence, upon the insupportable sorrow. An hour afterward he roused himself to ask, abruptly, if nothing in all these days and weeks had come from Arquà. Was there no letter? no message? In anxiety that he could not comprehend, his attendant, with a negative sign, entreated him to sleep. Not until his convalescence was it explained to him that this question, many times repeated, had been the haunting theme of his delirium. It haunted him still, though he was careful not to betray himself. Had nothing come from Arquà? No—nothing, nothing. Yet something would come, surely. To that hope he clung with obstinate persistence. Had he not his master's word for it? Would not that hold good, even though the master were in his grave?

The cool, bright days of autumn restored him to his little world. He was a well man, now, he said. But others could perceive, though he did not, the ineffaceable signs of his long illness; in its course he had passed from vigor to old age. Health and strength might still be his, yet with a difference; it was clear that he must refrain from overtaxing them. Of this limitation, however, he seemed quite unconscious, when he walked and talked among his neighbors, planning a little journey that should give him necessary change to set the seal upon his recovery—a journey to Padua and Venice, as he took care to state. Thus, by slow degrees, he warned them of his departure. And thus they heard, one day, without surprise, the news that he was gone.

Disregarding all advice to the contrary, he set forth entirely alone. But though his steps turned toward the East, neither to Padua nor Venice did he direct them. His goal of pilgrimage, so cautiously defended from cold indifference or idle jest, was Arquà only—Arquà, the simple mountain village—Arquà Petrarca, coupled forevermore with the dead master's name. Journeying by easy stages, he turned at Este from the Paduan highway, and struck off into the hills. Through the haze of a fine October afternoon, he climbed the last slope, over a rough road that ended in a group of houses irregularly placed about the open square, dusty and grass-grown, which formed the nucleus of the little town. At one side stood the inn, denoted only by a withered branch above its door; and across the farther end stretched the long, low wall of a church, severe in line, without adornment. From its tower the call to vespers rang insistently, as if to hasten the steps of certain loiterers drawn tardily to the office; but that summons was not sharp enough; for while the stranger paused to look about him, a beadle enforced it sternly, driving the stragglers in like sheep. Messer Enrico was moved piously to follow them. But, as he crossed the square, his purpose changed; he stopped with a cry, kneeling then and there in the dust, at sight of the line carved upon a quaint monument which stood near the church-door in the shadow of the wall.

Frigida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarce! This, then, was the master's tomb! This rude sarcophagus of red marble, raised upon four short columns above the level of vulgar life, to dignify the barren place and be its glory and its ornament till time should cease and earthly honor sweep into oblivion! The poor townsmen and their parish officer had passed it by, carelessly; they dispersed as they assembled, with slow indifference, while the stranger watched them from his window at the inn, whither he had turned for lodging. This, though the best which the town afforded, was of so primitive a sort that the host mumbled profuse apologies for its deficiencies; but the window

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overlooked the square, and to Messer Enrico all the rest mattered nothing. Through his eager questions the man soon gained confidence, and chattered freely. Oh, yes, he had seen the master sometimes—after death, had looked upon his face; all the arts and essences of the East had been applied to its preservation, leaving it wonderfully lifelike. Everybody in the village, old or young, had followed the body to the tomb yonder; there had been garlands and banners, acolytes and incense, the cardinal himself—a splendid funeral, truly a nine days' wonder! Had the Signore visited the good man's house? By leaning forward and turning the head to the right, one could see its tiled roof—there, higher up the hill, out of the town. It was worth the climb, if only to get the prospect from its garden.

Messer Enrico smiled at these last words, as he toiled in the sunset up the stony path to the garden-gate, through which he looked, with a full heart, along a trim walk leading to the doorway of the house. The rusty chain rattled as he pulled it, stirring the bell within. And, at the sound, from a low ilex-tree in the garden a startled bird flew, twittering up into the clear sky. Then the house-door opened, and a man, white-haired, infirm, of very gentle bearing, came slowly down the walk to admit the visitor at the first hint of his errand.

"Welcome, Signore, in my master's name. Alas! that it should be too late for such a word from his own lips!"

"It is the grievous counterstroke of fortune; for I am one who loved him—Capra, Enrico Capra, the goldsmith of Bergamo. And thou wert of his household?"

"His body-servant, Vitale, Signore. It was I who found him in his arm-chair, sleeping, never to wake again. I remain for a time in charge of the place. Will it please the Signore to come in?"

His voice failed him. Silently, he led the way up an outer staircase, through the arched loggia, to the main floor of the house—a series of small rooms, opening one into another, bright and cheerful, with the comfortable air that is derived from daily use. There was the poet's chamber; here the chair in which he had fallen asleep; this was his library, and these closed cabinets contained the precious books, deeded long ago to Venice, but entrusted for delivery to his friend and patron, the Lord of Padua, who had placed his seal upon them all; all, save one, that volume of Cicero, with which the master was occupied at the moment of his death. It still lay upon the floor, where it had dropped from his lifeless hand. The old man indicated these things in a whispered word or two, while the stranger followed him with tear-dimmed eyes. Then they passed out together upon an iron balcony overhanging a wide, green valley, which opened toward the western plain. There were vineyards and olive orchards upon all the slopes; above them, from the rocky heights stretching eastward, clumps of pine-trees stood out against the sky. Here, where the master loved to sit, they lingered, leaning upon the rail, while day's colors deepened, and the lovely landscape grew lovelier in the afterglow. The bitterness of grief abated with these quiet influences, until speech no longer was impossible. Messer Enrico, producing his last letter from the poet, explained the nature of the bond to which it bore witness, and sought further evidence regarding it. To his discomfiture this proved inconclusive. It appeared that the master, shortly before his death, had burned in his brasier a heap of old papers; but what these were, and why he had chosen to destroy them, it was idle to conjecture. Of their import the servant could say nothing; and the sealed cabinets, he was sure, contained only books. Were there no other papers, then? None, so far as he knew. If any such had escaped the brasier's coals, they must be hidden away in some secret place, unknown to old Vitale, whose mind, at the thought, wandered off into wild speculation. The letter, at which he looked long and tenderly, was unquestionably in his master's character, and it expressed a solemn promise; he took the will for the deed therefore, stubbornly maintaining that the master was a man of his word. How and where, then, had he concealed the manuscript? Upon that question he dwelt so resolutely, as almost to make his companion forget the long delay which had led to reasonable doubt. They talked on through the twilight, while the mist rose from the valley in strange, fantastic shapes

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that promoted a cloud of superstitious fancies, befitting time and place.

"Look yonder!" whispered the servitor; "at that hooded figure, bending low over the garden. I could swear that it is my master's. See! it retreats and comes again. What if the paper were buried there? Nay, now it is gone!"

"It is but vapor," sighed the goldsmith. "Thy master's body lies with the honored dead, and may not walk again until the last hour. God rest his soul!"

"Signore, the dead are with us always. My master was a just man—a true one. If he has failed to keep his word, we shall know it from his own lips. Trust me, he will not rest in his grave."

Messer Enrico shivered, and drew his robe tighter round him. "It is cold," he murmured. "I must find my bed at the inn, and sleep. To-morrow, we will speak further of this. Consider it well, my good Vitale, and search the house again, that I may be satisfied."

"Ay, but where?" the old man asked, as they came down together. "If the thing be here, to find the hiding-place would puzzle the wise woman herself. Ah! that is not so bad a thought! I counsel the Signore to make demand of her."

"The wise woman?" repeated Messer Enrico, lightly.

"Of Abano, yes, Signore," answered the servant, dropping in his speech to an impressive whisper, "Giralda, of the burning lake—famous for her skill through all the country round. The secrets of the heart are revealed to her; ay, of the soul likewise! She will unfold this, if any human being can. Go to her, talk with her, Signore."

The goldsmith smiled incredulously. "Nay, not I!" he said. "Let her keep her sorceries to herself. I deal not with things of darkness." Still old Vitale was not to be shaken in his faith. The new idea had fastened upon him. There lay the solution of the mystery; it was his parting word, upon which he dwelt earnestly when the garden-gate closed between them. Dismissing the thought of such guidance as grotesque and irrational, Messer Enrico returned to the inn for the repose he sorely needed. But his night was a troubled one. In his dreams he pursued always the same search, which proved always unavailing, now in the house, now in the garden, attended everywhere by hovering phantoms of the mist that mocked his vain endeavor. Toward morning, he slept for awhile undisturbed; till the sleep ended in a dream more disquieting than all the rest. The master stood before him, gowned and hooded as in life, but pale as death, with a look of anguish in his staring eyes; he seemed eager to speak; the white lips parted in the effort, yet no word came; at last, receding slowly, as if reluctantly drawn away by a power irresistible, the figure stretched forth its hand, beckoned, and was gone. "Stay!" the sleeper shouted; and woke, alone, at the window, whither he had dragged himself unconsciously. The moonlight gleamed upon the little square, the marble tomb beyond it; but there was no sign of life; all lay silent, motionless, deserted. Trembling with cold, he crept back to bed, where for the time his trouble ceased. "It was all a dream!" he murmured, when he woke in broad day.

For three days more he remained at Arquà, revisiting the house, urging its occupant on to investigation which brought no result. Always there was the same answer, the same suggestion of the one remedy possible in such a case. "If the Signore would but consult the wise woman of Abano! The town is close at hand; and there, too, are waters, wondrous in their healing property, of which it might be well to drink a little. For, by the Signore's leave, his health appears to be none of the best."

None of the best, indeed! For, though the Signore, guarding his secret zealously, strove, throughout the day, with enforced cheerfulness to avert suspicion, each night the troubled dream returned. The dead master, tormented by the thought he could not speak, haunted his bedside, to renew the mute appeal and depart with hand outstretched imploringly. The dreadful presence grew more and more distressing, until the knowledge of what night would bring, became an hourly torture. At the close of the third day he could bear it no longer, and, ordering his horse, prepared for flight. But the mysterious change in him had not escaped the shrewd padrone of the inn.

"The Signore will sleep at Este, then,"

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he said; "since his health returns but slowly, and the hour is late."

"No, not at Este. I go north to Abano. They say, there is virtue in its healing waters."

"Undoubtedly. The Signore has been well advised."

Messer Enrico eyed the man gravely. "Tell me," he demanded; "dost thou know aught of the wise woman there, at Abano?"

"Of a surety, Signore. Who does not? Her skill passes belief, and her arts are manifold. It was she who cured my brother of the fever. Had a man a devil in him, she would cast it out. Ay! more than that! All the past is known to her, and she foretells the future. She can interpret dreams."

The goldsmith started; but a look reassured him. How should the man know?

"I thank you," he said, as he rode off. "I will confide in her, if the waters fail me."

"May you be spared the need, Signore, and Heaven go with you!"

So, at the first turn of the road, Messer Enrico was lost in the twilight, to be seen no more at Arquà and soon forgotten. Alighting in Abano, he found a hearty welcome, warmth, cheerfulness, and the best of provision for his comfort. Strangers, who came to drink the waters, were not infrequent there, and his arrival occasioned no remark. The mere change of scene was an encouragement. The poor, hunted victim took heart at the thought that he had returned to the land of men from the land of fearful dreams.

In this mood he composed himself to sleep, only to find all comfort spirited away. His evil destiny, defying his precautionary measures, had followed him over the hills and would not be shaken off. He slept, but the vision of the master rose before him with the old imploring look, the gesture of entreaty. Night after night, at Abano as at Arquà, the haunting terror repeated itself, and made life miserable. He could think of nothing else. And when, at last, driven half mad by the failure of simpler remedies, he sought the wise woman, it was not to demand the hiding-place of the lost manuscript—the treasure which never had been his—but only to be delivered from the fiend that had assumed the shape dearer to him than all others.

A mile from the town he left the level road, to follow a lonely path winding up through the woods toward a deep cleft in the hills. Around him, between the tree-trunks, volcanic rocks, seamed and scarred on their rough sides, rose grimly, closing in the landscape. As the growth became denser, though the sun was still high, its rays were cut off. Upon the dim forest a strange, unearthly stillness settled down. There was no rustling of leaves, no chirruping of birds or insects, no movement, no sign of life other than his own. He went on, startled by the hollow sound of his own footsteps, fearful lest the trembling earth should give way and engulf him suddenly; until the path, plunging lower into the ravine, led him to a spring which bubbled darkly over decaying leaves. He stooped to drink. But the water, warm and brackish, enveloped him, as he stirred it, in a cloud of noisome vapor. In a moment more he came to a small lake, overhung with mist, through which the calm surface rippled here and there into pale, phosphorescent gleams. Dark rocks and darker pine-trees, towering high, encircled it; its level seemed lower than the earth, as if the dismal place lay at the very heart of the Euganean Hills.

As the seeker stepped out upon the shore, a shrill cry, breaking the silence, echoed from the rocks; then re-echoed from some distant point in answer to the call. A small boy sprang from the underbrush, and, stopping at a safe distance, began to question him.

"Your name and titles, Signore. Why do you come here?"

"Enrico Capra, the goldsmith of Bergamo. They have sent me to the wise woman—Giralda, of the burning lake, if I mistake not."

"Giralda, yes, Signore. This is the place. See!" Speaking, he tossed a pebble into the water. A flame flashed up for an instant, to die away in rings of fire. "It is the sign, Signore. But there is no one else? The Signore comes alone?"

"Quite alone."

The boy darted on into the wood; then stopped, and looking back over his shoulder, with an uncouth gesture directed the stranger to follow. Messer Enrico silently obeyed him; and in this order they proceeded along the water's edge, half way

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round the lake, to a small clearing between its margin and the mountain-side. In the midst of this open space there burned what seemed a fire ; but the flame leaped fitfully from the earth, leaving no ashes, no trace of any fuel to sustain it. By the flickering light a rude dwelling, hollowed out of the cliff, could be discerned ; and from its doorway, as the two approached, a woman stepped forward into the clearer glow, which revealed her tall, straight figure, clad in a flowing Eastern garment. Her face, still young, was strong, of savage beauty. She challenged them with a stern look in her piercing eyes.

"Who comes with thee, Orso ? What does this man seek ?"

"Peace and rest !" replied the goldsmith, advancing toward the light. "A demon vexes all my dreams. Release me, if this art of thine can do so much, and I will never count the cost. For such relief I would pay double."

"Put up the purse, Signore, until the cause is known to me. The poor skill I have availeth nothing where a crime has been committed——"

"No crime, no crime ! The demon comes to me in friendly guise—as one who longs to speak, yet cannot find the means."

The woman's face relaxed. "There, indeed, my art may be of service," she said gently. "Orso, to thy stone, and sleep ! Follow me, Signore ; I must know with what I have to deal. Do not fear, speak freely."

Behind the fire, a large, smooth fragment of basaltic rock lay level with the earth. Upon its polished surface the boy, Orso, stretched himself out to sleep, as the sorceress commanded. Passing him by, she conducted Messer Enrico to her cave-like chamber in the cliff. From the low roof a lamp swung in chains ; and in the narrow circle of its light stood a rough bench, beside a table with wickered flasks and wine-cups. Filling one of these, she bade the goldsmith drink. The draught of native wine composed his thoughts, and he imparted them without reserve. She listened attentively to his story, asking no questions, desiring only the master's letter, over which she pondered long. Then, urging strict silence, with her finger on her lips, she led the seeker back into the open air, where the boy still lay by the fire, sleeping now profoundly. She called to him without effect ; shook him roughly, but still he did not stir. Nor did he wake when, raising him to a sitting posture, she knelt at his side, and, supporting him thus, placed the letter in his hand. His fingers closed upon the paper, he breathed heavily ; then sank to rest with his head upon her shoulder.

"Orso !" she called aloud, in a tone of command. "Orso ! Wake, and hear me !"

The boy stirred in his sleep, and trembled. Straining every muscle, he bent forward to stare at the stone below with fixed, wide-open eyes. She held him there in a strong, controlling grasp. And when he had ceased to struggle, she called to him again.

"Speak, Orso ! What see you in the wonder-stone ?"

"The square at Arquà," answered the sleeper, in a low, troubled voice. "The master's tomb is there. And there, within, the master lies asleep. No ! He stirs—he wakes—he whispers to me !"

"Hark ! What does he say ? Listen for the words, and heed them well !"

Wondering much, Messer Enrico drew a step nearer, as if the order had been addressed to him. But the woman warned him to stand back with an angry sign. There was a pause in which he hardly dared to breathe. Then the boy spoke again, faintly and more faintly.

"He would redeem his pledge. He cannot rest, even in his grave."

"Redeem it ? How ? Is the lost work finished, then, waiting to be found ?"

"No ! He shakes his head. There is nothing—nothing that may be found."

"How, then, is the master to redeem his promise ? How may one who loves him, dead or living, bring him to eternal peace ? Let the dead command ! The living will obey."

Silence, long unbroken. The very earth seemed to stand still in breathless apprehension. There was no sound—no movement, save from the fire at their feet. But its flame was noiseless, like the far-off pulsation of the attendant stars.

The answer came at last, breathed rather than spoken, so softly that it reached Messer Enrico's ears only in doubtful phrases which obscured the

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meaning. "Enter the tomb," it whispered; "at night—in secret—and take away—" What? The vital word was lost to him in feeble mutterings; but the sorceress, bending low over the speaker, followed them and caught their sense. As they died away, her eyes flashed triumphantly. She released the boy, laying him gently down, to unclasp his fingers and draw out the letter; then left him where he lay, asleep. And, at a sign, the bewildered goldsmith returned with her to the rock-bound chamber.

"The way is clear!" she cried; "there is but one. Didst thou not hear it?"

"All is confused," he answered, "and nothing clear to me. I heard what I cannot understand. Does the lost manuscript, by some mischance, lie buried in the tomb at Arquà?"

"No, Signore; it is not that. Thy debt lies with him in the tomb, and must be cancelled. Thou art to claim the forfeit."

"The forfeit? I exacted none."

"Nay, he, himself, imposed the penalty;" returned the wise woman. Speaking, she smoothed out the master's letter, and laid her finger upon a line of it. "Look! This written word still binds him. His restless spirit craves release. Cancel the bond and set him free!"

With a look of horror Messer Enrico started back.

"Never, to save my soul!" he cried. "I never can do that."

"The peace of the master is at stake, as well as thine," she said, calmly. "His prayer brings absolution. Dismiss the childish fear, and do his bidding."

"The fiend's prayer, not the master's! Heeding it, how may I find peace on earth? The world will hold me guilty of a mortal sin."

"The dead master commits his secret to our keeping," replied the sorceress; "it is ours to hold and guard through all eternity. The world will never know."

Messer Enrico sank, shuddering, upon his knees, and hid his face. "If I could believe!" he moaned. Moving to his side, the wise woman stooped over him compassionately; there were tears in her eyes as she touched his shoulder with a gentle pressure.

"How to persuade one that will not be persuaded?" she murmured. "I do but waste my words. Go back, Signore, to Abano. The evil dream will come again to prove that I speak honestly. And when all doubt is over, command my service and the boy's, to aid thee in thy act of faith; it must be done secretly, and with despatch. A word will summon us to Arquà."

"Heaven save me from it!" cried the goldsmith, recovering his self-command, "and grant that we may meet no more! The worth of thy infernal counsels—name the price! I would go free of thee forever."

"Nay, not yet!" was the quiet answer. "I would be justified. Wait for the fitting hour—the proof which time will surely bring. Wait, Signore, wait until we meet at Arquà."

He had raised his hand to fling the purse at her feet. But her gentleness disarmed him. He put away the money and, turning silently from the place, went down to Abano in the dusk, he knew not how. There, among men, the spell under which he labored was broken. All that had lately passed became at once unreal. Laughing at fear, he went to bed, to sleep. But he had dismissed the fear too lightly. The spectre was not laid. More dreadful than before, it now bent over him reproachfully; now touched him with an icy hand. The deadly chill remained, when he woke, shrieking. So, in the space of one short night, was the wise woman justified. Here was the proof she had foretold, which time must surely bring.

III

DAYBREAK at Arquà! Though all the lowland lay hidden in its veil of mist, the sky's unclouded arch assured a fine, bright morning. Old Vitale, bestirring himself, flung open the shutters of the master's house, and welcomed the sunshine with a glow of satisfaction. The day was here, at last, when, by appointment, the noble Lord of Padua, Francesco di Carrara, would come again to fulfil the conditions of his trust. To-day the master's library would be transferred to the patron's keeping; the closed cabinets would be unlocked, the rare volumes, so carefully protected, one by one would be removed. All was in perfect order, with every seal

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unbroken. For the hundredth time, the faithful watch-dog convinced himself of this. In a few hours his new master must arrive to take possession; perhaps, even now, the short journey was more than half accomplished; there might be signs of his approach upon the Paduan road, which the upper western window commanded for a mile or more. To that outlook the old man climbed in nervous expectation. The clustered houses of the town were just below him; and beyond them shone the narrow ribbon of the highway, white and still, without a speck upon it. But, while he looked, the quiet town itself woke from calmness to commotion. He heard the sound of hurrying feet, and saw the little square before the church rapidly fill up with a curious crowd, drawn together by some rumor of a startling nature. All eyes were fixed upon the master's tomb with looks of mingled wonder and dismay. Old Vitale rushed down among the curious faces, to make, in his turn, an incredible discovery. The tomb had been forced open in the night; one broken slab of marble lay on the ground where it had fallen. Yet the town had slept quietly, without the slightest hint of such disturbance. What ruffian could have wrought, secretly and silently, this act of infamous irreverence? For what unholy purpose was the sacred dust within thus violated? These were questions that each one asked, that none dared answer. All dreaded to pursue them further, to define the extent of the theft, to lay bare the effect that should explain the cause.

The wonder grew when the task of investigation was undertaken by the parish-priest, and the opening in the tomb proved too small to admit him. The theft, if theft it was, must, then, have been committed either by a child or by a dwarf. Under the priest's guidance a boy of the inn, solemnly charged to speak the truth, crawled into the sarcophagus, and furnished evidence to be publicly announced with due formality. The master's face was still serene, undisturbed and undisfigured. His only ornaments—the jewelled clasp of his robe and the ring upon his left hand, remained intact. But the right hand, that master hand to which the world acknowledged an inestimable debt, was wanting. It had been cut off adroitly at the wrist, and secreted, or carried away. A thorough search revealed no trace of it. For this mutilation alone had the impious offender performed his deed of darkness. Thus were the cause and effect of his unaccountable desecration explained and verified.

Following hard upon this announcement, the Lord of Padua rode into the square with all his retinue. Immediately every door was closed and every house ransacked at his command. He proclaimed the theft a capital offence, promising rewards and honors to any, high or low, whose testimony should convict the criminal; all without avail. A week passed, and neither the severed hand nor any clew to the place of its concealment came to light. Then he restored the tomb, consecrating it anew with fitting rites and ceremonies, leaving the mystery of the crime and its solution to after ages; still without avail. Centuries have elapsed; the threats and promises bequeathed to the world by Francesco di Carrara are all forgotten. He, himself, is remembered only as the false patron, who, dispersing the master's library, betrayed his sacred trust. But the marble monument remains at Arquà, an object of veneration. And to-day, the humble villager, deciphering its worn inscription, pauses to repeat one line significantly, and to dispute it. "*Hic tegit ossa Petrarce!* Nay, not so!" he insists. "For the right hand is wanting." Ask him the why and wherefore, and he shakes his head. He has inherited the mystery, but not the means to answer you.

The ancient church of Santa Maria Maggiore, at Bergamo, is the city's pride and glory. Great artists have enriched it; priest and patron and valiant captain sleep within its walls, under vast canopies of sculptured marble. The pavement-stones protect the humbler dead; but many a name, once graven there, is gone forever, obliterated by the feet of passing generations. And among these lies Messer Enrico Capra, the famous goldsmith, thus effaced from memory, lost until the judgment-day. In that obscure grave, unknown, unimagined, is a wondrous treasure, richer than any that the church displays. The disciple survived his master by more than half a decade. On his death-

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bed, to the devoted serving-man, Marcello, he gave his last instructions: These were to enter the closed chamber in his house, to take therefrom a certain golden casket and place it in his coffin; to do this alone, secretly; and, on his life, to let none know. When the hour came, the man discharged the letter of his duty, if not the spirit. For, amazed at the beauty of the goldsmith's masterpiece, he began to speculate upon its purpose, to wonder why this marvel had been wrought, what is was designed to hold; till, yielding to his curiosity, he forced the lock, and was startled to find within only what seemed a human hand. He mistook this for some saintly relic; but while he looked, it crumbled, lost its shape, and fell into a heap of ashes. Then, with averted eyes, fearing to look upon his master's face, he hid the precious casket and its contents under the dead man's robe, and closed the coffin-lid. None knew, none suspected; all knowledge of the wonder died with him; this world will never share it. The treasures of a nameless grave are guarded well.

THE CRICKET

By Harriet Chalmers Bliss

WALKING, a shadow and alone,
Where men pile endless stone on stone,

And all my days a-hunger go
Like weary beggars to and fro,

Sudden beside the shuffling feet
I hear a cricket in the street.

And oh! the fields so fair and wide,
Soft meadows and the water-side,

And bird-calls in the trees at even,
The low hills that lie close to heaven.

And all the dear green things that grow
For joy, where upland breezes blow,

Where brooks tell more than poets can,
Where nights dream out a silver span,

And days lie open to the skies,
And suns set into paradise—

Oh! all the enraptured mystery
Of that loved country lost to me!

Hark! In the evening cadence, still
I hear a far-off whip-poor-will,

And through the sweet dusk, as I pass,
My little singers of the grass.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE notion that the eyes of foreign observers are those of "contemporary posterity" is, possibly, a little overworked in these days. Communication is easy; publication, by one channel or another, is almost as easy; really seeing is not easy at all, and the press of nearly every modern country teems with the reports of eyes inquisitive rather than genuinely curious and brains more prompt than penetrating in comment. But there is substance in the well-worn aphorism, and if the percentage of helpful observers is small, the actual number is, probably, larger than ever and their work well worth considering. Given the eyes really keen and patient and the brain tempered to investigation and tested generalization, your foreign student has for us the immense advantage that the vision is not dulled by familiarity and reflection is served by fresh and novel standards. You get from him the aloofness of posterity; the alertness, interest, sympathy—the *actualité*—of the contemporary. To read the sincere and serious work of such an observer is like consultation with a friend who is a physician: he has special knowledge you may not hope to attain and may candidly disclose to you sources of weakness and of strength you would not of yourself perceive.

Young America

I was strongly impressed by this in reading the latest volume of M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, *Les États Unis dans le Vingtième Siècle*. The specialty of the author is, if I may say so, new countries. He has written with authority on the new Orient—Japan, Siberia, China—and on the new state created by the federation of the Australian colonies and New Zealand. It is as a new country that America—let us be thankful for the somewhat bumptious assumption of that title by our Department of State—is approached by him. He has set himself to *compulser* the latest census and innumerable like documents, with the aid of a considerable residence among us. Primarily he is an economist—*de race*, as his countrymen would say of a family eminent in that line for two generations—but in his hands political economy is far from a gloomy science; it is the ordered study of the forces that guide the development of organized human life over large areas for considerable periods. Now in our country we have been for many years a good deal exercised over our fiscal system, and of late we have beengreatly excited—that is not too strong a word—over industrial "trusts." These two elements in our situation have been the subject of a vast amount and variety of writing in other lands. Among ourselves they are regarded with intense feeling; we get angry or gloomy or cynical over them. They furnish the fuel for our most heated political contests. Our publicists are puzzled by them; our politicians shy at them or openly play the demagogue over them. They appeal to the clergymen in need of "human" topics; girl graduates of our women's colleges investigate them, and they strew the field of settlement debates with the broken weapons of impassioned rhetorical battle. With the approach of the quadrennial national election they "burn" as no other questions can.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in his four hundred closely printed pages, devoted to a careful and complete examination of the actual condition and probable future of the United States, gives to the tariff but a parenthetical sentence or two, and to "trusts" but a few pages. He remarks that the unfettered trade between all parts of our vast territory, with its incalculable variety of resources and requirements, is one of the most solid bases of our present prosperity and of that assured to us, and that this is recognized by our own intelligent publicists. The "trusts" he subjects to an acute analysis and reaches the general conclusion that their evils are self-limiting, their advantages considerable and likely to be lasting. In other words, the two things which most excite, exalt, or depress us he treats as incidents of youth. Other things impress him mightily. The continent practically secured from hostile neighbors by the happy accident of Napoleon's cession of Louisiana; the scope of our soil and our climate; our mineral resources in metals and fuel; our natural or acquired lines of transport; above all, our composite

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population, drawn at first from the chosen *couches* of England and Europe, and then disciplined, nourished, developed, by the needs and the opportunities of a new land—all these engage his thoughtful and intensely interested study. They are of the essence of the national being, gradually, but not slowly, unfolding and making itself felt in the crowded centres of the Occident and in the remotest regions of the awakening Orient. Compared with these, neither the devices of our legislation as to taxation of competition nor the devices of our captains of industry as to combination or monopoly are important. They are, in his sight, devices only, with which the steady forces of national evolution, acting constantly through great spaces of time and over great areas, will have their sure way.

That is a view of our strenuous existence on which it is wholesome to dwell. Nations have in their youth the "long, long thought" proper—inevitable—to that stage of their secular existence, and they have their "gleams and glooms" which we, caught in the growth of the great organism, cannot accurately understand, cannot take at their just value. It is a substantial service that is rendered to us by the foreign observer of the type of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, seeing us under a broader angle, measuring us by more comprehensive standards, seizing the larger meaning, tracing the lines of the enduring movement. From such a one we may indeed get at least a glimpse, now in the zest and fever of our young life, of the destiny posterity will realize.

THAT unionism can claim ethical justification for the "closed shop"—a shop from which non-union men are excluded by union dictation—seems surprising to those who have only casual acquaintance with current discussion of the labor problem. Yet that claim is put forth seriously and in good faith, and is significant for its marked break from American traditions. Perhaps no recent official statement of it is more comprehensive than that embodied in the resolutions of protest against making the Government Printing-office an "open shop"—a shop admitting union and non-union workmen on an equality—passed by the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders at the convention held in St. Paul. The contention of these resolutions is that the labor movement is "unselfish," in that it seeks "the abolition of all conditions that do not operate for the general weal," and hence represents "the greatest good to the greatest number." The conclusion is that the open shop, in weakening organized labor, weakens its "reforming influence," and hence "is not in the interest of the public welfare." This somewhat sensational "proposition," that unionism is an essentially altruistic movement in its relation to labor as a whole and to the community, is not without indorsement by economists. Thus Prof. E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia, in a recent discussion of the open shop, declares that "the purpose and actual tendency of unionism are to help in establishing the average minimum payment for labor that will be adjusted for the general good of all working men, and indirectly, therefore, for the whole community, since the working men form politically the mass of the voters and economically the mass of the consumers"—an indorsement, it is to be noted, that would not seem to apply if the working men did not form the "mass," politically and economically, in the community.

The Ethics of the "Closed Shop"

Perhaps the most interesting phase of this contention is the process of reasoning by which good American citizens have thus come, as unionists, to reject the cardinal American doctrine of individual independence. For the gist of the union position, of which the closed shop is typical, rests on the representative character of unionism, including a right, if it can, to impose its peculiar policies on labor outside the unions and on the community. The assertion of this right, as a matter of ethics, is again based on the conviction that only through aggressive organization can labor hope to secure and maintain in the industrial struggle those wages, hours, and conditions of service which it is justified in demanding. This conviction rejects absolutely the pleasant optimistic theory that betterment in status often results from natural adjustments. It emphasizes the fact that even in the days preceding a general organization of labor, an advance, like the change from a working day of twelve to one of ten hours, was reached only through a policy of compulsion, and not from recognition of the great increase in production wrought by improved machinery and methods which made a day of twelve hours an unnecessary hardship. The change to a day of ten hours, it

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may be interesting to note, in passing, was first formally demanded in 1806 by the ship-building industry. The general agitation for it grew aggressively persistent by 1828, and was marked by numerous strikes for some ten years following. In 1840 the proclamation of President Van Buren established the day of ten hours in the Government navy yards. The logic of a situation, of which this little historical episode is illustrative, to many thoughtful unionists seems conclusive of the necessity for compelling acquiescence in organized labor policies by non-union labor and by the community, because only thus can be secured that improvement in status in which eventually both non-union labor and the community have a share—a significant instance of what the socialists call realizing "class consciousness."

How far-reaching would be the readjustment of rights and relations upon acceptation of this doctrine by society is probably as little appreciated by its unionist advocates as by that easy-going tolerance of American public opinion, always ready to acquiesce "up to a point, you know"—to quote the voluble Mr. Brooke of "Middlemarch." Rather curiously, that the ethics of this claim of organized labor to representative authority has passed unchallenged—"up to a point"—is to be attributed in part to current misapplication of certain terms, as when a strike is called "a war measure," and the non-unionist who takes the striker's place "a traitor." The inference from this "subtle error of popular usage," as Prof. T. N. Carver of Harvard points out, is that a union can properly be compared with a state, "rather than with some other organization under the state." Representative authority belongs alone to the state as All-of-Us, and makes it alone an "irresponsible power." What part of All-of-Us is the labor organization? Or, on what basis of representation does it assume representative power? On a "liberal estimate," unionists number 2,000,000, says Professor Carver, in a population recently estimated by the Census Bureau as barely short of 80,000,000. The proportion of unionists, then, to the total citizenship is 1 to every 40 citizens. Again, the proportion of unionists to the total of those "engaged in gainful occupations"—the technical description of what is popularly called "labor"—is, Professor Carver says, "about 1 to every 14½." To concede, then, the ethics of the claim of organized labor to representative or irresponsible authority is, from the standpoint of the community, to confer that authority on 1 in every 40 citizens; and, from the standpoint of labor as a whole, to confer it on 1 in every 14½ laborers.

But, after all, the mathematics of the unionist contention are rather interesting than determinative. Such figures are chiefly of value to measure the distance that must be bridged, while the American tradition of decision by majority still stands, before there will be a surrender of the individual's right to independence—for example, to keep a certain inferior status voluntarily rather than to be raised to an improved status involuntarily. These figures, however, do point the way to the only method by which unionism can hope permanently to gain representative authority, the method of "fair persuasion" of the majority—that is, persuasion without coercion. Fair persuasion as a conceded limit of right may not improbably come to be recognized by the unions themselves as good policy no less than good ethics, as evolution produces a more ideal type. Such a type would be a union in which leaders were chosen for wisdom rather than for aggressiveness; in which acts of violence and lawlessness once proved were subjected to union discipline; and in which unwise leadership would not escape opposition within the union through fear of its disruption—in short, a union that could be trusted with representative authority because it could be trusted to govern itself.

"Et Super Grammaticam"

MOST of us who resent the encroachments of thoughtlessness and ignorance upon the elegance or flexibility of English speech are to a certain extent purists. But I wonder how many of us blaze with so hot a wrath against "the ignoramus who has a large enough following to make his slip-slop impressive" as against the hard-headed old-timer who is just a shade more of a purist than we. Both are irritating; but I must own to finding the latter the worse of the two. To the noble mind priggishness is the least attractive of human qualities; and as a certain club committeeman once said, "I had rather be suspected of breaking the whole decalogue than of lacking a sense of humor," some of us had rather be caught in an inelegance than suspected of being prigs.

I happen just now to hold in high dudgeon

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the particular kind of purist who looks upon grammar as a branch of mathematics, and objects to every sentence in which subject and predicate are not as nicely balanced as the two members of an equation. When a person of this sort presumes to criticise an author's style (according to schoolmaster precedent and precept), I feel like retorting as the boy did whose teacher had accused him of a tautology in his composition: "Tautology! Why, tautology is a figure of rhetoric. Am I to be forbidden the use of figures of rhetoric?"

Take, for instance, the purist who objects to such expressions as "one of the most unique"; of course his objection is based on the absolute character of the adjective "unique." "If," says he, "a thing is unique, it can't be more so; the adjective is incapable of comparison." If you take the matter mathematically, this is true enough. But who wants to take it mathematically? An old schoolmaster of mine used to insist upon it that such adjectives as "full" and "empty" were incapable of comparison. Yet what sane English speaker can place his hand upon his heart and truly swear that the phrase "This glass is fuller than that" seems to him bad English? Such phrases are quite idiomatic; in the last analysis they are elliptic, something is left out. In this particular one the comparative "fuller" does duty for "more nearly full," and everyone in his senses knows it. In the same way, I claim that "one of the most unique" is an elliptic substitute for the more unwieldy "one of the most nearly unique." In both cases the comparative and superlative are inferior to the positive; but who cares? Who would cashier the shorter, and retain the longer, phrase?

Then there are people who tell us not to say "She looks prettily"—and the like—the adverb with the neuter verb. I by no means wish to urge anything against the phrase "She looks pretty"; only, is the other so entirely damnable as some purists would try to make out? This generally condemned adverb seems unaccountably to have escaped the notice of the liberal-minded modern English grammarians who have so gallantly come to the rescue of "I had rather" and "It is me." So let me venture to say a word or two in its favor.

There are in English two almost identical expressions, both of which have admirable authority; they differ widely in meaning according to the context, or to the speaker's emphasis. They are: "He looks *well*" and "He *looks* well." The first means, and is generally accepted as meaning, "He looks as if he were in good health"; the "well" is distinctly an adjective. The second means simply that his appearance is good; it is nearly synonymous with "He looks handsome," and the "well" is evidently an adverb modifying the verb, "looks." No adjective could supply its place. "He looks good" does not mean the same thing at all. In this second phrase, the adverb "well" has nothing to do either with "his" health or his morality, but solely and simply with his looks. And if the adverb "well" can thus modify the neuter verb "to look," why can not other adverbs modify it also? Why should not she look "prettily" if he can look "well"?

Of course reasoning cannot get quite to the bottom of such matters; if an expression is idiomatic, that is enough, and an idiom ceases to be one as soon as it becomes logical.

Upon the whole, our use of adjectives or adverbs with neuter verbs is singularly like the French. This is so even when the verb is understood. They say "très-bien" as we say "very well"; only the lower-class English say "very good." On the other hand, they say "Bon!"—as an exclamation of approval, or satirically of disgust—just as we say "Good!" "That smells good" is the English for "Cela sent bon," though the phrase "That smells well"—in speaking of some delicacy in the process of cooking—might have another meaning, implying, not that the present odor was pleasant, but that one could prognosticate from it the success of the dish when completed. Just as "Your prospectus looks well" need have no reference to its aspect, but may be merely prophetic of success.

Upon the whole, any phrase that conveys a new shade of meaning, to be as succinctly and conveniently conveyed by no other, seems to me worth while. I even go so far as to say that "She looks pretty" does not convey, to my mind, exactly the same shade of meaning as "She looks prettily." The former seems to me to say "She *looks* pretty" (with the possible implication "but she isn't"). The latter, with the adverb, implies nothing to me beyond what it states. And if others feel this difference of *nuance* as well as I, then is the adverbial form of the phrase neither superfluous nor objectionable.

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THE FIELD OF ART

GRASS AND TREES IN TOWNS

I

SO much has been said and written during the last few years about the superiority of the formal system of design for ornamental grounds, public and private, that it is desirable to state, sometimes, the other side of the question. It was formerly assumed, by persons who wrote in this country about landscape gardening, that a general approximation to natural beauty should be obtained by a following of natural forms and association of forms. The longing for curved paths and irregular outlines of lawn and lake was, indeed, exaggerated by persons not under the control of strong and educated good taste; but still the feeling was universal among English-speaking communities that grass and trees were the main thing, and that, where grass and trees were, a close resemblance to nature was desirable, and was to be sought for by all simple and easy means. Now, on the other hand, there is a doctrine, preached chiefly by architects who have been taught in France, that the lines of a garden should be like those of a building, straight and arranged in squares, or circular and nicely concentric; also that grass and trees are of less importance than this same architectural lay-out.

So far as I am aware, the first note in this chorus as put into English was sounded by the publication of a little book called "The Formal Garden in England"; but of course it was not this book which gave the hint to the Paris-taught architects. What gave the idea to them was no doubt the feeling that the architect should design the surroundings of the house as well as the house, and the discovery—or rather the well-known fact—that if an architect is to design a garden under the present conditions of drawing-board and T-square and drawings made indoors, it is far easier to work with straight paths and exact circles than it is to lay out slightly curving paths exactly suited to the lay of the land. I am heartily in sympathy with the wish of the architect to plan the grounds for the house which he is building. Good friends of mine in Boston who build country-houses of the right sort, not classical mansions reduced in size, are as careful about their sharp-pointed evergreen tree and their soft and rounded clump of shrubs which flower in spring as they are of their principal gable and their low and spreading roofs. But it does not follow that the house needs straight lines about it—that is a delusion born of the drafting-room, as stated above.

To be perfectly fair, it is right to say that where a piece of ground is very small in comparison with the house, there will be infinite difficulties in fitting to it a plan of curved paths and irregular lawns and lakes. If your door-yard is only 100 feet wide and 60 feet from the street-line to the house-front, you will indeed be wise to lay out a straight path, or more than one of them. And again, when a noble mansion is to be surrounded by its pleasure-grounds, the old rule was a good one—have a very formal flower-garden under your dining-room windows, and only from this and through this go down a step or two upon the well-kept stretch of grass broken by its groups and groves of trees and by its slowly curving roads and paths. From this, again, you went to the less carefully kept grass-land and larger and free-growing trees—if indeed your place was large enough to be park as well as garden.

Still the most important question is that which has to do with city parks. *Rus in urbe*, or country brought to town—that was our ancestors' demand; but the constantly increasing pressure now put upon all public authorities to eliminate "*rus*" and to make of the scrap of country a scarcely disguised branch of the packed and regulated city, tends to cause the old longing for country feeling and country looks and country pleasures to be ignored. And it is just this subject which is brought to the front by the interesting and original paper in the August number of the Field of Art.

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II

LET us contemplate Boston Common. All Americans know of it, even those persons so unfortunate as not to have the pleasure of its intimate acquaintance. It is not a large piece of ground; its greatest length, measured from the Park Street corner of Tremont Street, either south or southwest, for those two dimensions are exactly equal, is about two thousand feet; and the guide-books say that it contains 48 acres. This does not include the Public Garden, which adds nearly half as much more ground to the Common area, and is a little more decorative in its treatment. Now the Common has been for more than a couple of centuries the chief comfort and joy of the Bostonians, and the "Frog Pond," a small lake now filled with the water of the Cochituate Aqueduct, is in like manner the delight of the children who sail boats. I remember my profound disgust when, on a visit to Boston in days of boyhood, I found the spout or pipe of a fountain rising above the surface near one end of this sheet of water. It seemed to me then, as it does now, an invasion of the simplicity of the whole thing. The pond is no prettier for it; for, although a fountain is a delightful thing, and may be a monument equal to a church tower or a gigantic obelisk in effectiveness and splendor, such a fountain should be arranged in a place *ad hoc*, and should not be thrust upon an innocent little pond of irregular shape. Boston is crying aloud for more parks; and the hope is that when there is land and money for the purpose it will be found feasible to lay out those patches of ground in a fashion not less, but more naturalistic than that offhand way in which the Common has always been divided up. No one would wish to adopt such a plan deliberately; it is not a plan which could be made deliberately; but at least it has the advantage of giving a real bit of country-in-town to close-packed old Boston of the narrow streets, and front stoops built at the expense of the owner's—not the city's—property.

III

LET us consider Munich, for that is a town possessed of the most beautiful park in the world. At least I ventured to say as much to Frederick Law Olmsted at the time that he was laying out Prospect Park in Brooklyn, and Olmsted turned with a look of surprised pleasure in his face and with words which, in the language of our fathers, signify "Are you advised o' that?" It is therefore unkind to say that the English Garden of Munich is more beautiful than Prospect Park in Brooklyn; or at least it would be unkind to say so, had it been in Olmsted's power to make trees grow in thirty years to the splendid presence of those which Count Rumford planted a hundred and twenty-five years ago. But the special charm of the Munich park was preserved in the Brooklyn plan—namely, the enclosing of very large and irregular lawns by thick walls of naturally growing trees and the concealment behind these of all the principal driveways in the park. Thus, in the English Garden the lawn which is nearest to the palace and the busy part of the city consists of about twenty acres of ground; and the open field just beyond is certainly three times as large, but this is divided by the swift-running Schwabingerbach, which, though nothing but a canalized branch of the Isar, runs so strong and is such a pleasant, gurgling, rapid stream that it enlivens the whole landscape. Another such stream is carried through a more remote part of the park and it bears a title honorable in appearance and in meaning, for it is called the Oberstjägermeisterbach; and again, another branch is called the Eisbach, simply. In so wide a stretch of lawn a scrap or two of pseudo-classical architecture can hurt no one, and in Count Rumford's day such an accessory to a pleasure-ground was quite a matter of course, so that there stands on an artificial mount a *monopteros*—that is, a round temple with merely a roof supported on columns and no *secos* or enclosed chamber within; and again there stands farther north the "Chinese Tower," a fantastical structure of only doubtful fitness to be called by that name.

This English Garden is reached directly by passing through the square, formal *Hofgarten*, a small affair, planted with eight rows of trees and adorned with five fountains, the whole being surrounded by a covered portico, the walls of which have been painted in an interesting fashion. This is in immediate contact with the principal front of the palace, the north front, the façade of the Festsaalbau, nearly 900 feet long; and this formal square replaces the terraced garden of which there was mention in Section I. It points to the altogether sensible plan of

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connecting a small enclosure of regulated form with the still more exact and precise building of neoclassic architecture.

IV

LET us consider Washington. The great open piece of ground stretching east and west from the Botanic Garden to the Fish Pond and the huge Washington Obelisk is a mile and a third (8000 feet) long, but this is broken in upon by the unlucky Baltimore and Potomac Railroad depot, set right across this park from north to south for at least one-third of its width. That width is only 1500 feet between B Street N.W. and B Street S.W., and it narrows at the east end between Missouri and Maine Avenues, to widen out again at the beginning of the Capitol grounds, properly so called. But this is only the part east of the Washington monument; to the westward of it there lies a tract of open ground which the Park Commission proposes to lay out in a very formal way with "broad terraces twelve hundred feet wide, and formal gardens with a broad flight of steps forty feet high," and on the shore of the river to the south of the White House "a monumental building to the Constitution makers." In other words, this Park Commission, who seem determined to rival the gardens of Versailles in a gigantic piece of formal gardening, find themselves at liberty to dispose of a piece of ground south and west of the Washington Obelisk, and extending northward as far as B Street, N.W., which contains about eight million square feet, or nearly two hundred acres. I take no note of the proposals of the Commission to extend this open pleasure-ground southward to Maryland Avenue and northward to Pennsylvania Avenue, removing all the buildings from two large triangular portions of the city; I am concerned only with the best means of utilizing that which exists, and which is obviously and certainly intended for pleasure-grounds. And the conclusion is that this park, narrow toward the east, widening steadily, extending westward past the "Executive Grounds" and enclosing the Washington Obelisk, and including the acreage now occupied by lakes and ponds, should be laid out for the comfort and delight of the inhabitants of Washington. What is wanted is not an enormous outlay in terraces and handsomely flagged streets of approach, nor yet sanded and barren wastes like the greater part of Hudson Park (or St. John's Park, if that is its new name) in New York City; but a space easy of access, the reverse of imposing, a place in which old and young may take their ease and enjoy an hour of pleasant life. The Bois de Boulogne, considered merely as a pleasure-ground free to all, is a mile wide east and west from the race-course of Auteuil to the other one at Longchamps, or, farther north, between the ramparts and the enclosure of Bagatelle (though this last is now a negligible quantity); and it is more than twice as long, from the extreme southern point, the Porte de Boulogne, to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Now the Washington Park could never be as large as that; it is as long; 12,000 feet it measures east and west from the Capitol to the shore of the Potomac; but it can never be as wide. On the other hand, Washington is not by a good deal as large a town as Paris. The main purpose of any person having charge of those grounds should be to make them not less, but more natural, simple, and apparently careless in scheme than they now are. It is a pleasant enough park even nowadays; and all Washington and the country at large ought to protest against destroying it for the sake of a certain temporary theory of landscape architecture, which will disappear even as the last million is spent, if it is to be spent, upon the proposed work of the Park Commission.

V

LET us consider Paris. There is no one in the world that loves Paris better than I do; and, as the train runs into the *gare* I, for one, draw a long breath and say to myself, "Here at least is a living city—here is a home of intellectual and social life." And therefore my criticisms of the Paris gardens and open spaces are the words of a friend, at least. The Bois de Boulogne has already been spoken of. The Bois de Vincennes is not wholly unlike it, though much smaller, and I do not know it so well; it is out of the way of the traveller or temporary resident who is busy with churches and museums and book-shops. The Garden of the Luxembourg is the largest of the smaller parks, and measures one-third of a mile in its longest dimension. The Garden of the Tuileries is also laid out with a chess-board plan; and there is no particular harm in that as long

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as there are so many trees, so many seats, so much surrendering of the whole park to the sports of children, so much of Parisian good-nature and mutual accommodation. It is not very large—even including the extension eastward as far as the arch of the Carrousel (the outer court of the Louvre, where the two *Squares* are, and Bartlett's statue of Lafayette may be left out of the count)—for though it is long, stretching half a mile from east to west, it is narrow.

The chief purpose in speaking of these delightful resorts, to the list of which we might add the Parc Monceaux and the other which is named from the Buttes-Chaumont, is that they may be contrasted with the desolate wilderness which we call the Place de la Concorde. To this might almost be added the gravelly waste on either side of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, having, indeed, an awning of trees, but nothing beneath except chairs in rows. If one stands in the Place de la Concorde, there is this feeling which must be reckoned with, the feeling that the beautiful buildings by Gabriel are too far away at the north, and the interesting Chamber of Deputies too far away on the south; that the stretch of open ground to the east and to the west is so very great that no other monument can tell at all; that the heart of the great and crowded and busy city full of splendor and movement is taken out of it and thrown to the dogs, as it were, forming a patch of ground even larger than the Garden of the Tuileries as described above, without a blade of grass and with but unimportant trees. Of course Paris is doing what it can to build up that waste ground, and the two buildings left over from the exposition of 1900 are there to serve an excellent turn for the immediate future, if not forever; and part of it is held by an open-air restaurant, and another part by a concert-hall with out-of-door seats. Of course the remarks about the lack of trees do not apply to the Cours-la-Reine, where the white and the red horse-chestnuts blossom in May; of course it is still Paris and always delightful to those who have learned to know the city; but it would be a mercy if the thirty acres of the Place de la Concorde were planted thick with trees. We should not then be too far from the buildings at the north and the south, as named above, and the feeling of those buildings appearing as mere models on a table would no longer be so strong. They have cleared away the ground in front of Paris cathedral, and now Notre-Dame also looks like a model on a table, unless you do as you should—crowd close up to it and rub shoulders with the jambs of the portals—for so it was that the cathedrals of the thirteenth century were intended to be seen. The people were not troubled with considerations of vistas in those days; the cathedrals were built for the near view and the far-away view, for the eyes of the people who stare up from the narrow *Parvis* or the Bishop's Garden on the one hand, and for those who look across the low roofs of the town from half a mile away. You ruin the Gothic cathedral by opening plazas all about it—it does not appear that you help even a neoclassic building, even a building of the grandiose eighteenth century, by this clearing away of all obstructions to the view.

VI

AND so with New York. Central Park is dreadfully in the way—there can be no doubt of that. It blocks Sixth Avenue and Seventh Avenue altogether, and that is much; in fact, that is all, or almost all, because if all the "transverse roads" had been disposed from the first so as to allow of really free passage across the park, we should never hear much about the embarrassment of traffic between Fifth and Eighth Avenues. There are supposed to be transverse roads at 65th Street, 79th Street, 86th Street, and 97th Street—not enough, but something, if they were all in use. But no matter for that—let it be admitted that the park is in the way. I would accept to the full the scheme proposed by Mr. Flagg in the August number (that is, I would accept it as an academic proposition, for I do not suppose we are talking of possibilities now), if only it were understood that the reserved patch of ground about 800 feet wide between Sixth and Seventh Avenues were to be kept as a park, as wild and "treesy," as unregulated, and as grassy as Central Park is now. It could not be as good, but its greater accessibility to many hundreds of thousands of our people and the opening up of the principal avenues of the town would compensate for that.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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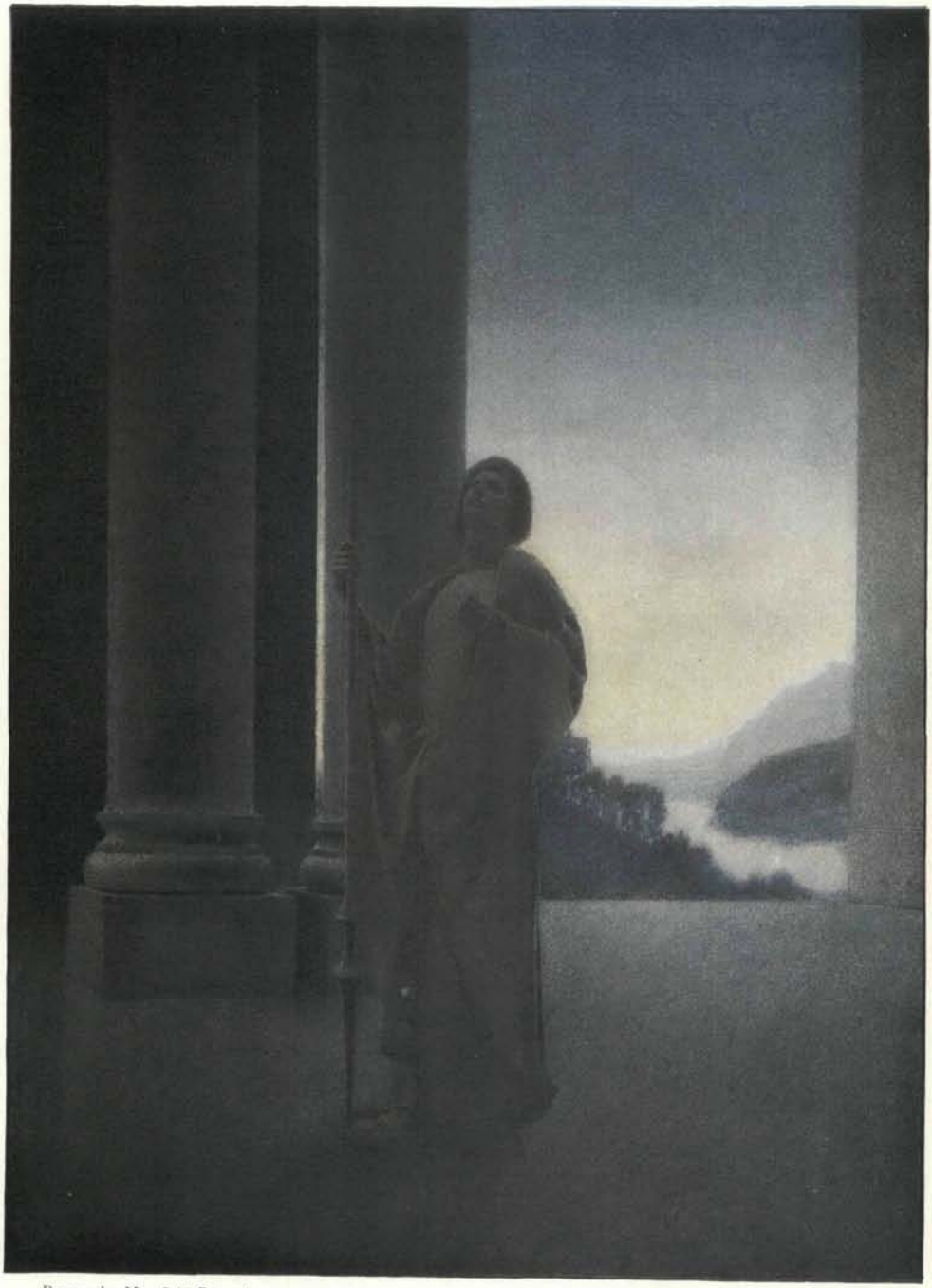

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

"THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS."

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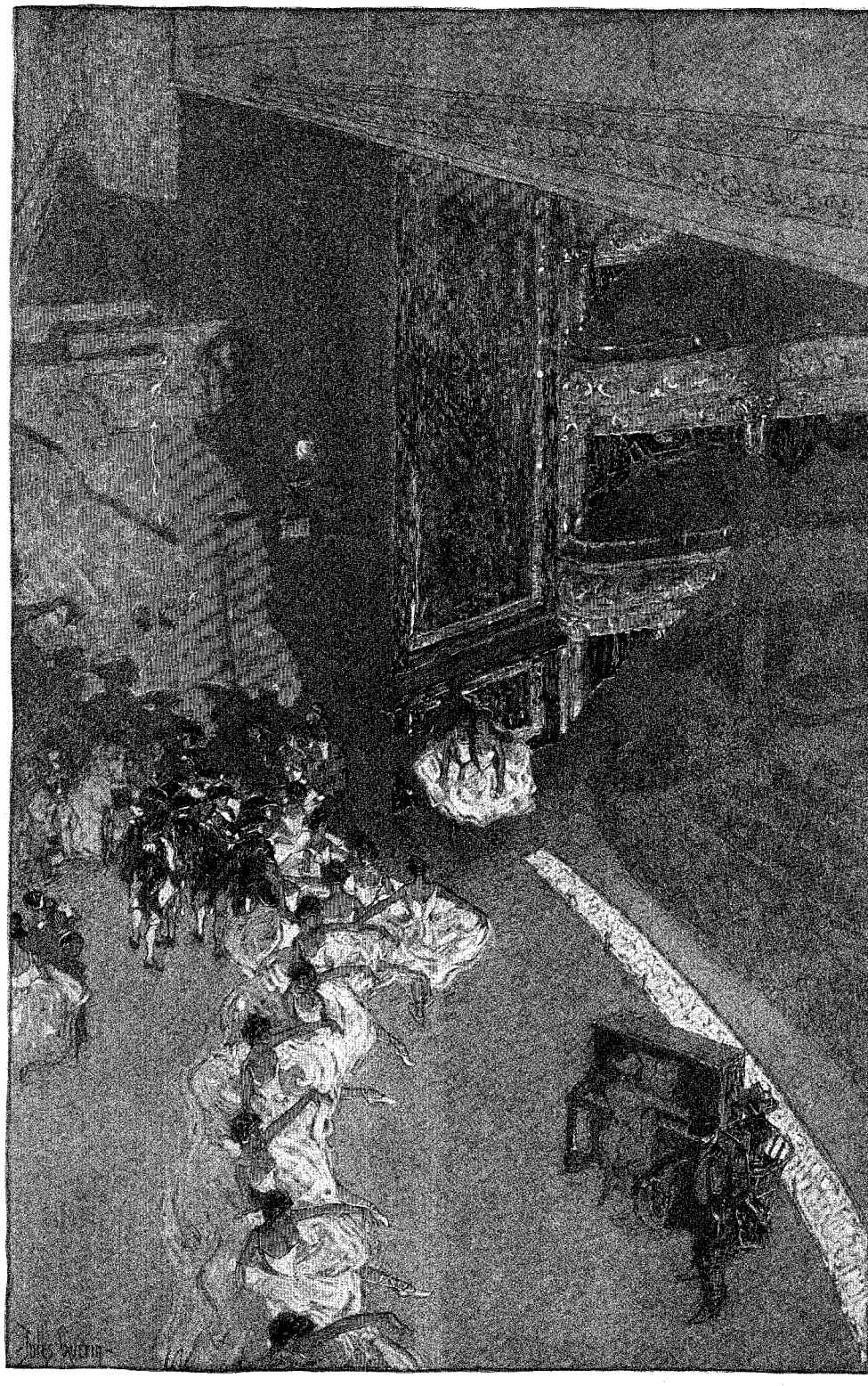

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The rehearsal, seen from the fly floor.

The ballet going through its steps to the music of a piano.

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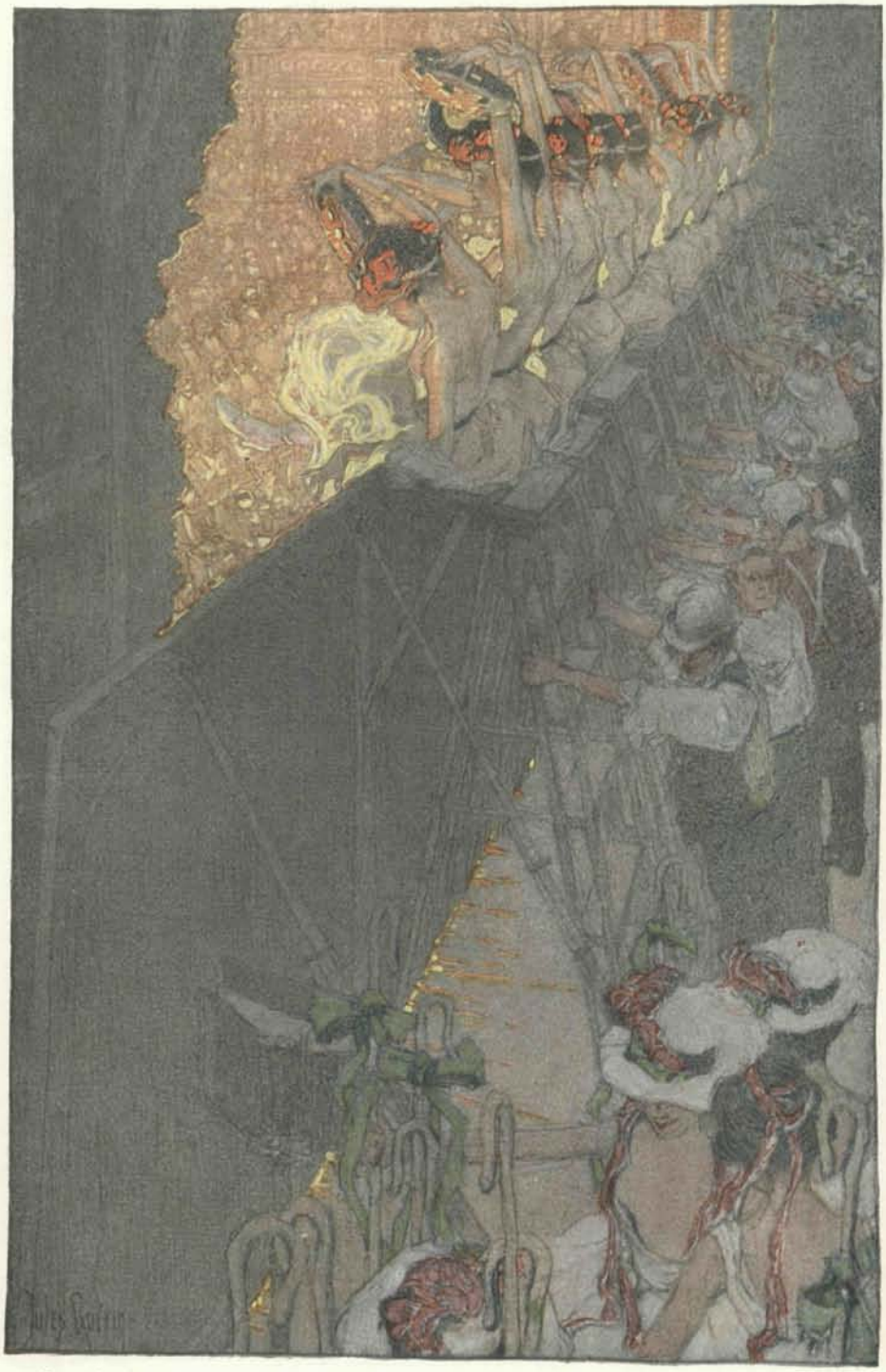

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The chorus on a stone wall.
How the scene looks from the back.

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